LITERATURE

FOR THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

BOOK ONE - PART I

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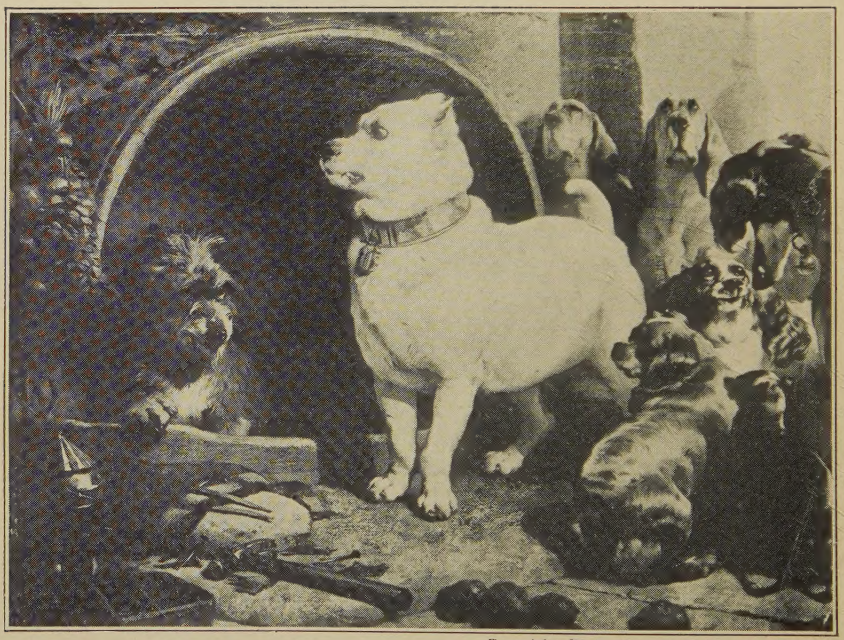
LITERATURE

BOOK ONE—PART I



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ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES

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LITERATURE

For the Junior High School

Book One—Part I

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

The junior high school has in our scheme of education certain special functions which should largely determine what is taught in the subjects of its program of studies. In the first place, it must continue, though in a gradually lessening degree, the education which was begun but not completed in the elementary grades. This is assumed to be, first, what is essential to all pupils and, second, what binds them together by common knowledge, common tastes, common ideals, and common attitudes.

It is obvious that there is much literature which by common consent all citizens should know. Though there is no final agreement as to what these selections are, many have been so long and so successfully taught in our schools as to earn a place in any course of study. These have been presented in these volumes of literature for junior high schools. When properly presented they contribute to the second function, in a measure integrating all who know them. We like to talk and associate with people who know and like what we do.

The junior high school attempts to satisfy the immediate and the assured future needs of its pupils. To one large type of such needs literature contributes. It makes possible a pleasant and wholesome occupation for leisure time, which modern life has greatly increased for all people; it enables boys and girls better to fulfill their home membership, as through reading they understand life better and have more in common with their kin and their friends; and it has no small influence on the development of ethical character. These volumes contain much that makes a strong ethical appeal, and the editorial aids seek unobtrusively but surely to direct the attention of pupils to the sound moral lessons which the authors intended and which life needs demand.

The junior high school has two other special functions to which it is important for a course of study in literature to

contribute. By means of material in itself worth while it attempts to explore by a variety of means the interests, the aptitudes, and the capacities of pupils, and at the same time to reveal to them the attractive possibilities that advanced education has to offer. Nothing is more soundly established by modern psychology than that there are great differences among individuals, especially in their natural capacities for appreciation and enjoyment of the fine arts. Consequently in these volumes has been included a wide variety of appeals. It is too much to expect that each pupil will enjoy all of the selections; but by a study of them he will make manifest what kinds of interests he has, and these the school should attempt to maintain, to develop, to elevate, and to direct by suggestions of other similar literature that contribute to them. The great variety of selections also reveals to the pupils what they may look forward to in the senior high school and beyond. As a result of this they should be enabled more intelligently to elect future courses in literature, and outside of school to choose readings for which they have interests.

These volumes contain more material than textbooks ordinarily do, first because a great number of selections are necessary to achieve the objectives just stated, and second because it is believed to be highly desirable that the study of literature during early adolescence should ordinarily be extensive rather than intensive. If the first purpose of the school is to teach its pupils to do better the desirable things that they are most likely to do anyway, then intensive reading, the careful consideration of minute details, should be reserved chiefly for lyric poetry. In every selection the one main theme should be sought and considered; everything else in it is of importance chiefly as it contributes to this dominant idea. These volumes are so large as to permit considerable choice by teachers of what they wish to have carefully studied; the selections are so interesting that pupils are likely to read all of them of their own accord.

Besides the old favorites, which successful experience has proved necessary, there is much material not ordinarily found in courses of study. This has been selected from the point of

view of children's interests. All of it has been taught by some teacher who had the courage to experiment and the perspicacity to select that which is unusually good. In accord with the sound tendency to include in literature other material that is well presented, a considerable number of science readings are included. It is believed that the freshness, the attractiveness, and the value of the new material will be obvious.

The organization of the material is designed to bring together selections of common types and thus to facilitate the development of interests of the several kinds. It is not necessary, however, for a teacher to follow the order used if he has a plan different and, for his purposes, better. The grouping here is simple, and the major titles attractively suggestive. The novel Interludes are for free reading. From their experience, the editors are convinced that pupils occasionally need to be relieved from teaching of any kind and allowed free reading for sheer naïve enjoyment. The selections used in the Interludes will in varying degrees satisfy this need of all early adolescents.

The editorial work is simple, helpful, and suggestive. The notes give necessary but not cumbersome aid, leaving to pupils the responsibility of finding in the most common books of reference what they feel or can be made to feel is necessary for understanding and enjoyment. Much, perhaps most, teaching requires too much searching for detailed facts, references, and allusions, without at the same time making clear their pertinence and importance. Pupils should not be expected to do more of this kind of work than their elders; they have mostly learned judiciously to neglect what is not directly contributory to pleasure. Each teacher will find in his own interests a guide as to how much detailed work he requires of the pupils, and he may use as one criterion of his skill the importance that he is able to make pupils feel of selected details to the objective intelligent enjoyment.

The suggested questions for study and discussion attempt to direct attention to the major themes and topics most worthy of consideration. No teacher will find difficulty in inventing subordinate sequential questions, and no good teacher

will hesitate to introduce other topics which he feels are important. The helps presented constantly recognize that each work of art is most important as a whole, and consequently should first be considered in its entirety and then in its broad outline; that extensive consideration is at this age usually better than intensive tedium; and that ethical problems, when authors discuss them, are of great value at this impressionable and formative age. The biography matter is largely limited to details pertinent to and of general importance in the interpretation of the selections quoted.

One important criterion of success in teaching literature is the extent to which pupils are led to read other literature of a similar kind. That they may know where to find it, book lists are here and there systematically appended. These lists have been built up from a number of sources. All researches in the field have been considered, as well as other lists prepared by various organizations such as the National Council of Teachers of English. As all included items have been proved valuable by the experience of successful teachers, they can well serve as a list which school and public libraries should consult when adding books to their shelves. It should prove helpful too when parents want to know what Christmas or birthday gifts to select for their children.

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SECTION ONE

ADVENTURERS ALL

ADVENTURERS ALL

At heart we are all thirsting for adventure. In its thrills we find escape from what seem to us the chafing bonds of everyday existence. To most of us, adventure seems to be connected with the unusual and the unexpected. We read with delight of hunts for buried treasure, of struggles with strange beasts and strange men in strange lands, of contests in which men pit their ingenuity and resources against each other. Always we rejoice when the forces of brute strength and error fall before the skill and courage of the heroic defender of the weak and the wronged.

But adventure means more than all this. It is that something in all healthful natures which seeks to extend the horizons of life. The new worlds that it seeks to find are those that result from the extension of human knowledge and skill. In more recent times, particularly, the most romantic of all adventures have been in the field of scientific mastery over the forces of nature. Many terrible diseases are yielding to the advances of medicine and surgery. The airplane is becoming a commonplace fact, as the automobile has long since become. Interest in the radio and wireless communication in general has replaced the wonder of the telephone. The comforts of life have been multiplied as the modern man sallies forth on his adventurous quest of finding better ways of doing the things we must always do in some fashion.

These are the senses in which not only the opportunities but the obligations of the adventurous spirit

come home to all of us. A much quoted saying is to this effect: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Dick Russell and George Stephenson are perhaps as valuable assets to society as those who fared forth to discover new worlds or to cross the frozen fastnesses of the polar regions. The crude dreams in the mind of a Darius Green may be the necessary far-off prelude to the marvelous exploits of a Colonel Lindbergh.

In a very true sense most of the material in this book deals with the adventurous spirit in man, and properly so since that spirit is our most valuable possession. With clear heads and brave hearts we can make our everyday affairs into quests as thrilling as anything that happened to Gulliver or Thor or any other of the world's glorious band of "adventurers all."

IF YOU WISH TO READ——

You will want some good books to read in addition to the material found in this book for study. Some of the following will surely interest you. When you find a book you like very much, you may want to read others by the same author, or books of a smiliar nature by other authors. Your classmates will be interested in knowing about the books which you enjoy, and perhaps in turn they may be able to recommend some good books to you. Your teacher or the librarian will be able to help you with additional recommendations.

ALLEE, W. C. and M. H. *Jungle Island.* Rand McNally & Company.

An interesting account of adventures in scientific study on a small jungle island in Gatun Lake in the Panama Canal Zone.

BOLTON, SARAH K. *Girls Who Became Famous.*

———*Poor Boys Who Became Famous.* Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Inspiring and clearly written accounts of real persons who made good.

BUCHAN, JOHN. *Prester John.* Doubleday, Doran and Company.

A fine story of gallant adventure in South Africa.

CONNOR, RALPH. *Glengarry School Days.* Grosset & Dunlap.

Splendid tales of school life and adventures in Canada.

DICKENS, CHARLES. *The Cricket on the Hearth.*

One of the best of the Christmas stories.

DODGE, MARY MAPES. *Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates.*

Always a favorite. Tells of life in the picturesque old Dutch city of Amsterdam.

DUNCAN, NORMAN. *Adventures of Billy Topsail.* Fleming H. Revell Company.

About a fisher lad and his dog, Skipper, and their many thrilling adventures in Newfoundland.

HAWES, CHARLES B. *The Mutineers.* Little, Brown & Company.

Full of stirring action in which the sailors and ships of a century ago take part.

JANVIER, THOMAS. *The Aztec Treasure House.* Harper & Brothers.

An adventurous story of a hunt for treasure buried by an

Aztec king in the Mexican mountains more than a thousand years ago.

KALER, JAMES OTIS. *Toby Tyler.*

A boy runs away with an old-fashioned traveling circus. Mr. Stubbs, the monkey, is a prominent character. This book has been a favorite among exciting stories since the time of its publication, sixty years ago.

KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Kim.* Doubleday, Doran and Company.

The mysterious spirit of the East breathes through this story of a street waif who goes with a holy man in search of the sacred city.

KRAPP, GEORGE PHILIP. *Ben Bidwell.* Rand McNally & Company.

A story of the early days on the Ohio frontier, and of a white boy's experiences as a captive among the Indians.

LINDBERGH, CHARLES A. *We.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Colonel Lindbergh's own story of his career as an aviator and of his famous flight alone across the Atlantic in May, 1927, which made him the best-known citizen of the world.

LUCAS, E. V. *The Slowcoach.* The Macmillan Company.

An account of a kind of trip all young people would like to take. In a horse-drawn caravan (house on wheels) a family group, including boys and girls, travels through the English countryside, camping by the way and having many interesting adventures.

MACDONALD, GEORGE. *At the Back of the North Wind.* J. B. Lippincott Company.

A beautiful fanciful tale that young people have always enjoyed.

MARRYAT, CAPTAIN FREDERICK. *Mr. Midshipman Easy.*

———*Masterman Ready.*

Stories built around actual adventures in the life of the author. Among the best tales of "those who go down to the sea in ships." *Masterman Ready* is another story of a shipwreck on an island in the South Seas.

MASEFIELD, JOHN. *Jim Davis.* Frederick A. Stokes Company.

An English boy forms a friendship with a smuggler and finds himself a part of many stirring adventures.

PUTNAM, DAVID BINNEY. *David Goes to Greenland.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The author, a boy of twelve, accompanied an exploring expedition to Greenland and here tells the story of his interesting experiences.

RASPE, RUDOLPH ERIC. *Adventures of Baron Munchausen.*
Remarkable "lies" or "whoppers" about personal adventures. Very delightful.

SHAW, ANNA HOWARD. *The Story of a Pioneer.* Harper & Brothers.
Girls especially will enjoy this detailed account of the author's career as she fights her way up from a Michigan backwoods to the prominent position she occupied as a reformer and defender of the new movement for the advancement of women.

SWIFT, JONATHAN. *Gulliver's Travels.*
One of the world's greatest books of fanciful adventure. The first two parts are the favorites. In the first of these, Gulliver visits the land where the people are six inches tall; in the second, the land where people are sixty feet tall.

SWILGMEYER, DIKKEN. *What Happened to Ingar Johanne.* Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
The things that happen to Ingar Johanne and her ingenuity in getting into unintentional scrapes form an amusing story. This book has been called "the girls' *Tom Sawyer.*"

TURLEY, CHARLES. *Voyages of Captain Scott.* Dodd, Mead & Company
An account of the polar explorations of the brave young English leader who finally perished on the return trip from the South Pole. Vivid narration from the diary found on the explorer's body.

TWAIN, MARK (Samuel L. Clemens). *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.* Harper & Brothers.
Perhaps the greatest of all boy stories, as it is certainly the most popular. Like all great books for young people, it is equally enjoyed by older folks. Full of fun.

VERNE, JULES. *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.*
If you like sensational stories, this one will certainly give you plenty of thrills. About Captain Nemo and his remarkable submarine boat. You may want to go on and read its sequel, *The Mysterious Island.*

WATERLOO, STANLEY. *The Story of Ab.* Doubleday, Doran and Company.
About the days of the Cave Man. One of the first books to tell in vivid fashion how primitive man met his dangers and difficulties.

WYSS, JOHANN RUDOLPH. *The Swiss Family Robinson.*
A family shipwrecked on an island near New Guinea.

THE BOY WHO WAS "DIFFERENT"[1]

WALTER E. ANDREWS

Nearly every boy and girl desires to amount to something in life, and yet few are willing to pay the price of being *different.* Most human beings are content to follow the crowd. Here is a story of a boy who used his brain and was willing to trust his own judgment about how his business should be conducted. Merely to be *different* from the mass of human beings around you is not in itself desirable, but to be different in such a way as to improve the conditions of life about you is distinctly praiseworthy. Study the story to find suggestions as to how you can improve the manner of conducting the work in which you are, or expect to be, engaged.

"I want to talk with you about that nephew of yours, William," said Mrs. Waddle to her husband.

Mr. Waddle laid down his newspaper and said, "Well?"

"Dick will be seventeen years old next month."

"'Tisn't his fault, Mandy."

"He's getting to be a young man," Mrs. Waddle declared, paying no attention to his pleasantry. "He's had a good schooling, and he's smart and healthy. It's time he quit this foolishness of puttering with peach trees; and it's time you quit backing him up in it."

"Me?"

"It ain't anybody else. You rented him that five-acre lot, and gave him the option of buying it at the end of six years, didn't you? And you lent him forty dollars to buy trees with. And you told him that he could use your team and tools."

Mr. Waddle shuffled his feet uneasily on the porch steps. He looked uncomfortable—and guilty.

"You're Dick's uncle," continued his wife. "He's alone in the world, and you're responsible for his bringing up. You ought to squelch his peculiar notions, and make him do as other boys of his age do."

[1] Used by kind permission of the author.

"Maybe so. Maybe."

"Other boys hire out as farm hands or clerk in stores, or do something else that's fitting to their age. They don't have queer notions about getting land, and planting trees, and doing things different, and being 'independent.'"

"Dick's *different,* that's all," said Mr. Waddle. "He's paying his board, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"He buys his clothes, doesn't he?"

"Yes—lately."

"He's a good, honest boy?"

"Yes, yes."

"He's the best strawberry picker and the smartest peach packer in the neighborhood?"

"I suppose so."

"Then suppose we let him alone. It may be he'll surprise us all before he's many years older."

Richard Russell certainly was "different." Mr. and Mrs. Waddle were not the only ones who said it. The schoolmaster said it, and the Peachville neighbors unanimously affirmed it. His "oddness" asserted itself in many ways that "went contrary" to the settled notions of the good Michiganders of Peachville township.

People liked Dick, but they distrusted his "oddness." They admired his frank, honest face, his fidelity to his word, his industry, and his cheerfulness; but they could not quite forgive the fact that he "wasn't just like the other boys." Fruit farmers liked to hire him by the day at picking time because of his deft and conscientious work; but they shook their heads doubtfully when he ventured to suggest some improvement here, some change there, that, in his opinion, would either facilitate the work or render the result more certain.

"Why," said Deacon Pepperton one day to Hank Peters, confidentially, "what do you suppose that Russell fellow wanted me to do last week? He wanted me to let him build a machine that would sort peaches into four different sizes! He called the thing a 'grader,' and said he'd seen a picture of one in some farm paper."

"Did you let him?"

"Me? No, siree! I wasn't going to have *my* peaches spoiled by being run through the hopper of a machine. The idea!"

Then Hank Peters told, with many wags of the head, how Richard Russell had once suggested the making of a basket turntable in the peach-packing shed.

"Sounds just like him!" remarked the deacon. "What did he say the thing would do if he *did* make it?"

"That it would save work and time," answered Hank, disdainfully. "He was working for me that day, fastening on covers, and — as you know — as soon as one end is fastened, the basket must be lifted up and turned round so that you can get at it to fasten the other end. Well, he worked away an hour or so. Then all of a sudden he said, 'Mr. Peters, I could whittle out a board the size of a basket bottom, nail an edge round the board to hold the basket in place, and mount the board on a pivot so that it would swing just even with the top of the packing table.'

"'I suppose you could,' said I. 'What of it?'

"'Why,' he said, 'it would save lifting the basket. All I'd have to do would be to set the basket on the pivot board, fasten one end of the cover, swing her round — so — and there'd be the other end ready for fastening.'

"'Young man,' I said, 'I'm paying you a dollar and a quarter a day to *work*. Don't always be looking for easy jobs.'

"'I didn't mean it that way,' he answered. 'I was just trying to plan a way that would push the work faster.'

"'Much obliged,' I said, 'but I ain't paying wages to inventors *this* year.' And then he shut up."

The deacon laughed heartily at the story, and ventured to predict that William Waddle would have a time with that boy before he got through.

The peach trees in Richard's orchard had been planted three years. They had grown into thrifty, beautiful trees — the pride of Richard's heart and the delight of Richard's blue eyes. Each spring he plowed the land and pruned the branches. Every ten days throughout the season he harrowed the ground.

He studied books on horticulture, subscribed to a horticultural paper, and kept his eyes and ears open for any information about practical peach culture.

At odd times he "worked out" for the neighbors by the day, thus earning enough money to pay the rent of his land and his living expenses. He refused several flattering offers to work by the month.

"I can't afford it," he said to one of the farmers who asked a reason for the refusal. "If I worked by the month, I should have to neglect my trees, and it wouldn't be wise to do that."

The five-acre piece of land that Richard hoped sometime to own was valued at seventy-five dollars an acre, and the rent that he had to pay his uncle was four dollars an acre. The piece lay back from the road, and there were no buildings on it; but the soil was well drained, high, and sandy—ideal ground for peaches. It was bordered on three sides by prosperous orchards.

"If you should want more land," William Waddle had said, "you can have the front fifteen acres at the same figure. I'm keeping it for you."

"I'll pay for the five first," Richard had answered. He believed that if he could hold on until the trees were five years old, the first full crop would pay, or nearly pay, for the five acres.

Two years passed. Richard was nineteen. His trees were entering their fifth summer, and seemed to promise an excellent crop. When the trees blossomed in the spring the sight was like a vision of promise to the boy.

Early in that same spring Richard bought a spray pump, and at the proper time carefully sprayed all his peach trees. The neighbors laughed, and made jokes about the "squirt gun that would poison all the peaches." In those days the art of spraying fruit trees was in its infancy. Richard had read about it, and had written to the state agricultural experiment station for instructions, which he had carefully followed.

Even William Waddle looked dubiously at the squirt-gun experiments. "Better go slow," he said to Richard.

"But, uncle, the experiment station people are sure that spraying will prevent the leaf curl. And last year, you know, one-third of the peach crop in this neighborhood was lost by that disease."

"Yes."

"It's an idea that seems worth trying."

"Maybe so. Maybe. I'm not saying anything myself, but your aunt is having seventeen fits!"

Later in the season the dreaded leaf curl attacked almost every peach orchard in the county. The leaves curled up into fantastic shapes, assumed strange colors, and finally dropped from the trees; then many tiny peaches followed the leaves. In Richard's orchard the damage was insignificant; in the orchards of his neighbors more than one-half the crop was lost.

"Have you seen Dick Russell's orchard?" asked Mr. Peters one morning, when he met the deacon on the road.

"Yes. Have you?"

"Went through it yesterday."

There was an awkward pause. Then the deacon coughed. "It begins to look," he said, "as if that Russell fellow wasn't such a—" He paused for a word, hesitated, and coughed again.

"Yes, it does look so," admitted Hank. "Well, I got to be going. Good morning, deacon! G'long, Bess! G'long!"

In early August, Richard bought ten dollars' worth of lumber, shingles, and nails, and built in his orchard a small, rough packing shed. Inside the shed he built a packing table, and on that table he put a swinging pivot board such as he had wished to make for Mr. Peters. He also made a rude peach grader—on the principle of an inclined double track with openings between the rails.

The openings were as narrow at the top as the diameter of a small peach, and gradually became wider toward the bottom of the incline. The peaches, when poured into a hopper at the top of the tracks, rolled down and dropped through the openings at different stages of the journey, according to size.

The small peaches dropped through first, then the medium sized, then the large ones. Only the extra large peaches reached the basket at the bottom of the incline. The others fell into one of three canvas receptacles immediately beneath the tracks.

William Waddle whistled softly as he examined this contrivance. "Bruise them much?" he asked.

"Not unless they are picked overripe; and you know peaches shouldn't be picked that way."

In September the peach harvest began. But no one except Richard had more than half a crop. Richard's trees were, as his uncle expressed it, "loaded." On hearing this statement, Mrs. Waddle sniffed disdainfully. "He'll spoil them all in that machine of his," she prophesied, "before he gets them sold."

"Maybe," said her husband.

When it came to packing the first peaches, Richard encountered an unlooked-for difficulty. The shipping package used in those days was a close-sided, slat-covered basket that held one-fifth of a bushel. When packed, the buyer could see only the top layer of peaches. The custom among most growers, I regret to say, was to put little peaches in the bottom of the basket, medium-sized peaches in the middle, and big peaches on top.

Richard Russell objected to that custom; he said it was not honest. He proposed to pack each size by itself, and label the basket accordingly — "Fancy," "No. 1," "No. 2," or "No. 3."

The neighbors laughed at the plan; and they laughed at his grader. "You'll have your trouble for your pains," they said. "The buyers expect to find little peaches in the bottom of the baskets, and they won't believe that your baskets are any different from others."

"I'll label each basket, and guarantee it," maintained Richard.

"They won't believe you!"

"I'll make them."

His first shipment he graded carefully, labeled correctly, and consigned to a commission firm in Chicago. A letter, explaining the system of packing, accompanied the shipment.

Within two days the sales-account came back, with a check to balance the transaction.

It was a momentous occasion for Richard. That pink check represented the first tangible return from his orchard, the first encouragement after five years of planning, working, and hoping. How crisp the paper felt! How it seemed to rustle and crinkle with golden promises!

But when he came to figure the sales in detail and in comparison with the sales made by various peach growers in the neighborhood, he was greatly disappointed to find that he had averaged no more a basket than his neighbors had.

"Never mind, Dick," said his uncle, consolingly. "It might have been worse."

Richard made no reply. In his heart he felt that his method of packing peaches was the only correct, honest method and that it was bound to win if —

Oh, that "if"! Richard sat down in his packing shed and pondered the matter. Picking up one of the peach baskets, he looked at it critically. Turning it over and over, he tried to put himself in a buyer's place, and to imagine how he would feel if he were purchasing hundreds of baskets of peaches from an unknown shipper.

"Should I have time to unpack and examine every basket?" he mused. "No, I'm afraid I shouldn't. Should I be willing to trust a label or a guarantee in a letter? Probably not! What should I do, then? Pay the shipper the average market price for mixed packing? Of course!"

Then he thought, "If I were going to pay a shipper an extra price for an extra product, I'd want to see the fruit packed, or else I'd want to see the bottom and middle layers of every basket after it was packed."

Seizing a knife, he slashed into one side of the basket in his hand and made a vertical opening about an inch and a half wide in the thin wood. Then, on the other side of the handle he made a similar opening. Turning the basket round, he cut two corresponding openings in the opposite side.

"I've got it!" he cried, joyfully, and swung the basket round his head as if it were a flag of victory. And sure enough

he had "got it." Experiment showed that peaches packed in such a basket could be as easily inspected underneath as on top; a buyer had only to look to be convinced. And — although Richard did not realize it at the time — the open-sided basket was destined to become the standard peach-shipping package of Michigan.

That evening Richard explained the idea to his uncle. William Waddle listened attentively, while his wife blew her nose suspiciously.

"Doesn't it weaken the basket?" asked Mr. Waddle.

"Not perceptibly."

"Isn't it a lot of work to cut the slits?" demanded Mrs. Waddle.

"I can do a hundred baskets in forty minutes. I tried it this afternoon."

Mrs. Waddle laid down her knitting and looked at her husband. "William, how much do a hundred baskets cost?"

"About two dollars and a half."

"I hope you haven't spoiled two dollars and a half worth of baskets," said Mrs. Waddle.

The following morning Richard shipped one hundred baskets of graded peaches packed in the new baskets. He consigned the shipment to the same Chicago commission firm, and inclosed a brief letter of explanation.

In a few days he received a personal letter from the manager of the firm, complimenting him on his "unique, honest packing," and promising extra prices for all peaches thus graded and packed. Inclosed in the letter was a generous check, based on a rate considerably higher than the prevailing market price.

Richard, after supper that night, handed the letter to his uncle. William Waddle read it, winked one eye rapidly, and passed the letter to his wife. She took it gingerly, put on her glasses, and read it through. Then she resumed her knitting.

"Eh?" said Mr. Waddle, after a long pause.

"I didn't say anything," said Mrs. Waddle.

"Are you going to say anything?" her husband ventured to ask.

"No; nothing in particular." But later in the evening she said good night to Dick in a gentler tone than usual.

At the end of the peach season Dick's bankbook showed a balance of four hundred and fifty dollars to his credit. He felt like a millionaire. It was a happy moment for the boy when one morning he handed his uncle a check for three hundred and seventy-five dollars, in full payment for the five-acre piece of land.

"I'm proud of you!" said Mr. Waddle. "I'll have a deed made out at once."

Mrs. Waddle said not a word. But that same morning she made a big spice cake, frosted it carefully, and outlined on top, with raisins, a huge "D." At dinner Dick found the cake majestically reposing on his plate. He gave his aunt a quick look of surprise, but she seemed not to notice.

"Is it for me?" he asked, bewildered.

She nodded.

Getting up from the table, Dick kissed his aunt affectionately on the cheek.

"Shoo-o-o!" whistled William. Then, under his breath, he muttered, "I wonder whether that 'D' stands for 'Dick' or for 'Different'?"

STUDY

1. In the following list of adjectives select the five that best describe Dick and four that do not apply to him: *resourceful, money-loving, over-confident, honest, studious, cheerful, selfish, independent, trifling.*
2. Why did the neighbors criticize Dick? Give three examples of their criticism.
3. What three improvements did Dick introduce in his orchard to insure the success of his first crop? Three pupils may explain these in brief oral reports.
4. What improvement did Dick make in the packing basket? Can you give the reason why great prominence is given to this in the story?
5. Can you detect a distinct difference in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Waddle by their attitude toward Richard? Point out two passages in which the uncle gets the better of the

aunt in the argument. How did the aunt finally express her approval of Dick?

6. What, according to Mr. Waddle, is the best way to treat a resourceful boy?
7. How do you think Dick felt when he knew so many persons were criticizing him? Would you be able, as he was, to go ahead with a project when so many were disapproving what you were attempting?
8. Apply the story to some industry which you may know better than that of raising peaches.

HOW COLUMBUS GOT HIS SHIPS[1]

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

For most people it is more difficult to face ridicule than actual physical danger. It is hard to be laughed at and to be treated with scorn when you are convinced that you are right. Yet almost all great men who have brought new ideas or discoveries into the world have had to overcome such discouragement. The story of Columbus is one of the most remarkable examples known of the struggles of a man to overcome prejudice and ignorance. He persisted in spite of all opposition until he had won his way and proved himself right.

I. What Columbus Thought about the World

When Columbus was at school he had studied about a certain man named Pythagoras, who had lived in Greece thousands of years before he was born, and who had said that the earth was round "like a ball or an orange." As Columbus grew older and made maps and studied the sea, and read books and listened to what other people said, he began to believe that this man named Pythagoras might be right and that the earth was round, though everybody declared it was flat. "If it is round," he said to himself, "what is the use of trying to sail around Africa to get to Cathay? Why not just sail west from Italy or Spain and keep going right around the world until you strike Cathay? I believe it could be done," said Columbus.

[1]From *The True Story of Christopher Columbus*, by Elbridge S. Brooks. By permission of the publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

By this time Columbus was a man. He was thirty years old and was a great sailor. He had been captain of a number of vessels; he had sailed north and south and east; he knew all about a ship and all about the sea. But, though he was a good sailor, when he said that he believed the earth was round, everybody laughed at him and said that he was crazy. "Why, how can the earth be round?" they cried. "The water would all spill out if it were, and the men who live on the other side would all be standing on their heads with their feet waving in the air." And then they laughed all the harder.

But Columbus did not think it was anything to laugh at. He believed it so strongly and felt so sure that he was right that he set to work to find some king or prince or great lord to let him have ships and sailors and money enough to try to find a way to Cathay by sailing out into the west and across the Atlantic Ocean.

Now this Atlantic Ocean, the western waves of which break upon our rocks and beaches, was thought in Columbus's day to be a dreadful place. People called it the Sea of Darkness, because they did not know what was on the other side of it, or what dangers lay beyond that distant blue rim where the sky and water seem to meet and which we call the horizon. They thought the ocean stretched to the end of a flat world, straight away to a sort of "jumping-off place," and that in this jumping-off place were giants and goblins and dragons and monsters and all sorts of terrible things that would catch the ships and destroy them and the sailors.

So when Columbus said that he wanted to sail away toward this dreadful jumping-off place, the people said that he was worse than crazy. They said he was a wicked man and ought to be punished.

But they could not frighten Columbus. He kept on trying. He went from place to place trying to get the ships and sailors he wanted and was bound to have. As you will see later, he tried to get help wherever he thought it could be had. He asked the people of his own home, the city of Genoa, where he had lived and played when a boy; he asked the people of the beautiful city that is built in the sea — Venice; he tried

the king of Portugal, the king of England, the king of France, the king and queen of Spain. But for a long time nobody cared to listen to such a wild and foolish and dangerous plan — to go to Cathay by the way of the Sea of Darkness and the jumping-off place. "You would never get there alive," they said.

And so Columbus waited. And his hair grew white while he waited, though he was not yet an old man. He had thought and worked and hoped so much that he began to look like an old man when he was forty years old. But still he would never say that perhaps he was wrong after all. He said he knew he was right and that some day he should find the Indies and sail to Cathay.

I do not wish you to think that Columbus was the first man to say that the earth was round, or the first to sail to the west over the Atlantic Ocean. He was not. Other men had said that they believed the earth was round; other men had sailed out into the Atlantic Ocean. But no sailor who believed the earth was round had ever tried to prove that it was by crossing the Atlantic. So, you see, Columbus was really the first man to say, I believe the earth is round and I will show you that it is by sailing to the lands that are on the other side of the earth.

He even figured out how far it was around the world. Your geography, you know, tells you now that what is called the circumference of the earth — that is, a straight line drawn right around it — is nearly twenty-five thousand miles. Columbus had figured it up pretty carefully, and he thought it was about twenty thousand miles. "If I could start from Genoa," he said, "and walk straight ahead until I got back to Genoa again, I should walk about twenty thousand miles." Cathay, he thought, would take up so much land on the other side of the world that, if he went west instead of east, he would only need to sail about twenty-five hundred or three thousand miles.

If you have studied your geography carefully, you will see what a mistake he made.

It is really about twelve thousand miles from Spain to China (or Cathay as he called it). But America is just about

three thousand miles from Spain, and if you read all this story you will see how Columbus's mistake really helped him to discover America.

II. Disappointments in Efforts to Secure Help

I have told you that Columbus had a longing to do something great from the time when, as a little boy, he had hung around the wharves in Genoa and looked at the ships sailing east and west and talked with the sailors and wished that he could go to sea. Perhaps what he had learned at school — how some men said that the earth was round — and what he had learned on the wharves about the wonders of Cathay set him to thinking and dreaming that it might be possible for a ship to sail around the world without falling off. At any rate he kept on thinking and dreaming and longing until, at last, he began doing.

Some of the sailors sent out by Prince Henry of Portugal, of whom I have told you, in their trying to sail around Africa discovered two groups of islands out in the Atlantic that they called the Azores, or Isles of Hawks, and the Canaries, or Isles of Dogs. When Columbus was in Portugal in 1470 he became acquainted with a young woman whose name was Philippa Perestrelo. In 1473 he married her.

Now Philippa's father, before his death, had been governor of Porto Santo, one of the Azores, and Columbus and his wife went off there to live. In the governor's house Columbus found a lot of charts and maps that told him about parts of the ocean that he had never before seen, and made him feel certain that he was right in saying that if he sailed away to the west he would find Cathay.

At that time there was an old man who lived in Florence, a city of Italy. His name was Toscanelli. He was a great scholar and studied the stars and made maps, and was a very wise man. Columbus knew what a wise old scholar Toscanelli was, for Florence is not very far from Genoa. So while he was living in the Azores, he wrote to this old scholar asking him what he thought about his idea that a man could sail around the world until he reached the land called the Indies and at last found Cathay.

Toscanelli wrote to Columbus saying that he believed his idea was the right one, and he said it would be a grand thing to do, if Columbus dared to try it. "Perhaps," he said, "you can find all those splendid things that I know are in Cathay — the great cities with marble bridges, the houses of marble covered with gold, the jewels and the spices and the precious stones, and all the other wonderful and magnificent things. I do not wonder you wish to try," he said, "for if you find Cathay it will be a wonderful thing for you and for Portugal."

That settled it with Columbus. If this wise old scholar said he was right, he must be right. So he left his home in the Azores and went to Portugal. This was in 1475, and from that time on, for seventeen long years, he was trying to get some king or prince to help him sail to the west to find Cathay.

But not one of the people who could have helped him, if they had really wished to, believed in Columbus. As I told you, they said that he was crazy. The king of Portugal, whose name was John, did a very unkind thing — I am sure you would call it a mean trick. Columbus had gone to him with his story and asked for ships and sailors. The king and his chief men refused to help him; but King John said to himself, "Perhaps there is something in this worth looking after, and if so, perhaps I can have my own people find Cathay and save the money that Columbus will want to keep for himself as his share of what he finds." So one day he copied off the sailing directions that Columbus had left with him, and gave them to one of his own captains without letting Columbus know anything about it. The Portuguese captain sailed away to the west in the direction Columbus had marked down, but a great storm came up and so frightened the sailors that they turned around in a hurry. Then they hunted up Columbus and began to abuse him for getting them into such a scrape. "You might as well expect to find land in the sky," they said, "as in those terrible waters."

And when, in this way, Columbus found out that King John had tried to use his ideas without letting him know anything about it, he was very angry. His wife had died in the

midst of this mean trick of the Portuguese king, and so, taking with him his little five-year-old son, Diego, he left Portugal secretly and went over into Spain.

Near the little town of Palos, in western Spain, is a green hill looking out toward the Atlantic. Upon this hill stands an old building that, four hundred years ago, was used as a convent or home for priests. It was called the Convent of Rabida, and the priest at the head of it was named the Friar Juan Perez. One autumn day, in the year 1484, Friar Juan Perez saw a dusty traveler with a little boy talking with the gatekeeper of the convent. The stranger was so tall and fine-looking and seemed such an interesting man that Friar Juan went out and began to talk with him. This man was Columbus.

As they talked, the priest grew more and more interested in what Columbus said. He invited him into the convent to stay for a few days, and he asked some other people — the doctors of Palos and some of the sea captains and sailors of the town — to come and talk with this stranger who had such a singular idea about sailing across the Atlantic.

It ended in Columbus's staying some months in Palos, waiting for a chance to go and see the king and queen. At last, in 1485, he set out for the Spanish court with a letter to a priest who was a friend of Friar Juan's and who could help him to see the king and queen.

III. Continued Discouragement

At that time the king and queen of Spain were fighting to drive out of Spain the people called the Moors. These people came from Africa, but they had lived in Spain for many years and had once been a very rich and powerful nation. They were not Spaniards; they were not Christians. So all Spaniards and all Christians hated them and tried to drive them out of Europe.

The king and queen of Spain who were fighting the Moors were named Ferdinand and Isabella. They were pretty good people as kings and queens went in those days, but they did a great many very cruel and very mean things, just as the

kings and queens of those days were apt to do. I am afraid we should not think they were very nice people nowadays. We certainly should not wish our American boys and girls to look up to them as good and true and noble.

When Columbus first came to them, they were with the army in the camp near the city of Cordova. The king and queen had no time to listen to what they thought were crazy plans, and poor Columbus could get no one to talk with him who could be of any help. So he was obliged to go back to drawing maps and selling books to make enough money to support himself and his little Diego.

But at last, through the friend of good Friar Juan Perez of Rabida, who was a priest at the court and named Talavera, and to whom he had a letter of introduction, Columbus found a chance to talk over his plans with a number of priests and scholars in the city of Salamanca where there was a famous college and many learned men.

Columbus told his story. He said what he wished to do, and asked these learned men to say a good word for him to Ferdinand and Isabella so that he could have the ships and sailors to sail to Cathay. But it was of no use.

"What! sail away around the world?" those wise men cried in horror. "Why, you are crazy! The world is not round; it is flat. Your ships would tumble off the edge of the world and all the king's money and all the king's men would be lost. No, no; go away; you must not trouble the queen or even mention such a ridiculous thing again."

So the most of them said. But one or two thought it might be worth trying. Cathay was a very rich country, and if this foolish fellow were willing to run the risk and did succeed, it would be a good thing for Spain, as the king and queen would need a great deal of money after the war with the Moors was over. At any rate, it was a chance worth thinking about.

And so, although Columbus was dreadfully disappointed, he thought that if he had only a few friends at court who were ready to say a good word for him he must not give up, but must try, try again. And so he stayed in Spain.

When you wish very much to do a certain thing, it is dreadfully hard to be patient: it is harder still to have to wait. Columbus had to do both. The wars against the Moors were of much greater interest to the king and queen of Spain than was the finding of a new and very uncertain way to get to Cathay. If it had not been for the patience and what we call the persistence of Columbus, America would never have been discovered — at least not in his time.

He stayed in Spain. He grew poorer and poorer. He was almost friendless. It seemed as if his great enterprise must be given up. But he never lost hope. He never stopped trying. Even when he failed, he kept on hoping and kept on trying. He felt certain that sometime he should succeed.

As we have seen, he tried to interest the rulers of different countries, but without success. He tried to get help from his old home town of Genoa and failed; he tried Portugal and failed; he tried the Republic of Venice and failed; he tried the king and queen of Spain and failed; he tried some of the richest and most powerful of the nobles of Spain and failed; he tried the king of England (whom he got his brother, Bartholomew Columbus, to see) and failed. There was still left the king of France. He would make one last attempt to win the king and queen of Spain to his side, and if he failed with them he would try the last of the rulers of Western Europe, the king of France.

He followed the king and queen of Spain as they went from place to place fighting the Moors. He hoped that some day, when they wished to think of something besides fighting, they might think of him and the gold and jewels and spices of Cathay.

The days grew into months, the months into years, and still the war against the Moors kept on; and still Columbus waited for the chance that did not come. People grew to know him as "the crazy explorer" as they met him in the streets or on the church steps of Seville or Cordova, and even ragged little boys of the town, sharp-eyed and shrill-voiced as such ragged little urchins are, would run after this big man with the streaming white hair and the tattered cloak, calling him

names or tapping their brown little foreheads with their dirty fingers to show that even they knew that he was "as crazy as a loon."

At last he decided to make one more attempt before giving it up in Spain. His money was gone; his friends were few; but he remembered his acquaintances at Palos, and so he journeyed back to see once more his good friend Friar Juan Perez at the Convent of Rabida on the hill that looked out upon the Atlantic he was so anxious to cross.

It was in the month of November, 1491, that he went back to the Convent of Rabida. If he could not get any encouragement there, he was determined to stay in Spain no longer but to go away and try the king of France.

Once more he talked over the finding of Cathay with the priests and the sailors of Palos. They saw how patient he was; how persistent he was; how he would never give up his ideas until he had tried them. They were moved by his determination. They began to believe in him more and more. They resolved to help him. One of the principal sea captains of Palos was named Martin Alonso Pinzon. He became so interested that he offered to lend Columbus money enough to make one last appeal to the king and queen of Spain, and if Columbus should succeed with them, this Captain Pinzon said he would go into partnership with Columbus and help him out when it came to getting ready to sail to Cathay.

This was a move in the right direction. At once a messenger was sent to the splendid Spanish camp before the city of Granada, the last unconquered city of the Moors of Spain. The king and queen of Spain had been so long trying to capture Granada that this camp was really a city, with gates and walls and houses. It was called Santa Fé. Queen Isabella, who was in Santa Fé, after some delay agreed to hear more about the crazy scheme of this persistent Genoese sailor, and the Friar Juan Perez was sent for. He talked so well in behalf of his friend Columbus that the queen became still more interested. She ordered Columbus to come and see her, and sent him sixty-five dollars to pay for a mule, a new suit of clothes, and the journey to court.

IV. Success at Last

About Christmas time, in the year 1491, Columbus, mounted upon his mule, rode into the Spanish camp before the city of Granada. But even now, when he had been told to come, he had to wait. Granada was almost captured; the Moors were almost conquered. At last the end came. On the second of January, 1492, the Moorish king gave up the keys of his beloved city, and the great Spanish banner was hoisted on the highest tower of the Alhambra — the handsomest building in Granada and one of the most beautiful in the world. The Moors were driven out of Spain and Columbus's chance had come.

So he appeared before Queen Isabella and her chief men and told them again of all his plans and desires. The queen and her advisers sat in a great room in that splendid Alhambra I have told you of. King Ferdinand was not there. He did not believe in Columbus and did not wish to let him have money, ships, or sailors to lose in such a foolish way. But as Columbus stood before her and talked so earnestly about how he expected to find the Indies and Cathay and what he hoped to bring away from there, Queen Isabella listened and thought the plan worth trying.

Then a singular thing happened. You would think, if you wished for something very much, that you would be willing to give up a good deal for the sake of getting it. Columbus had worked and waited for seventeen years. He had never got what he wanted. He was always being disappointed. And yet, as he talked to the queen and told her what he wished to do, he said he must have so much as a reward for doing it that the queen and her chief men were simply amazed at his — well, what the boys today call "cheek" — that they would have nothing to do with him. This man really is crazy, they said. This poor Genoese sailor comes here without a thing except his very odd ideas and almost "wants the earth" as a reward. This is not exactly what they said, but it is what they meant.

His few friends begged him to be more modest. "Do not ask so much," they said, "or you will get nothing." But Columbus was determined. "I have worked and waited all

these years," he replied. "I know just what I can do and just how much I can do for the king and queen of Spain. They must pay me what I ask and promise what I say, or I will go somewhere else." "Go, then!" said the queen and her advisers. And Columbus turned his back on what seemed almost his last hope, mounted his mule, and rode away.

Then something else happened. As Columbus rode off to find the French king, sick and tired of all his long and useless labor at the Spanish court, his few firm friends there saw that, unless they did something right away, all the glory and all the gain of this enterprise Columbus had taught them to believe in would be lost to Spain. So two of them, whose names were Santangel and Quintanilla, rushed into the queen's room and begged her, if she wished to become the greatest queen in Christendom, to call back this wandering sailor, agree to his terms, and profit by his labors.

What if he does ask a great deal? they said. He has spent his life thinking his plan out; no wonder he feels that he ought to have a good share of what he finds. What he asks is really small compared with what Spain will gain. The war with the Moors has cost you ever so much; your money chests are empty; Columbus will fill them up. The people of Cathay are heathen; Columbus will help you make them Christian men. The Indies and Cathay are full of gold and jewels; Columbus will bring you home shiploads of treasures. Spain has conquered the Moors; Columbus will help you conquer Cathay.

In fact, they talked to Queen Isabella so strongly and so earnestly, that she, too, became excited over this chance for glory and riches that she had almost lost. "Quick! send for Columbus. Call him back!" said she. "I agree to his terms. If King Ferdinand cannot or will not take the risk, I, the queen, will do it all. Quick! do not let the man get into France. After him. Bring him back!"

And without delay a royal messenger, mounted on a swift horse, was sent at full gallop to bring Columbus back.

All this time poor Columbus felt badly enough. Everything had gone wrong. Now he must go away into a new land

and try all over again. Kings and queens, he felt, were not to be depended upon, and he remembered a place in the Bible where it said: "Put not your trust in princes." Sad, solitary, and heavy-hearted, he jogged slowly along toward the mountains, wondering what the king of France would say to him and whether it was really worth trying.

Just as he was riding across the little bridge called the Bridge of Pinos, some six miles from Granada, he heard the quick hoof beats of a horse behind him. It was a great spot for robbers, and Columbus felt of the little money he had in his traveling pouch and wondered whether he must lose it all. The hoof beats came nearer. Then a voice hailed him. "Turn back, turn back!" the messenger cried out. "The queen bids you return to Granada. She grants you all you ask."

Columbus hesitated. Ought he to trust this promise, he wondered. Put not your trust in princes, the verse in the Bible had said. If I go back I may only be put off and worried as I have been before. And yet, perhaps she means what she says. At any rate, I will go back and try once more.

So, on the little Bridge of Pinos, he turned his mule around and rode back to Granada. And, sure enough, when he saw Queen Isabella, she agreed to all that he asked. If he found Cathay, Columbus was to be made admiral for life of all the new seas and oceans into which he might sail; he was to be chief ruler of all the lands he might find; he was to keep one-tenth part of all the gold and jewels and treasures he should bring away, and was to have his "say" in all questions about the new lands. For his part (and this was because of the offer of his friend at Palos, Captain Pinzon) he agreed to pay one-eighth of all the expenses of this expedition and of all new enterprises, and was to have one-eighth of all the profits from them.

So Columbus had his wish at last. The queen's men figured up how much money they could let him have; they called him "Don Christopher Columbus," "Your Excellency," and "Admiral," and at once he set about getting ready for his voyage.

STUDY

1. What do you most admire in Columbus, after reading this story? What words would you use to describe his character? Look back over the story and see what words the author has used. Do you agree with him? Would you add others?
2. Have you ever read the poem "Columbus" by Joaquin Miller? What does it emphasize about Columbus's character?
3. What reasons did Columbus have for believing the earth was round? You may find this more fully discussed in a history.
4. State the arguments used against him.
5. Why did Columbus believe that the rulers of the important European countries would be interested in finding a new route to Cathay? What was Cathay?
6. How many years were spent in these unsuccessful attempts? Tell of all the things that happened that might have discouraged Columbus.
7. What events were occupying the attention of the king and queen of Spain at this time?
8. Why did Columbus remain in Spain in spite of all discouragement?
9. Why did Isabella finally grant his request? Were her motives the same as those of Columbus?
10. Following is a list of names of people or places important in this story of Columbus. Tell briefly who or what each was, and why important.

Pythagoras	Ferdinand and Isabella
the Azores	Captain Pinzon
Toscanelli	Granada
Bridge of Pinos	Friar Juan Perez

Volunteer reports:

1. It would be interesting to dramatize the interview between Columbus and Isabella, as that was the climax of his long years of waiting and effort. You can imagine Columbus eager and determined to convince the queen, the queen's councilors scornful of this ragged dreamer, and the queen undecided, hesitating between the two. What is the most dramatic moment?
2. If you can, find a map of the world as it was known in the time of Columbus, and compare it with a modern map. How large was the world of Columbus's day?

3. Do you know of other great men or women who have had to fight against opposition and discouragement? Such a story would be a good topic for a theme or class talk.
4. Special historical topics:
   Medieval Trade Routes to the Indies
   King Henry the Navigator
   The Moors in Spain
   Travels of Marco Polo

FOUR VERY GALLANT GENTLEMEN

In the annals of arctic and antarctic exploration there are many tales of heroism and self-sacrifice, but none more inspiring than that of Captain Robert Scott and his party, the English discoverers of the South Pole, in 1912. After weeks of struggling across unbelievably rough ice fields they had reached the South Pole—only to find that the Norwegian expedition, headed by Amundsen, had reached it a month earlier and claimed it for Norway. Bitterly disappointed, the party turned back; and then began the series of misfortunes of which those related in this story were the climax. No member of the little party survived to tell the story, but the journal which Captain Scott kept, even up to his last hour, supplied all the facts upon which it is based.

Four men, dragging a sledge, fought storm and snow and terrific cold. They were returning from the South Pole, which they had reached on January 18th. Now it was March 12th, and after nearly two months of desperate struggling they were forty-seven miles from One-ton Camp, where were supplies to save them.

The name of one, the leader, will never be forgotten: Scott—Captain Robert F. Scott. The others were Wilson, Bowers, and Oates. A fifth had gained the Pole with them—Evans; but on the return he had fallen into a crevasse, and though rescued and cared for by his comrades, he had died nearly a month before.

The weather was frightful. "I maintain," wrote Scott, "that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate and that no one in the world would have expected the temperatures and surfaces which we encountered. . . . I do

not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through." The temperature hovered around – 40 degrees almost continuously, and the bitterly cold winds penetrated their worn garments, chilling them through and through and threatening frostbite. Blizzards and darkness had delayed their marches so that they had had to restrict their rations of both food and fuel, thus further weakening them, and they could travel only a few miles each day.

It was this second month of antarctic marches and camps on the return, which was the worst. On March 12th, Scott wrote: "We did 6.9 miles yesterday, under our necessary average. We did four miles this morning in four hours 20 minutes—we may hope for 3 this afternoon. We shall be 47 miles from the depot. I doubt if we can possibly do it. The surface remains awful, the cold intense, and our physical condition running down. . . ."

Oates, whose feet had frozen, was the weakest. In spite of dogged determination, he delayed the party. He could not start when they were ready nor keep up without help. Fuel was nearly exhausted, and food. They had to make all possible haste to One-ton Camp. Oates begged them to leave him. "That," wrote Scott, "we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on, and we made a few miles. At night he was worse, and we knew that the end had come."

The 17th was Oates's birthday. They were at their fifty-eighth camp from the Pole and were within thirty miles of One-ton Camp. They were in their tent. It was blowing a blizzard, requiring all that was in the strongest to face it and make any advance at all. Oates had slept through the night before, hoping not to wake; but he had awakened in the morning—alive, but too weak to march. Now he arose and said, "I am just going outside, and may be some time."

He went out into the blizzard—and no one ever saw him again.

"We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death," wrote Scott, "but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We

all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far."

Scott and the others struggled gallantly on, refusing to give up hope entirely, although they knew their situation was most desperate. On March 19th Scott wrote: "We are 15½ miles from the depot and ought to get there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad — Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. . . . The weather doesn't give us a chance; the wind from N. to N. W. and −40° today."

During the afternoon they drew four and a half miles nearer to the One-ton Depot, and then made camp again — their last camp. Throughout Tuesday a severe blizzard held them prisoners, and their slender chance of reaching the depot — now only eleven miles away — became yet smaller. On the 21st Scott wrote: "Today forlorn hope, Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel."

But the blizzard continued without intermission.

"22 and 23. Blizzard bad as ever — Wilson and Bowers unable to start — tomorrow last chance — no fuel and only one or two of food — must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural — we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks."

As courageously as they had borne all their hardships and ill luck, the three men now accepted the fact of certain death. Scott spent these last days in writing letters to his family and friends, not forgetting the families of Oates and Evans, and in preparing a careful report of the expedition. These papers were found on his body later. "For myself," he wrote, "I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks, we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last."

On March 29th occurs the last entry in the journal: "Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W. S. W. and S. W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece, and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot *11 miles* away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

"It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

"R. SCOTT."

Eight months later a search party found the tent, which had been so well pitched that it had withstood all the blizzards of an exceptionally severe winter. Outside were the skis and sledges, and within the tent were the bodies of the three men, in their sleeping bags, and lying in attitudes of sleep. Scott had evidently died after the others. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping bag and opened his coat, and his arm was flung across Wilson.

The bodies were buried there in the snow, and over them was erected a great cairn, with a rough cross made from two skis mounted upon it. A metal cylinder was left containing the following record:

"November 12, 1912, Lat. 79 degrees, 50 mins. South. This cross and cairn are erected over the bodies of Captain Scott, C.V.O., R.N., Doctor E. A. Wilson, M.B., B.C., and Lieutenant H. R. Bowers, Royal Indian Marine—a slight token to perpetuate their successful and gallant attempt to reach the Pole. . . . Inclement weather with lack of fuel was the cause of their death. . . ."

The body of Oates was never found, but the search party, after reading Scott's journal, marched twenty miles south to the point, as near as they could judge, where Oates had left his comrades, where they heaped up a cairn and placed thereon a cross and the record: "Captain L. E. G. Oates, of the Inniskilling Dragoons . . . returning from the Pole, walked willingly to his death in a blizzard, to try and save his comrades. Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

STUDY

1. Diagram this last march to One-ton Camp, using a line five inches long on which to mark off the marches. Each inch will represent 10 miles. How far away were they on the night of March 12th? on the 17th? the 19th? Where will your last point be?
2. How long had they been on the march back from the South Pole when this story begins? Describe the dangers and hardships they had to face.
3. Tell of the happenings of March 17th.
4. What was the final misfortune that prevented their reaching the camp?
5. What qualities in these men arouse your admiration? Select and read aloud passages which best express their spirit.

Volunteer reports:

How a Polar Expedition is Conducted
The Amundsen Expedition
Early Attempts to Find the South Pole
The Character of the Antarctic Regions

HOW BALTO BROUGHT THE SERUM TO NOME[1]

GUNNAR KASSON

In February, 1925, there was a severe epidemic of diphtheria in Nome, Alaska. The supply of serum ran out and the successful attempt to carry a fresh supply by means of dog sleds through a raging blizzard created great interest throughout the world. The performance of Balto, the lead dog of the team covering the final stretch, particularly pleased people when they read the story of his work as told by Gunnar Kasson, who drove the sled. A statue of this famous dog now stands in Central Park, New York.

Well, it was a pretty tough trip, all right. The fact is, it was the toughest I've ever had on the trails, and I've been mushing Alaska since 1904. But Balto, he's my lead dog, brought us through.

[1]Used by permission of *The New York World.*

He sniffed the trail in the light snow when I couldn't tell where we were, on the trail or off. He kept the direction on the bare ice—the wind had swept it slick as glass—and the wind was coming in so I couldn't see the wheel dog nearest the sled. Balto is a good dog.

[Balto is well known in the Alaskan country. He led Kasson's dogs in 1915 when they won the Moose race. In 1923 he led the dogs which carried Roald Amundsen north from Nome when the explorer planned an airplane flight over the North Pole. Balto has gained the name of being the best lead dog in Alaska.]

I got into Bluff Sunday morning, sixteen hours before Charlie Olson did. I had thirteen dogs, long-haired Malemutes. They're half wolf. Charlie got in at eight o'clock at night. He was glad to see me. He had run his seven huskies twenty-five miles from Golofnin. His dogs have shorter hair. Every one was frozen in the groin. They came in stiff and sore. They couldn't have gone much farther. . . .

I took the serum from Charlie. . . . It was blowing so hard and was so cold that we took the stuff into a cabin to get it warmed up and to see if the wind would go down.

But it kept getting colder. It went down to 28 below. The wind was fierce; I don't know how fast, but I've never felt it faster. There wasn't any use in waiting, so on we went. It was then ten o'clock Sunday night. We'd waited in the cabin two hours.

The snow was coming down fast. I hitched the dogs. I wanted to get on to the road house at Safety (a distance of thirty-four miles) before the trails got impassable. The first piece of trail was the best. I stuck to the coast, figuring it would make good going if not too stormy. The wind was blowing hard. I don't know just how hard. But I had seal mukluks on my feet. They go up to the hips. And I had sealskin pants over them. On my head I had reindeer parka and hood and a drill parka over that. But the wind was so strong that it went right through the skins.

Crossing Topkok River I ran into trouble. I ran Balto into an overflow. I couldn't see it ahead, as it was snowing

so. I had to turn him into a soft snowdrift to dry off his feet. That keeps them from freezing and getting torn on the glare ice.

I stopped only a few minutes, then started up Topkok Hill. The wind was coming in from the northwest. Topkok Hill is hell when it's storming. It was storming some when I got up there. My right cheek got frozen.

Coming down from Topkok Hill, you come to the flat for a stretch of six miles. Along a ways is Spruce Creek. It's always the worst spot for wind in any kind of weather. The wind was coming across the lagoons and sloughs there, picking up the snow like it was a comb. It was blowing snow so hard I could hardly see my hand in front of my face. I couldn't even see the wheel dog.

That's where Balto came in. I didn't know where I was. I couldn't even guess. He scented the trail through the snow and kept going straight on the glary ice of the frozen lagoons. I didn't even know when I passed right by Solomon, so I didn't get the message from Nome.

It's twelve and a half miles from Solomon to Safety. The wind across Bonanza Creek was the worst I ever felt. The sled spilled every other minute in the soft snow, and I had to untangle the dogs' harness, lift the stuff back on the sled, and get going again. It was dark, too — black.

The going was better after I got across Bonanza. The trail turned so the wind was with me. That boosted me along so I made the twelve and a half miles to Safety in eighty minutes.

The wind had gone down when I got to Safety. I mushed by the road house, but as everything was dark and Balto and the others were going good now, I decided to continue instead of waking Ed Rohn.

It's twenty-one miles from Safety to Nome. The trail runs along the beach of the Bering Sea. The wind had drifted the snow between the hummocks and the upper beach. It made the trail heavy and slow, but with the wind gone down I could see the trail ahead sometimes, as it wasn't so dark any more.

Two of my dogs who were frozen on another trip began to stiffen up. I made a rabbit-skin covering for them, but the cold went right through it.

I was good and glad to see Nome. I was good and hungry.

STUDY

1. After reading this account, do you think Gunnar Kasson was right in saying it was "a pretty tough trip"? Indicate the items that show how difficult the trip was.
2. "But Balto . . . brought us through." Do you think Balto deserved all the credit given him by his owner?
3. Over how many miles did Balto lead his team? Why did he not give way to the relay team at Safety?
4. There are some interesting words in this selection connected with the regions of snow and ice: *mushing*, *Malemutes*, *mukluks*, *parka*, *hummocks*. Can you tell the meaning of each word from its use in the story?
5. Do you think Kasson's story would have been any better if he had been a trained writer instead of a man of action, a doer of interesting things?

THE SUNKEN TREASURE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nothing is more exciting than to imagine yourself taking part in a treasure hunt. From the time we were little children and our elders told us that if we would go to the foot of the rainbow we should find a pot of gold, most of us have hoped some day that we might discover some great treasure-trove. Sir William Phipps actually found his treasure, for this story, like the others in Hawthorne's *Grandfather's Chair*, is based on fact.

For a somewhat fuller note on *Grandfather's Chair*, see the introduction to "The Pine Tree Shillings," page 249.

I. Sir William Phipps's Early Efforts to Win Fortune

Picture to yourselves a handsome, old-fashioned room, with a large, open cupboard at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup with some other splendid articles of gold and silver plate. In another part of the room, opposite

to a tall looking-glass, stands our beloved chair, newly polished, and adorned with a gorgeous cushion of crimson velvet tufted with gold.

In the chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of the West Indies. He wears an immense periwig, flowing down over his shoulders. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage; and his waistcoat, likewise, is all flowered over and bedizened with gold. His red, rough hands, which have done many a good day's work with the hammer and adze, are half covered by the delicate lace ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword; and in a corner of the room stands his gold-headed cane, made of a beautifully polished West India wood.

Somewhat such an aspect as this did Sir William Phipps present when he sat in Grandfather's chair after the king had appointed him governor of Massachusetts. Truly there was need that the old chair should be varnished and decorated with a crimson cushion, in order to make it suitable for such a magnificent-looking personage.

But Sir William Phipps had not always worn a gold-embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease as he did in Grandfather's chair. He was a poor man's son, and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep upon the hills in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man, he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he came to Boston, and soon afterwards was married to a widow, who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all the money that he had acquired by his marriage and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that, some time or other, he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Do not suppose that he had been to a fortune teller to inquire his destiny. It was his own energy and spirit of enterprise and his resolution to lead an industrious life that made him look forward with so much confidence to better days.

Several years passed away, and William Phipps had not yet gained the riches which he promised to himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahama Islands and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phipps went to the place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed, however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of his voyage.

But before he returned, he was told of another Spanish ship, or galleon, which had been cast away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth; and hitherto nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which was rolling and tossing it about. But though it was now an old story and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phipps resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

He went to London and obtained admittance to King James, who had not yet been driven from his throne. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and thought this a fine opportunity to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phipps to be captain of a vessel, called the *Rose Algier*, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phipps of the English navy.

Captain Phipps sailed from England in the *Rose Algier*, and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies. The prospect of success seemed very small; and most people would have thought that

Captain Phipps was as far from having money enough to build a "fair brick house" as he was while he tended sheep.

The seamen of the *Rose Algier* became discouraged and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phipps to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century. They broke out in open mutiny, but were finally mastered by Phipps and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors; and besides, the *Rose Algier* was leaky and unseaworthy. So Captain Phipps judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies, he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of the Spanish ship and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks, a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

II. His Successful Voyage in Search of Treasure

On his arrival in England, therefore, Captain Phipps solicited the king to let him have another vessel and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James, who had probably expected that the *Rose Algier* would return laden with gold, refused to have anything more to do with the affair. Phipps might never have been able to renew the search if the Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship, and gave the command to Captain Phipps. He sailed from England, and arrived safely at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adze and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the puppose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians, who were skillful divers and could go down a great way into the depths of the sea.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom, had there been any of those precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see; nothing more valuable than a curious sea shrub, which was growing beneath the water, in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It flaunted to and fro with the swell and reflux of the waves, and looked as bright and beautiful as if its leaves were gold.

"We won't go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers. "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find."

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea shrub in his hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea.

"There are some ship's guns," said he, the moment he had drawn breath, "some great cannon, among the rocks, near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few moments one of them rose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. The single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phipps of their good luck.

But confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet, now that it was really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.

"Thanks be to God!" then cries Captain Phipps. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work, with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, fishing for gold and silver

at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they found a sacramental vessel, which had been destined as a gift to some Catholic church. Now they drew up a golden cup, fit for the king of Spain to drink his wine out of. Perhaps the bony hand of its former owner had been grasping the precious cup and was drawn up along with it. Now their rakes or fishing lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling, so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

There is something sad and terrible in the idea of snatching all this wealth from the devouring ocean which had possessed it for such a length of years. It seems as if men had no right to make themselves rich with it. It ought to have been left with the skeletons of the ancient Spaniards who had been drowned when the ship was wrecked and whose bones were now scattered among the gold and silver.

But Captain Phipps and his crew were troubled with no such thoughts as these. After a day or two they lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money bags. By remaining so long in the salt water, they had become covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure, plate, bullion, precious stones, and all, was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. It was dangerous even to look at such a vast amount of wealth. A sea captain who had assisted Phipps in the enterprise utterly lost his reason at the sight of it. He died two years afterwards, still raving about the treasures that lie at the bottom of the sea. It would have been better for this man if he had left the skeletons of the shipwrecked Spaniards in quiet possession of their wealth.

Captain Phipps and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars, as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short. Then, as they could not feed upon gold and silver any more than old King Midas could, they found it necessary to go in search of better sustenance. Phipps resolved to return to England. He arrived there in 1687, and was received with great joy by the Duke of Albemarle and other English lords who had fitted out the vessel. Well they might rejoice; for they took by far the greater part of the treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfill his promise to his wife, by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston. The Duke of Albemarle sent Mrs. Phipps a magnificent gold cup, worth at least five thousand dollars. Before Captain Phipps left London, King James made him a knight; so that, instead of the obscure ship carpenter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phipps.

STUDY

1. Begin by forming a clear picture of Sir William Phipps and his surroundings as he sat in Grandfather's chair as governor of Massachusetts. This picture is presented in three paragraphs. Locate them.
2. Now, going back in time to his boyhood, follow step by step Sir William's progress from humble beginnings to his final high position. You will find four periods or enterprises of his life given, the first three very briefly, and the fourth in full. In fact this last division has two parts itself, and altogether it covers nearly three-fourths of the whole story. It would be well for you to jot down these four topics to be used as a basis of your oral report on the story.
3. What is the most exciting moment in the last section? Does Hawthorne tell you more than you would have known from a statement of the mere facts?
4. What other stories have you read about finding treasure? Among good ones are Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, Janvier's *The Aztec Treasure House*, and Matthews' *Tom Paulding*.

MY TREE[1]

WARDER C. ALLEE

Even when at work in his city laboratory a scientist is in a mild way an adventurer, but when he takes for his laboratory a jungle island in Panama he may expect to meet some very real adventures indeed. "My Tree" relates some of the experiences of a scientist who spent a year studying the plants and animals to be found on a little island in Gatun Lake in Panama.

Read the story over quickly once, and then again more carefully in preparation for the test that follows at the end of the selection.

I. Selecting the Tree and Climbing It

I wanted very much to climb a big tree in the jungle. Most of the trees on Barro Colorado grow about ninety feet high and spread out into a thick green roof, but every so often there is a much larger tree that reaches above the smaller ones, twice as high. I wanted to climb up one of these tall trees above the jungle roof and see what was happening there, what plants and animals lived so high, and what they did.

Naturally there was no hundred-foot ladder lying around waiting for me on the island. If I got up a tree, I had to make some kind of ladder for myself. My first idea was to get some extra long railroad spikes to drive into a tree trunk for steps, but there were no railroad spikes to be had.

The manager of the Canal scrap department helped me out. He looked over his great piles of rusty machinery and found some bolts from the old machines that the French had used in digging at the Canal, and from these he had some stout spikes made for me. They were fourteen inches long, not quite an inch thick, and sharpened like a wedge at one end to make them easy to drive.

I took these over to the island one Wednesday morning, with Linder, a tall, lazy negro from the British West Indies, to help me. There was a funny little shack on the island, a good deal like the playhouse a boy might build for himself, and there I meant to stay of nights until my ladder was

[1]From *Jungle Island*, by W. C. and M. H. Allee. Copyright, 1925, by Rand McNally & Company, publishers.

finished. We had rice and canned meat and fruit and crackers and tea enough to feed us for a few days.

It was not so easy to find the right tree as you might think. We climbed to the top of the slope and looked around. One tree was a good height and standing in a convenient place, but when I drove a spike into it the spike went in about an inch and shot out again. The wood was too hard and close-grained to make room for the spike.

I knew better than to try that kind of tree again. We walked farther and found a big thorny tree, called a sand-box tree. It stood well up on a ridge and towered over the jungle roof. The trunk was about five feet through at the ground. From the top of the tree hung large vines, called lianas, an inch to three inches thick. Most jungle trees are hung with these vines, which grow from the ground up and from the branches down. These lianas were as useful to me as ropes would have been.

The first thing we had to do was to shave the thorns off one side of the tree with our long knives, called "machetes." The native uses his machete for everything from a weapon to a hoe, and nothing could have been better for removing these woody thorns. It did not take long to clear them off as high as we could reach, although they had a milky juice that spattered unpleasantly into our faces as we worked.

We started driving the spikes early the next morning. Linder could drive the first one standing on the ground, and he easily sunk it half its length into the soft wood, leaving a good seven-inch step. Then his troubles began. He did not want to climb, he did not want to work. He wanted a ladder to stand on, or an auger to bore holes for the spikes, or anything he could think of that we didn't have. The job "humbugged" him, he said, and I knew what he meant, even if I had never heard the word used that way before. Finally he decided that he could go on if he had a long pole for a sort of ladder.

While he was away looking for his pole, I drove the next spike two feet above the first. Then I tied myself to the second spike and stood on the lower one while I drove the third, two feet higher.

Linder's pole turned out to be convenient to use for one foot while the other was on a spike. We went on up the tree, driving spikes turn and turn about until we had reached the top of the pole. The work went slowly. My muscles were soft, and Linder was badly frightened when we were off the ground. It was still harder when we had to stand with both feet on one spike. We tied ourselves to the tree again and used the hanging lianas to lean back against while we worked.

It was now Saturday morning, and Linder decided that he wanted to get away from the island, that the work was too hard, and that his shoulder hurt him very badly, and so we went back to Frijoles.

I never knew from one day to the next which of the Frijoles men would help me on the island. Sometimes those who had come with me most regularly would go off for a few days' work in the bananas, leaving a new man for me. Sometimes I found only one man waiting for me on the station platform, and sometimes there were half a dozen to choose from. When I reached the island again late Monday morning, I found that Linder had brought over Santiago, and Santiago had already run the spike ladder twice as high as I had left it on Saturday.

Santiago had done much tree climbing in the days when he collected rubber. He climbed in bare feet, with a rope over his shoulder tied to the highest spike. When he reached the branches, he could stand on them or pass his rope around the body of the tree where it became smaller. By night he had driven spikes to the second big limb. This made a convenient saddle ninety feet above ground.

The branches were fifteen inches thick and very strong. We could sit comfortably on them and look about us and down on the plants below. Not many white people get to see the jungle from above.

II. Looking Down on the Jungle

I myself had seen it before only from a narrow trail, or working my way through the vines, ferns, and palms, where, if I was content to travel slowly, I seldom needed to use my

machete to cut a path, though sometimes I was obliged to get down on my hands and knees to crawl under a tangle of bamboo vines or look for the next clear spot. A well-sharpened knife made a path faster, but I found only one place on the island where I had to use it all the time. This was in a patch of wild pineapple, higher than a man's head, where it took four or five strokes of the machete to cut one step through the stiff leaves.

My tree stood in a part of the jungle that was like most of the rest of the island. The plants did not grow so thickly as they did down at the shore, because the big trees shut off most of the sunlight. The red clay forest floor was loosely covered with dead leaves, and over it flecks of sunlight moved through the middle of the day, seldom staying in one spot more than a few minutes, but touching everything below at some time. All the low-growing bushes and ferns had a short time of sun for their broad green leaves, but not so much as to dry them out. A few flowers grew among the ferns in January. I saw a familiar milkweed whose flower makes a good insect trap, and the brilliant red blossom of the passion vine, which grows also in the southern United States. There were ferns like those we grow in our houses, as well as fern bushes six feet high and graceful fern vines.

The greatest difference between this jungle wood and the forest of a cooler country was the great number of palms. Some were only shrubs that could be cut as easily as a cornstalk. Some grew sixty feet tall, as straight as a rod, and were so hard that they turned the cutting blade of an ax. Near my spiked tree was a stilt palm, so called from its manner of bracing its trunk with roots branching out five feet above the ground.

When I had climbed only ten feet up the tree, I could look out over the tops of the lower shrubs. Another ten feet brought me above the smaller trees.

Now I began to notice especially the lianas. Some of these were the spongy roots of plants perched high on the big trees. Others are like our wild grapevine. They climb to the jungle roof and leaf out there, tying the branches together and helping to make the dense jungle shade.

One of the most interesting vines is the wild fig, which starts from a tiny seed dropped by some bird in the branches of a jungle tree. This sprouts into a little plant which drops a root as fine as thread down to the ground. The rootlet thickens into a trunk that sends out from its sides dozens of other rootlets to hug the tree on which it grows until it is quite surrounded and smothered to death. Sometimes the wild fig stands like a real tree after the first one has rotted away inside it, leaving a hollow down the center. It is helped to stand erect by having its upper branches woven into the vine tangle of the forest roof, but if a heavy windstorm comes along it falls more easily than a real tree. Near my spiked tree I could see several wild figs of different ages.

Another liana that is most pleasing to find on a hot day is the water vine. One day, coming home from a long tramp across the island, our guide fairly jumped forward, as suddenly as if he had seen a snake. With his machete he attacked a large liana, looking like an immense twisted grapevine, and cut from it a piece nearly a yard long. The sloping ends were three inches across. Necto lifted one end over his mouth and water ran from it so fast that he could not swallow it all. He cut pieces for the rest of us, and we found the water cool and of a very good flavor.

Higher on the sand-box tree grew many plants that are never found except in such airy places as tree trunks and branches. Many of these are the plants whose roots make lianas. At a height of ninety feet I could look down on one like a great rosette three feet across, whose glossy leaves made a good photograph. Perched among the branches are plants that look like the stiff tuft of leaves growing out of a pine-apple. Their cupped leaves catch and hold water that helps them through the dry season. Flies, ants, and other insects drown in the water and are absorbed by the plant for food.

III. Other Strange Flowers and Trees

Perhaps the most beautiful of the tree plants are the orchids, which send up from their leaf rosettes a slender stalk, crowned with yellow or lavender flowers. If you cut out a large chip

of the wood to which they are fastened, so that the plant itself is not disturbed, you can carry it away without harming it. Many verandas in Ancon have these lasting bouquets hung against their walls. In this moist climate they bloom on without attention.

At the top of my spike ladder I could again get a glimpse of Gatun Lake. The rest of the view was jungle roof, much as it appeared from the Canal. Here and there were other trees as high as mine, and in February some of them were gorgeous masses of yellow blossom. These were the guayacan (gwä-yä-kän′) trees, very hard-wooded. The wood is so hard that cart wheels are made of it simply by means of cutting off a round of the tree trunk, trimming it, and boring an axle hole through the center. Santiago told me about it. "Can't drive nail in it, Boss Doctor. Must use screw. Oh, hard, hard, hard!"

Such hard wood is valuable, of course, but often it does not pay to try to get it out of the forest. From my tree I could see that the yellow-flowering trees did not grow close together. They were a quarter of a mile or farther apart. In the north we are used to woods that have nothing but oak or maple or pine trees for miles, but here in the tropics big trees of the same kind do not grow together.

The distances between trees make it impossible to use the machinery with which we haul the big trees of the northern woods. Usually only those trees are cut which stand on hillsides close to water, where the logs can be rolled downhill and floated away. Even this method has its difficulties. The thick undergrowth down to the waterside must be cut away before the log can be sent down the hill. When it reaches the water the log is often so heavy that it sinks like iron. Then some one must dive under it with ropes to lift it and tie it to a raft of lighter wood that will float and support it.

Mahogany trees grow in Panama, but the natives do not think its wood is nearly so good or beautiful as that from some other trees. They make rough furniture from it to sell to Americans, and sometimes a few logs are shipped to the United States.

Some of the less valuable wood is very light indeed. The "sentinel tree," one of the few that sheds all its leaves at once in the dry season, is nearly as light as cork. A log of it can be used as a canoe without hollowing out.

Down at the foot of my tree hardly a breath of air stirred all day long. For a whole week a thermometer hung there showed that the temperature did not rise or fall more than three degrees. Almost no water evaporated there.

This was true even when the wind was roaring past me at the top of my spike ladder. Up above the jungle roof the thermometer rose and fell twenty-five degrees in a day, and water evaporated three times as fast as it did below.

Above the jungle roof the wind and the sunlight were more free, since there were not so many branches to catch them and hold them back. On the ground I could not take snapshots even with a fast lens and special films, but up above I could take pictures of the jungle roof with an ordinary kodak.

Living at the foot of the tree was much like staying in a well-regulated greenhouse, with the same damp warmth day in and day out; but plants and animals up in the tree tops had a much more adventurous and changing life. Sometimes they might be warm and sometimes cold. The sun and wind would dry them out, or a sudden rain drench them. It is almost like living in another country for them. The light was over four hundred times brighter than on the ground.

Some of them seem to thrive on changes, and are never found except in the trees. Even these do not have to endure the changes in light and heat and moisture that the plants and animals of northern woods meet in the summer, which is our mildest season.

STUDY

Best-answer test:

Select the phrases that will complete correctly the main statements:

1. Mr. Allee wished to climb the tree in order to
   - *a.* measure its height
   - *b.* study plants and animals living in the tree tops
   - *c.* hunt birds' eggs

2. He climbed the tree by
   a. using the vines as a rope ladder
   b. building a long wooden ladder
   c. driving spikes in the tree
3. The names of the two negroes who helped him were
   a. José and Juan
   b. Linder and Santiago
   c. Pedro and Louis
4. The vines which grow on the trees are called
   a. lianas
   b. machetes
   c. cayucas
5. The greatest difference between a jungle forest and a northern forest is
   a. the size of the jungle trees
   b. the bright jungle flowers
   c. the great number of palm trees
6. The wild fig vine is dangerous to jungle trees because
   a. it is poisonous
   b. its roots wind around the tree and smother it
   c. it is so heavy that it breaks the tree down
7. The water vine is so called because
   a. it is full of water
   b. it grows near the water
   c. it is soft and watery to the touch
8. The orchid is a jungle flower which grows
   a. among the bushes
   b. up in the tree tops
   c. on the surface of water
9. Lumbering in tropical jungles is not very practical because (choose *two*)
   a. valuable trees are far apart
   b. fever and snakes make the work dangerous
   c. the thick undergrowth makes it hard to move the logs
10. The jungle roof is different from the jungle floor in the following ways (choose *three*):
   a. there is greater variety of temperature
   b. there is more dust
   c. the air is heavier and hotter
   d. there is much more sunlight
   e. there is much more wind

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

JONATHAN SWIFT

Gulliver's Travels was written by Jonathan Swift as a satire on certain political conditions in England during the early eighteenth century. We scarcely think of that as we read the story today, however, for the travels and adventures of Gulliver are so entertainingly told that they are interesting for their own sakes. The book has long been a favorite with people of all ages as a story of fantastic adventures.

There are four voyages told about in *Gulliver's Travels*. The first, which is the best known, tells of the hero's adventures in the land of a people who are less than six inches tall.

I. Gulliver Shipwrecked and Captured

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire, and I was the third of four sons. He sent me to Cambridge at fourteen years old, and after studying there three years I was bound apprentice to Mr. Bates, a famous surgeon in London. There, as my father now and then sent me small sums of money, I spent them in learning navigation and other arts useful to those who travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do.

Three years after I left home, my good master, Mr. Bates, recommended me as ship's surgeon to the *Swallow*, on which I voyaged three years. When I came back I settled in London, and having taken part of a small house, I married Miss Mary Burton, daughter of Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier.

But my good master Bates died two years after, and as I had few friends, my business began to fail, and I determined to go again to sea. After several voyages I accepted an offer from Captain W. Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol on May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

But in our passage to the East Indies we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. Twelve of our crew died from hard labor and bad food, and the rest were in a very weak condition. On November 5, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within one

hundred and twenty yards of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven straight upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, letting down the boat, got clear of the ship, and we rowed about three leagues, till we could work no longer. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about an hour the boat was upset by a sudden squall. What became of my companions in the boat or those who escaped on the rock or were left in the vessel I cannot tell, but I conclude they were all lost. For my part, I swam as fortune directed me and was pushed forward by wind and tide; but when I was able to struggle no longer I found myself within my depth. By this time the storm was much abated.

I reached the shore at last, about eight o'clock in the evening, and advanced nearly half a mile inland, but could not discover any sign of inhabitants. I was extremely tired, and with the heat of the weather I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, and slept sounder than ever I did in my life for about nine hours. When I woke it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but could not; for as I happened to be lying on my back, I found my arms and legs were fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I could only look upward. The sun began to grow hot, and the light hurt my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but could see nothing except the sky.

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently over my breast, came almost up to my chin, when, bending my eyes downward, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifted up his hands in admiration. I lay all this while in great uneasiness; but at

length, struggling to get loose, I succeeded in breaking the strings that fastened my left arm to the ground, and at the same time, with a violent pull that gave me extreme pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them, whereupon there was a great shout, and in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles. Moreover, they shot another flight into the air, of which some fell on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over I groaned with grief and pain, and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another flight of arrows, larger than the first, and some of them tried to stab me with their spears; but by good luck I had on a leather jacket, which they could not pierce. By this time I thought it most prudent to lie still till night, when, my hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I thought I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me if they were all of the same size with him I saw.

When the people observed that I was quiet they discharged no more arrows, but by the noise I knew that their number was increased, and about four yards from me, for more than an hour, there was a knocking, like people at work. Then, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would let me I saw a stage set up about a foot and a half from the ground with two or three ladders to mount it. From this, one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, of which I could not understand a word, though I could tell from his manner that he sometimes threatened me and sometimes spoke with pity and kindness. I answered in few words, but in the most submissive manner, and being almost famished with hunger, I could not help showing my impatience by putting my finger frequently to my mouth to signify that I wanted food.

He understood me very well, and descending from the stage, commanded that several ladders should be set against

my sides, on which more than a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked toward my mouth with baskets full of food, which had been sent by the king's orders when he first received tidings of me. There were legs and shoulders like mutton, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them two or three at a mouthful and took three loaves at a time. They supplied me as fast as they could, with a thousand marks of wonder at my appetite. I then made a sign that I wanted something to drink. They guessed that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they slung up one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it toward my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draft, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. However, I could not wonder enough at the daring of these tiny mortals who ventured to mount and walk upon my body while one of my hands was free without trembling at the very sight of so huge a creature as I must have seemed to them.

After some time there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted my right leg, advanced to my face with about a dozen of his retinue, and spoke about ten minutes, often pointing forward, which, as I afterward found, was toward the capital city, about a half mile distant, whither it was commanded by his majesty that I should be conveyed. I made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) to show that I desired my liberty. He seemed to understand me well enough, for he shook his head, though he made other signs to let me know that I should have meat and drink enough and very good treatment.

Then I once more thought of attempting to escape, but when I felt the smart of their arrows on my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and observed likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Then they daubed my face and hands with a sweet-smelling ointment,

which in a few minutes removed all the smart of the arrows. The relief from pain and hunger made me drowsy, and presently I fell asleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was told afterward; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleeping-draft in the hogshead of wine.

It seems that, when I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it, and determined that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set to work to prepare the engine. It was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. But the difficulty was to place me on it. Eighty poles were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords fastened to bandages which the workmen tied round my neck, hands, body, and legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by pulleys fastened on the poles, and in less than three hours I was raised and slung into the engine and there tied fast. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were then employed to draw me toward the capital. But while all this was done I still lay in a deep sleep, and I did not wake till four hours after we began our journey.

The emperor and all his court came out to meet us when we reached the capital, but his great officials would not suffer his majesty to risk his person by mounting on my body. Where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, supposed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, and here it was determined that I should lodge. Near the great gate, through which I could easily creep, they fixed nıney-one chains, like those which hang to a lady's watch, which were locked to my left leg with thirty-six padlocks, and when the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me. Then I rose up, feeling as melancholy as ever I did in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the

people on seeing me rise and walk were inexpressible. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only freedom to walk backward and forward in a semicircle, but to creep in and lie at full length inside the temple.

II. The Man-Mountain in Chains

The emperor, advancing toward me from among his courtiers, all most magnificently clad, surveyed me with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He was taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone was enough to strike awe into the beholders, and graceful and majestic. The better to behold him, I lay down on my side so that my face was level with his, and he stood three yards off. However, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived. His dress was very simple, but he wore a light helmet of gold adorned with jewels and a plume. He held his sword in his hand, to defend himself if I should break loose; it was almost three inches long, and the hilt was of gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I answered; but neither of us could understand a word.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to keep away the crowd, some of whom had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat by the door of my house. But the colonel ordered six of them to be seized and delivered bound into my hands. I put five of them into my coat pocket; and as to the sixth, I made a face as I would eat him alive. The poor man screamed terribly, and the colonel and his officers were much distressed, especially when they saw me take out my penknife. But I soon set them at ease, for, cutting the strings he was bound with, I put him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I saw that both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my kindness.

Toward night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, as I had to do for a fortnight, till

a bed was prepared for me out of six hundred beds of the ordinary measure.

Six hundred servants were appointed me and three hundred tailors made me a suit of clothes. Moreover, six of his majesty's greatest scholars were employed to teach me their language, so that soon I was able to converse after a fashion with the emperor, who often honored me with his visits. The first words I learned were to desire that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees; but he answered that this must be a work of time and that first I must swear a peace with him and his kingdom. He told me also that by the laws of the nation I must be searched by two of the officers and that, as this could not be done without my help, he trusted them in my hands, and whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country. I took up the two officers and put them into my coat pockets. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact list of everything they saw, which I afterward translated into English and which ran as follows:

"In the right coat pocket of the great man-mountain we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to cover the carpet of your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a silver cover, which we could not lift. We desired that it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some of which flying into our faces sent us both into a fit of sneezing. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a number of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the size of three men, tied with a strong cable and marked with black figures, which we humbly conceive to be writings. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which extended twenty long poles, with which we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different sizes. Some of the white, which appeared to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrades and I could hardly lift them. From another pocket

hung a huge silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine fastened to it, a globe half silver and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures, and thought we could touch them till we found our fingers stopped by the shining substance. This engine made an incessant noise, like a water mill, and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal or the god he worships, but probably the latter, for he has told us that he seldom did anything without consulting it. This is a list of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who treated us with great civility."

I had one private pocket which escaped their search, containing a pair of spectacles and a small spyglass, which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover.

III. In Favor with His Captors

My gentleness and good behavior gained so far on the emperor and his court, and, indeed, on the people in general, that I began to have hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. The natives came by degrees to be less fearful of danger from me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand, and at last the boys and girls ventured to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair.

The horses of the army and of the royal stables were no longer shy, having been daily led before me; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, on a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap. I amused the emperor one day in a very extraordinary manner. I took nine sticks and fixed them firmly in the ground in a square. Then I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground. I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect and extended it on all sides till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order they

divided into two parties, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, and, in short, showed the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling off the stage, and the emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days and persuaded the empress herself to let me hold her in her chair within two yards of the stage, whence she could view the whole performance. Fortunately no accident happened, only once a fiery horse pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief and overthrew his rider and himself. But I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other as I had taken them up. The horse that fell was strained in the shoulder, but the rider was not hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could. However, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

I had sent so many petitions for my liberty that his majesty at length mentioned the matter in a full council, where it was opposed by none except Skyresh Bolgolam, admiral of the realm, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. He agreed at length, though he succeeded in himself drawing up the conditions on which I should be set free. After they were read, I was requested to swear to perform them in the method prescribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the top of my right ear. But I have made a translation of the conditions, which I here offer to the public:

"Golbaste Mamarem Evlame Gurdile Shefin Mully Ully Gue, Most Mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe whose dominions extend to the ends of the globe, monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men, whose feet press down to the center and whose head strikes against the sun, at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees, pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter: his most sublime majesty proposeth to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our

celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform:

"First. The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under the Great Seal.

"Second. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order, at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within doors.

"Third. The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal highroads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

"Fourth. As he walks the said road, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

"Fifth. If an express requires extraordinary speed, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days' journey, and return the said messenger (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

"Sixth. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

"Lastly. Upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of seventeen hundred and twenty-four of our subjects, with free access to our royal person and other marks of our favor.

"Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore to these articles with great cheerfulness, whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my freedom, Reldresal, the emperor's secretary for private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance and desired that I would give him an hour's audience. I offered to lie down that he might the more conveniently reach my ear, but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He

began with compliments on my liberty, but he added that, save for the present state of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon.

"For," he said, "however flourishing we may seem to foreigners, we are in danger of an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and as powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you say, that there are other kingdoms in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are very doubtful, and rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon or one of the stars, because a hundred mortals of your size would soon destroy all the fruit and cattle of his majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two mighty empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu, which, as I was going to tell you, are engaged in a most obstinate war, which began in the following manner: It is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, made a law commanding all his subjects to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law that there have been six rebellions raised on that account, wherein one emperor lost his life and another his crown. It is calculated that eleven hundred persons have at different times suffered death rather than break their eggs at the smaller end. But these rebels, the Big-endians, have found so much encouragement at the Emperor of Blefuscu's court, to which they always fled for refuge, that a bloody war, as I said, has been carried on between the two empires for thirty-six moons; and now the Blefuscudians have equipped a large fleet and are preparing to descend upon us. Therefore his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, has commanded me to set the case before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor and to let him know that I was ready, at the risk of my life, to defend him against all invaders.

IV. Gulliver Aids the Lilliputians in War

It was not long before I communicated to his majesty the plan I formed for seizing the enemy's whole fleet. The empire of Blefuscu is an island parted from Lilliput only by a channel eight hundred yards wide. I consulted the most experienced seamen on the depth of the channel, and they told me that in its middle, at high water, it was seventy glumgluffs (about six feet in European measure). I walked toward the coast, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my spyglass and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor—about fifty men-of-war and other vessels. I then came back to my house and gave orders for a great quantity of the strongest cables and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as pack thread and the bars of the length and size of a knitting needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the ends into a hook.

Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables I went back to the coast, and taking off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leather jacket about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, swimming in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground, and thus arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam ashore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand. Then, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each ship, I tied all the cords together at the end.

Meanwhile the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face. My greatest fear was for my eyes, which I should have lost if I had not suddenly thought of the pair of spectacles which had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened upon my nose, and thus armed went on with my work in spite of the arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect than slightly disturbing them. Then, taking the knot in my hand, I began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were too fast held

by their anchors. Thus the boldest part of my enterprise remained. Letting go the cord, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving more than two hundred shots in my face and hands. Then I took up again the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

When the Blefuscudians saw the fleet moving in order and me pulling at the end, they set up a scream of grief and despair that it is impossible to describe. When I had got out of danger I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my arrival. I then took off my spectacles, and after waiting an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded on to the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore awaiting me. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who, in the middle of the channel was under water up to my neck. The emperor concluded that I was drowned and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner. But he was soon set at ease, for, the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice: "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!" The prince received me at my landing with all possible joy and made me a nardal on the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them. His majesty desired that I would take some opportunity to bring all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports, and seemed to think of nothing less than conquering the whole empire of Blefuscu and becoming the sole monarch of the world. But I plainly protested that I would never be the means of bringing a free and brave people into slavery; and though the wisest of the ministers were of my opinion, my open refusal was so opposed to his majesty's ambition that he could never forgive me. And from this time a plot began between himself and those of his ministers who were my enemies that nearly ended in my utter destruction.

About three weeks after this exploit there arrived an embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of peace, which was soon concluded, on terms very advantageous to our emperor. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, all very magnificent. Having been privately told that I had befriended them, they made me a visit, and paying me many compliments on my valor and generosity, invited me to their kingdom, in the emperor their master's name. I asked them to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honor to see our emperor I desired his general permission to visit the Blefuscudian monarch. This he granted me, but in a very cold manner, of which I afterward learned the reason.

When I was just preparing to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, a distinguished person at court, to whom I had once done a great service, came to my house very privately at night, and without sending his name desired admission. I put his lordship into my coat pocket, and giving orders to a trusty servant to admit no one, I fastened the door, placed my visitor on the table, and sat down by it. His lordship's face was full of trouble, and he asked me to hear him with patience in a matter that highly concerned my honor and my life. "You are aware," he said, "that Skyresh Bolgolam has been your mortal enemy ever since your arrival, and his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is obscured. This lord and others have accused you of treason, and several councils have been called in the most private manner on your account. Out of gratitude for your favors I procured information of the whole proceedings, venturing my head for your service, and this was the charge against you:

"First, that you have brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, were commanded by his majesty to seize all the other ships and to put to death all the Big-endian exiles, and also all the people of the empire who would not immediately consent to break their eggs at the smaller end. And

that, like a false traitor to his most serene majesty, you excused yourself from the service on pretense of unwillingness to force the consciences and destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

"Again, when ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, like a false traitor you aided and entertained them, though you knew them to be servants of a prince lately in open war against his imperial majesty.

"Moreover, you are now preparing, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, to voyage to the court of Blefuscu.

"In the debate on this charge," my friend continued, "his majesty often urged the services you had done him, while the admiral and treasurer insisted that you should be put to a shameful death. But Reldresal, secretary for private affairs, who has always proved himself your friend, suggested that if his majesty would please to spare your life and only give orders to put out both your eyes, justice might in some measure be satisfied. At this Bolgolam rose up in a fury, wondering how the secretary dared desire to preserve the life of a traitor; and the treasurer, pointing out the expense of keeping you, also urged your death. But his majesty was graciously pleased to say that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a punishment, some other might afterward be inflicted. And the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, said that as to expense your allowance might be gradually lessened, so that for want of sufficient food you should grow weak and faint and die in a few months, when his majesty's subjects might cut your flesh from your bones and bury it, leaving the skeleton for the admiration of posterity.

"Thus, through the great friendship of the secretary, the affair was arranged. It was commanded that the plan of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books. In three days your friend the secretary will come to your house and read the accusation before you and point out the great mercy of his majesty, that only condemns you to the loss of your eyes—which, he does not doubt, you will submit to humbly and gratefully. Twenty of his majesty's surgeons

will attend, to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes as you lie on the ground.

"I leave you," said my friend, "to consider what measures you will take; and, to escape suspicion, I must immediately return as secretly as I came."

His lordship did so, and I remained alone in great perplexity. At first I was bent on resistance, for while I had liberty I could easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that idea with horror, remembering the oath I had made to the emperor and the favors I had received from him. At last, having his majesty's leave to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, I resolved to take this opportunity. Before the three days had passed I wrote a letter to my friend the secretary telling him of my resolution, and without waiting for an answer went to the coast, and entering the channel, between wading and swimming reached the port of Blefuscu, where the people, who had long expected me, led me to the capital.

His majesty, with the royal family and great officers of the court, came out to receive me, and they entertained me in a manner suited to the generosity of so great a prince. I did not, however, mention my disgrace with the Emperor of Lilliput, since I did not suppose that prince would disclose the secret while I was out of his power. But in this, it soon appeared, I was deceived.

V. Gulliver's Escape

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the northeast coast of the island, I observed at some distance in the sea something that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship. I returned immediately to the city for help, and after a huge amount of labor I managed to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a great crowd of people appeared full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the

emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to some place where I might return to my native country, and begged his orders for materials to fit it up and leave to depart — which, after many kindly speeches, he was pleased to grant.

Meanwhile the Emperor of Lilliput, uneasy at my long absence (but never imagining that I had the least notice of his designs) sent a person of rank to inform the Emperor of Blefuscu of my disgrace. This messenger had orders to represent the great mercy of his master, who was content to punish me with the loss of my eyes, and who expected that his brother of Blefuscu would have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor. The Emperor of Blefuscu answered with many civil excuses. He said that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible. Moreover, though I had taken away his fleet, he was grateful to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. But that both their majesties would soon be made easy, for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be free from me.

With this answer the messenger returned to Lilliput, and I (though the monarch of Blefuscu secretly offered me his gracious protection if I would continue in his service) hastened my departure, resolving never more to put confidence in princes.

In about a month I was ready to take leave. The Emperor of Blefuscu, with the empress and the royal family, came out of the palace, and I lay down on my face to kiss their hands, which they graciously gave me. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of sprugs (their greatest gold coin) and his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. Many other ceremonies took place at my departure.

I stored the boat with meat and drink and took six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country; and to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly

have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit, and besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty pledged my honor not to carry away any of his subjects, though with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail. When I had made twenty-four leagues, by my reckoning, from the island of Blefuscu, I saw a sail steering to the northeast. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened, and in half an hour she spied me and discharged a gun. I came up with her between five and six in the evening on the 26th of September, 1701, but my heart leaped within me to see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my pockets and got on board with all my little cargo. The captain received me with kindness and asked me to tell him what place I came from last, but at my answer he thought I was raving. However, I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him.

We arrived in England on the 13th of April, 1702. I stayed two months with my wife and family, but my eager desire to see foreign countries would suffer me to remain no longer. While in England I made great profit by showing my cattle to persons of quality and others, and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds. I left one thousand five hundred pounds with my wife and fixed her in a good house; then, taking leave of her and my boy and girl, with tears on both sides, I sailed on board the *Adventure.*

STUDY

1. How does the author give the air of truth to such an improbable story? List specific and exact details used for this purpose.
2. What do the first paragraphs tell you of Gulliver? Swift is picturing here simply an ordinary, matter-of-fact Englishman, whom the reader will expect to give a matter-of-fact account of his experiences without any romancing.
3. Where is the first indication of anything extraordinary in Gulliver's adventure?

4. Give an account of the customs, appearance, and manners of the people of Lilliput, as reported by Gulliver. Were they remarkably different from ordinary men, except in the matter of size?
5. How was Gulliver regarded and treated by the Lilliputians? How did he win their favor?
6. What characteristic of human beings appears in the account of the quarrels between the Big-endian and Little-endian parties in Lilliput? What is Swift satirizing here?
7. How did Gulliver incur the enmity of the king?
8. What do you think of the idea of the king that Gulliver should submit "humbly and gratefully" to the punishment of having his eyes put out? Swift is satirizing in this incident the idea prevalent in Europe at that time that whatever the king and his ministers decided on, no matter how unjust, must be accepted without question by their subjects.
9. How does Gulliver finally escape from this strange country?
10. How does he convince his rescuers of the truth of his experiences?

Volunteer report:

In his next venture, Gulliver comes to the land of Brobdingnag, where the people are sixty feet high, and he is, in proportion, as small to them as the Lilliputians were to him. Let some one read of this next adventure and report it to the class. The last two adventures should not be read now.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

For many years it was confidently thought that it would be impossible for man ever to invent a heavier-than-air flying machine. Balloons had long been experimented with, but people argued that it would be as impossible for man to invent a heavier-than-air flying machine as it would to invent a machine to develop perpetual motion. John Townsend Trowbridge's humorous poem on Darius Green is a sort of jibe at the so-called fanatics who thought they could invent a flying machine. It was in 1910, sixty years after he wrote his poem, that Trowbridge saw for the first time a

real flying machine. The point of the poem, however, was in no wise spoiled by the successful airplane made by Orville and Wilbur Wright about 1905.

This selection is to be read for its fun—fun of dialect, fun of character, fun of incident. The poem has a moral too—namely, that one must not attempt a task beyond his ability. The dreamer must have some common sense to balance his enthusiasm.

Practice up on the dialect so that you can read it in true Yankee style. The poem should be read with a lively sense of humor and good-natured satire. Put all the fun you can into your impersonation of Darius Green.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post to rail,
And wonder why he couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try—
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green;
The son of a farmer—age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry;—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw,
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent to catch the scent,

Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheek and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.
And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Daedalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacs.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That the air was also man's dominion,
And that with paddle or fin or pinion,
We soon or late should navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And, if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it;
"The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,
"'T the bluebird an' phoebe are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands, an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that! er prove 't bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"
He argued further: "Ner I can't see
What's the use o' wings to a bumblebee,
Fer to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—
Ain't my business importanter'n his'n is?
That Icarus was a silly cuss—
Him an' his daddy Daedalus;
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stan' sun-heat an' hard whacks:
I'll make mine o' luther, er suthin' er other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand.
They'd 'a' laft an' made fun
O' Creation itself afore it was done!"
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
An old hoop skirt or two, as well as
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box, in which he locks
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work—
Sitting cross-leggèd, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot holes and pried through cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot holes and calked the cracks;
And a bucket of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh, for Darius was sly!
And, whenever at work he happened to spy,
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,

He let a dipper of water fly:
"Take that! an', ef ever ye git a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
And he sings as he locks his big strong box:
"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim,
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
An', ef yeou'll be advised by me,
Keep wide awake when ye're ketching him!"

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 'twas done—
The greatest invention under the sun.
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July, and the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by—
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying machine.

Thought cunning Darius, "Now I shan't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show:
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks have all gone off,
I'll hev full swing fer to try the thing,
An' practyse a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
My gracious! feel's though I should fly!"
Said Jotham, "Sho! guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!
Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,

'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain in my head."
For all the while to himself he said—
"I tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems; then soon's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
I'll astonish the nation, an' all creation,
By flying over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan' on the steeple;
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
I'll light on the libbe'ty pole, an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
'What world's this here that I've come near?'
Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

He crept from his bed;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
"I'm a-gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
"What on airth is he up to, hey?"
"Don'o'—the's suthin' er other to pay,
Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum today."
Says Burke, "His toothache 's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hadn't got some machine to try."
Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!
Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,

And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid; and Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark," said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail—
From head to foot in an iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail—
(I believe they call the thing a helm)—
And, thus accoutered, they took the field,
Sallying forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm;
So this modern knight prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight—
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light—
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip—
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm he had, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said, "he's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder—I see his head!
He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear
An' nobody near;—
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
He's riggin' a springboard over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!

He's climbin' out now—Of all the things!
What's he got on? I vum, it's wings!
An' that t'other thing? I vum, it's a tail!
And there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his springboard, and teeters to try its strength,
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
Fer to see 'f the's anyone passin' by;
But the's o'ny a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see—The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop—flop—an' plump to the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere—
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barnyard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting stars, and various things—
Barnyard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
Away with a bellow flew the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'Tis a merry roar from the old barn door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying:
"Say, D'rius! how de yeou like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
"Wall, I like flyin' well enough,"

He said, "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the MORAL here:
And this is the moral—Stick to your sphere;
Or, if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is—Take care how you light.

STUDY

1. Give a word picture of Darius.
2. How did Darius argue about flying?
3. Why did Darius try to keep his invention secret?
4. What did his brothers think of him?
5. Why is the date chosen for the flying experiment an appropriate one?
6. Describe Darius's flight.
7. What was the chief trouble about his experiment of flying?
8. Read the moral as given at the end of the poem, and then state it in your own words.

GEORGE STEPHENSON[1]

SARAH K. BOLTON

The story of George Stephenson is interesting not only as a part of the history of railroads, but also as an example of a man who set up a goal for himself (in this case, the perfecting of a locomotive) and persevered until he had reached it. His rise from a poor collier boy, unable to read or write, to the position of world-famous engineer, is one of the many examples we have of what can be accomplished by enthusiasm, perseverance, and hard work.

I. How Stephenson Became an Engineer

One chill, foggy night, early in the year of 1813, an awkward, freckle-faced lad of eighteen rapped at the humble door of a cottage in northern England, and asked to see the schoolmaster. Face to face with him, he spoke up modestly:

"I would like to join your evening school, sir."

[1]From *Poor Boys Who Became Famous*, by Sarah K. Bolton. Used by permission of the publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

"Humph!" said the master a trifle scornfully, taking more note of the ragged waistcoat, the short breeches, and bare, sturdy legs, than he did of the honest, eager face. "What do you wish to study?"

"I want to learn to read and write, sir," the youth replied.

"Very well, you may come," returned the master ungraciously, "but I am bound to say that a great, bare-legged laddie like you would better be at work in the mines than learning his letters."

And he closed the door in the lad's face.

But the young man was not disheartened. He had no wish to spend his life in the mines. His father, Robert Stephenson, was a fireman at one of the Killingworth Colliery pumping engines. Their home was a mere hovel, with a clay floor, mud walls, and bare rafters. When he was five years old the boy had begun to make his own living, first by herding cows, then at picking stones from the coal, and later by driving the horse which drew coal from the pit. There were many children in the Stephenson home, times were hard, and always George had been half fed and half clothed. Now, at eighteen, he was himself a fireman. He knew his engine thoroughly, and could take it apart and make any ordinary repairs. He knew, too, that it was a long way from being a perfect engine. He had his own ideas for improving it, and he wanted to know what the world of engineering and mechanics had to say.

So he cared not one whit for the testy, scornful old master. He plunged into the tasks set before him with a determination and energy which soon won the hearty respect of the master, who did all in his power to help him. During the night watches, between bites at lunch, and at every spare moment he could find, the lad scrawled letters and figures with a bit of chalk on the sides of the coal wagons. In a short time he could not only read very well, but write a fair hand and solve ordinary problems in arithmetic. Then he turned eagerly to the printed world of mechanics, hoarding his pennies to buy what he thought would help him. He made models of new engines in clay, and soon people began to speak of him as a skillful engineer, one of whom the world was destined to hear.

In 1815, just a little over one hundred years ago, he planned and built his first locomotive. It was a triumph for a youth of twenty, but it did not satisfy its builder. It was not fast enough. He determined to make a better one and went on studying and planning, turning out model after model, each one better than its predecessor, but all of them crude enough compared with the engines we know today. By and by his employers put young Stephenson's locomotive on their road, but he was not yet satisfied, and went on with his plans and models.

Then, in 1821, came a reward for the young inventor's perseverance and a chance for greater opportunities. He was appointed chief engineer for the now historic Stockton and Darlington Railroad, and here he built and put into operation his own engines entirely. But, though these were an improvement on any locomotives yet built, they did not supersede the work of horses. They moved slowly and burned so much coal that they could not compete with the horses in point of economy. For horses were still so used.

Indeed, in those days most people argued that horses were the only practical thing to use. No one but the crazy inventors had any faith in the locomotive ever becoming a motive power. It was customary to use engines only on the stiffest pulls; for the balance, horses did the work. Few had yet thought of using the railways for passenger travel; they were built almost entirely for use in the mines, and were only a few miles in length.

II. Development of the Railroad; "The Rocket"

All great inventions have small beginnings, and this is very strikingly true of the railroad. Indeed, the inventors of the first "steam carriage" had no idea of building a railroad track. They undertook to build an engine for use on common roads. Then somebody got a glimmering of turning to account the tramways — that is, the roads built for trams, or wagons — such as were in use for transporting coal from mines.

In this primitive railway wooden rails were fastened lengthwise on half-buried timbers, for the purpose of keeping the

cart wheels on the track. A little later the carts or cars were wheeled along the rails themselves; then, to prevent the wooden rails from wearing out, they were covered with iron; and at last the rails were wholly made of that material.

At first only stationary engines were used on the railroads, the horses being taken off at the heavy points, and the engines by means of ropes and chains doing duty instead. But there seemed no good reason why a locomotive could not be made to run along the track, provided the line ran fairly straight, for *of course* no locomotive could be built to take sharp curves! Even our friend George Stephenson, when he had become the foremost authority on locomotives, declared that "steam could not be used as a motive power on a road having curves of less than 900 feet radius." Neither could a locomotive be expected to climb grades; it would be necessary to make a wide detour around the hills!

In 1826, one of the longest railroads which had yet been built was proposed between Liverpool and Manchester. It was designed for both passenger and freight traffic, and George Stephenson, who was now engaged with his son Robert in the manufacture of locomotives at Newcastle-on-Tyne, was asked to become chief engineer. He accepted delightedly, and at once proposed to use locomotives entirely. His employers were dumbfounded, for Stephenson stood almost alone in advocating steam power exclusively. At length, however, the company, catching something of his enthusiasm, agreed at least to consider the matter, and by way of a beginning offered a prize of five hundred pounds for the best locomotive that could be built by a certain day. Stephenson himself at once decided to enter the contest. When his friends learned that he proposed to make an engine that would go twelve miles an hour, everyone said that this was absurd—that it could not be done. "Twelve miles an hour!" said the critics. "As well trust one's self to be fired off on a rocket."

One man who thought himself very wise said to the inventor, shrewdly: "Suppose you invent an engine of such speed, and suppose while it is running, a cow should stray upon the track. Would that not be a very awkward circumstance?"

"I should think it might — for the cow," answered the engineer dryly.

When the appointed day came, four competitors were in the contest, but Stephenson's locomotive carried off the prize at the unprecedented speed of fifteen miles an hour! It was dubbed "The Rocket." And marvelous indeed was its make-up, viewed both in the light of the present and the past! It was a four-wheel engine supported on springs, and with its tender, water, and coke weighed something over four tons. No cab sheltered the engineer, no brake checked the speed, and the tall smokestack belched smoke and red-hot cinders. But it effectively crashed through ignorance and prejudice, and proved conclusively that steam was the only motive power for railways.

By making a few changes, "The Rocket" gained an added speed of fourteen miles per hour; later, on being put to work in the coal fields, it demonstrated that it could go sixty miles an hour, and thus fully established its inventor in the foremost rank of the mechanical engineers of the nineteenth century. The myriad of locomotives of the present day are in their working principle identical with the locomotive built by this great engineer some eighty years ago. The cowcatcher, or pilot, placed in front to remove obstacles from the track, the bell, and the whistle are American developments; so too is the sand box from which sand is sprinkled on the rails to prevent the slipping of the driving wheels.

It is of interest to note here that the first fatal railway accident is laid at the door of "The Rocket." Mr. Huskisson, Home Secretary in the British Cabinet, was knocked down by the locomotive, the wheels passing over his legs. He was placed on board another engine, the "Northumbrian," driven by George Stephenson himself, who speeded the locomotive fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, to Eccles, where the injured man died that night.

As the model railway of its time, the track construction of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway also deserves some mention. It was surveyed and planned entirely by George Stephenson. "Upon the graded surface was placed a layer of

broken stone two feet deep. Stone blocks two feet square were set three feet apart, and upon them, and upon the wooden cross-ties used on embankments, were fastened cast-iron 'chairs' in which the rails were secured by wedges. The rails were of wrought iron fifteen feet long, and were rolled with the web deeper at the middle than at the ends." These rails weighed thirty-five pounds per yard, an unheard-of measure in those days, but a small affair compared with the huge rails that are used in the railroads of the present.

III. Later Improvements in Transportation by Steam

Not only did Stephenson's work on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway prove the practicability of the locomotive for freight and passenger traffic, but it fired the world to build like commercial thoroughfares. In ten years Great Britain had over one thousand miles of railroad. In our country as yet the locomotive was a rude affair. It could not go faster than fifteen miles an hour. When a hill blocked the way, the road either went around it, or the train was let down or pulled up, as the case might be, by means of a rope and a stationary engine. The old Portage Railroad, built by the State of Pennsylvania, was the most pretentious, but it had no cars, or motive power of any sort excepting the stationary engines on the hilltops. Anybody might use the line who paid two cents per mile for each passenger, and $4.92 for each car sent over the rails. Imagine the fierce competition and the resulting confusion! Horses furnished most of the motive power. Here and there along the way were turnouts where drivers might pass, but these selfsame drivers were a pig-headed lot. They gave small heed to the turnouts, and when they met face to face there was a fight and a block, and those in the rear might fret and fume as they pleased! Finally the State built a double track to keep the peace. But then a new source of contention arose: locomotives were now coming into more general use, and these of course were faster than horses, and the driver with a horse would seldom take a siding for the locomotive! Stephenson's triumph gave American inventors just the aid and stimulus needed, and ended the brawls; the

State bought American-made locomotives and charged for hauling the cars.

Such a crowd as one of these snorting, puffing little locomotives and its odd cars would draw could it pass along a main line today! Even one of the old-style steam threshing engines, familiar to all country-bred boys and girls, would be a marvel in comparison. These first engines had no cab, no brake; they used wood for fuel, and had a tall smokestack which must be unjointed and laid down to pass through the covered bridges, while the passengers were showered with belching smoke and cinders and forced to cover their eyes, mouth, and nostrils!

For a while our first locomotives ran on "strap rails" made of wooden beams, or stringers, laid on stone blocks and protected on the top surface, where the wheels of the car rested, by long strips or straps of iron spiked on. Often these spikes would work loose, and, as the car passed over, the strap would curl up and come through the bottom of the car, making what was known in the railway parlance as a "snake's head."

With his reputation as an engineer established, Stephenson shortly became chief or consulting engineer to nearly all of the railway projects that were set on foot. He interested himself in motive power for coal mines, and wealth flowed upon him. In 1846 he visited the Continent, where he was received with unusual honors. Wise men sought his friendship, tributes and medals were heaped upon him. He was the first president of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, which he founded in 1847. His king offered him a knighthood, but he preferred to remain plain George Stephenson. His last years were spent in the pursuits of a quiet country life on his estate, at Tapton House, Chesterfield, where he died, August 12, 1848.

What magical changes have resulted from the genius and the labors of this man! The locomotive has changed the character of human life. It has made the globe smaller for us, and our knowledge of its countries and peoples and products vastly greater. Surely the man who perfected it, George Stephenson, deserves to be called one of the benefactors of mankind.

STUDY

1. How did Stephenson come to form the ambition of perfecting the locomotive?
2. What was the first difficulty he had to overcome? Tell how he did this.
3. How far had the development of railways advanced before Stephenson's inventions? Describe this advance as fully as you can.
4. Why were locomotive engines so little used?
5. Describe Stephenson's "Rocket." What effect did the success of this engine have on the development of railroads?
6. What was the condition of railways in the United States at this time? Did Stephenson's inventions in England have any effect here?

Report:

Make a list of the chief differences between the locomotives of about the year 1840 and those of today. If possible, find pictures of the different types that will illustrate the development of the engine.

Volunteer topics:

The Principle of the Locomotive Engine
How the Ideas of the Steam Railroad First Started
Early American Railroads
Description of a Railway Journey in 1840
The Building of the Union Pacific Railroad

THOR'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY[1]

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

The Greeks and Romans were not the only ancient people who created myths. In northern Europe we find another large group of myths developed in the countries of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland. These are called Norse myths and are found collected in a series of writings called Eddas. The evil spirits of the Norse myths are huge frost and mountain giants called Jotuns, and the dreary country which they inhabit is called Jotunheim, or home of the Jotuns. All the gods of the northern mythology, save Loke

[1]From *Norse Stories*, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Rand McNally & Company, publishers.

(the deceiver) only, were wise, honest, and benevolent. The home of the Norse gods, the beautiful city Asgard (upper world), corresponds roughly to the Greek Olympus; Midgard (midworld) is the earth, or home of mankind; Utgard (under world) is the city of the evil spirits in Jotunheim, and corresponds roughly to the Hades of the Greeks. As Jupiter, the father of the Greek gods, ruled on Mount Olympus, so Odin, the father of the Norse gods, ruled as the god of wisdom in Asgard. Thor, Odin's eldest son, is called the Thunderer. He carried a huge hammer called Mjolner, with which he struck the mountains and made the thunder roll down the hills and valleys. Although Thor is described as a god of great strength and courage, being a mile high and proportionately large in body, he was not so large as the terrible giants who inhabited Jotunheim. Hence, in his contests with the giants, Thor could overcome them only through his higher spiritual gifts of fairness, wisdom, and honesty. While the giants sometimes temporarily triumphed over Thor by means of craft and deceit, as in the illusions employed by Utgard-Loke (underworld deceiver) in the story which follows, they feared Thor and were unwilling to match forces with him on equal footing.

As you read this story, keep in mind the fact that Thor is really engaged in a mighty contest with the fierce and mysterious forces of nature in the cold and harsh climate of northern Europe. No wonder that Thor, when he struck the giant's head with his hammer, could make only slight indentations in the *mountains;* no wonder Loke could not devour food as does the *fire;* no wonder Thjalfe could not run as swiftly as *thought;* no wonder Thor could not empty the *ocean,* or lift the *serpent* that encircles the earth, or overcome *old age* in the last great wrestling match. Nevertheless he was honest enough to admit his failure, and in the end Utgard-Loke, who had practiced deception after deception on Thor and his companions, acknowledged that he feared and respected the power of Thor, the honest and benevolent god.

I. On the Road to Jotunheim

Thor made many journeys and had many strange adventures; but there was one journey which was more wonderful than all the others, and which proves, moreover, that the strongest and truest are sometimes deceived by those who are weaker than themselves. The giants in old Norse times

were not easy to conquer; but generally it was when they hid themselves behind lies and appeared to be what they were not that they succeeded for a time. Thor's strength was a noble thing because he used it to help men; but his truthfulness and honesty were nobler still.

One morning, just as the sun was beginning to shine through the mists that overhung the world, the gates of Asgard opened, and Thor's chariot, drawn by the goats, rattled along the road. Thor and Loke were evidently off for a journey; but Thor was always going off somewhere, and nobody who saw him now thought that he was starting out to try his strength with the most powerful things in the whole earth. Nor did he know it. All day long the chariot rolled across the level stretches of meadow and through the valleys, leaving the echoes shouting to each other from the overhanging mountains as it passed by. At night it stopped at the house of a poor peasant, and Thor stepped down and stood in the doorway.

"Can you lodge two travelers over night?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the peasant, "but we can give you nothing to eat, for we have nothing for ourselves."

"Give yourselves no trouble about that," answered Thor cheerfully; "I can provide for all."

He went back to Loke, who got out of the chariot; and then, to the great astonishment of the people in the house, Thor killed both his goats, and in a minute they were ready for cooking. The great pot was soon sending savory odors through the house, and the whole family with their strange guests sat down shortly to a bountiful supper.

"The more you eat the better I shall like it," said Thor, as they took their places at the table, "but do not on any account break the bones; when you have done with them throw them into the skins which I have spread out on the hearth."

The peasant and his wife and Thjalfe and Roskva, their two children, ate bountifully; but Thjalfe broke one of the bones to get the marrow. The next morning Thor was up with the sun, and when he dressed himself he took the hammer and held it over the goat skins: and immediately the bones

flew into place, and the skins covered them, and there were the two goats as full of life as when they started out the day before. But one of the goats limped; and when Thor saw it he was so angry that he looked like a thunder cloud, and his fingers closed so tightly round Mjolner that his knuckles were white. Thjalfe, who had been looking with the rest of the family in speechless wonder, was frightened half out of his wits when he saw Thor's rage, and would have run away if he could. The poor peasant and his wife were equally terrified, and besought Thor that he would not destroy them. Seeing them in such misery, Thor's anger died out, and he said he would forgive them, but Thjalfe and Roskva must henceforth be his servants. So, taking the two children and leaving the goats with their parents for safe keeping, Thor and Loke set out again.

Thor had decided to go to Jotunheim, and all the morning they traveled eastward until they reached the shore of the sea. They crossed the wide waters quickly, and climbed up on the further shore of Jotunheim. Mists floated over the land, and great rocks rose along the coast, so stern and black from the wash of the sea and the fury of storms that they seemed like strong giants guarding their country against the giant-queller. Thor led the way, and they soon entered a deep forest, through which they traveled until nightfall, Thjalfe, who was very fleet of foot, carrying the sack of provisions. As night came on, they looked about for shelter and came upon an immense building with a whole side opening into a great room off which they found five smaller rooms. This was just what they wanted, although they could not imagine why anyone had built such a house in that lonely place. After supper, weary with the long journey, they were soon in a deep sleep.

Three or four hours went by quietly enough, but about midnight they were suddenly awakened by an awful uproar, which shook the building to its foundations and made the whole earth tremble. Thor called the others and told them to go into the farther rooms. Half dead with fright they did so, but Thor stretched himself, hammer in hand, at the wide entrance. As soon as there was light enough to see about him, Thor went into the woods, and had gone but a little way when

he came upon an enormous giant fast asleep and snoring so loudly that the very trees shook around him. Thor quickly buckled on his belt of strength, and had no sooner done so than the giant awoke and sprang to his feet. The whole earth shook under him, and he towered as far over Thor as a great oak does over the fern that grows at its foot. Thor was never frightened, but he had never heard of such a giant before, and he looked at him with honest surprise.

"Who are you?" he said, after looking up to the great face a minute.

"I am Skrymer," answered the giant, "but I don't need to ask your name. You are Thor. But what have you done with my glove?"

And stretching out his great hand the giant picked up his glove, which was nothing less than the building Thor and the others had spent the night in.

"Would you like to have me travel with you?" continued the giant.

"Certainly," said Thor, although it was plainly to be seen that neither Thjalfe nor Roskva wanted such a companion. Skrymer thereupon untied his sack and took out his breakfast, and the others followed his example, taking care, however, to put a comfortable distance between themselves and their dangerous fellow traveler. After breakfast Skrymer proposed that they should put all their provisions into one bag, to which Thor consented, and they started off, the giant tramping on ahead and carrying the sack on his broad back.

All day long he walked steadily on, taking such tremendous strides that the others could hardly keep up with him. When night came he stopped under a great oak.

"There," said he, throwing down the sack; "take that and get some supper; I am going to sleep."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before he began to snore as loudly as the night before. Thor took the sack, but the harder he tried to loosen the string the tighter it drew, and with all his strength he could not untie a single knot. Finding he could not get into the sack and hearing the giant snore so peacefully at his side, Thor's anger blazed out, and

grasping the hammer he struck the giant full on the head. Skrymer opened his eyes drowsily.

"Did a leaf fall on my head?" he called out sleepily, without getting up. "Have you had your supper yet, and are you going to bed?"

In a minute he was snoring again. Thor went and lay down under another oak; but at midnight the giant began to snore so heavily that the forest resounded with the noise. Thor was fairly beside himself with rage, and swinging his hammer, he struck Skrymer such a tremendous blow that the hammer sank to the handle in his head. The giant opened his eyes and sat up.

"What is the matter now?" he called out; "did an acorn fall on my head? How are you getting on, Thor?"

"Oh, I am just awake," said Thor, stepping back quickly. "It is only midnight, and we may sleep a while longer."

Thor watched until the giant had fallen asleep again, and just at daybreak dealt him the most terrible blow that he had ever given with the hammer. It flashed through and buried itself out of sight in Skrymer's forehead. The giant sprang on his feet and began to stroke his beard.

"Are there any birds up there?" he asked, looking into the oak. "I thought a feather dropped on my head. Are you awake, Thor? It is full time to dress, and you are near the end of your journey. The city of Utgard is not far off. I heard you whispering together that I was a man of great stature, but you will find much larger men in Utgard. Take my advice and, when you get there, don't boast very much, for they will not take boasting from such little fellows as you are. You would do well to turn back and go home while you have a chance; but if you will go on, take the road to the eastward—my way takes me to the north." And, swinging the sack of provisions over his shoulder, Skrymer plunged into the forest and was soon out of sight.

II. Contests with the Giants at Jotunheim

Thor and his companions pushed on as fast as they could until noon, when suddenly a great city rose before them, on

a vast plain, the walls of which were so high that they had to lean back as far as they could to see the top. A great gate, heavily barred, stopped them at the entrance; but they crept between the bars. After going a little distance, they came upon a palace and, the doors being open, went in and found themselves in a great hall with long seats on either side and on these seats rows of gigantic men larger than Skrymer. When they saw Utgard-Loke, who was the king of that country, they saluted him; but he sat for a long time without taking any notice of them. At last, smiling contemptuously, he said: "It is tiresome for travelers to be asked about a long journey; but if I am not mistaken, this little fellow is Thor. Perhaps, however, you are really larger than you seem to be. What feats of strength can you show us? No one is permitted to stay here unless he excels in some difficult thing."

Hearing these words, in a very insulting tone Loke answered loudly, "There is one feat in which no one can equal me, and I am ready to perform it at once. I can devour food faster than anyone here."

"Truly, that would be a feat if you could do it," said the scornful king; and he called to a man named Loge to contend with Loke.

A great trough full of meat was placed in the center of the hall, and commencing at either end, the contestants began to eat voraciously and so fast that it is disagreeable even to think of it. They reached the middle of the trough at exactly the same moment; but Loke had eaten only the meat, while Loge had devoured meat, bones, trough, and all. There was nothing left on his side, and Loke had to confess himself beaten.

Then the king, looking at Thjalfe, asked, "What can you do, young man?"

"I will run a race with anyone you will select," answered Thjalfe promptly.

"If you can outrun anyone I can select, it will certainly be a splendid feat," said Utgard-Loke; "but you must be very swift-footed to do it."

There was a noble race ground just outside the palace, and everyone hurried out to see the race. The king called

a slender young fellow named Huge, and told him to run with Thjalfe.

There was never such running since the world began. Thjalfe ran like the wind; but Huge reached the goal first, and turned about to meet Thjalfe as he came breathless to the post.

"You must use your legs better than that if you intend to win," said the king, as Thjalfe walked back, "although you are the fastest runner that ever came here."

They ran a second time, but when Huge reached the goal and turned around, Thjalfe was a full bowshot behind.

"Well run!" shouted Utgard-Loke; "well run! a third race shall decide it."

A third time they were at the starting place and again they were speeding down the course while everybody strained his eyes to look at them; and a third time Huge reached the goal and turned to find Thjalfe not halfway.

"We have had racing enough!" cried the giants, and they all went back into the palace again.

And now it was Thor's turn to show his wonderful strength, but he did not dream that he was going to measure strength with the most tremendous forces in the whole earth.

"Your fame fills all the worlds, Thor," called out Utgard-Loke, when they had seated themselves on the benches along the great hall; "give us some proof of your wonderful power."

Thor never waited to be asked a second time.

"I will contend in drinking with anyone you may select," was his prompt acceptance of the challenge.

"Well answered," said the king. "Bring out the great horn."

A giant went out, and speedily came back bearing a very deep horn, which the king said his men were compelled to empty as a punishment.

"A good drinker will empty that horn at a single draft," said Utgard-Loke, as it was filled and handed to Thor; "a few men need to drink twice, but only a milksop needs a third pull at it."

Thor thought the horn not over large, although very long; and as he was very thirsty, he put it to his lips without further

ado, and drank so long and deep that he thought it certainly must be empty; but when he set the horn down and looked into it, he was astonished to find that the liquor rose almost as high as when he set his lips to it.

"That was fairly well drunk," said the king, "but not unusually so; if anybody had told me Thor could do no better than that, I would not have believed him. But of course you will finish it at a second draft."

Thor said nothing, although he was very angry, but setting the horn to his lips a second time he drank longer and deeper than before. When he had stopped to take breath and looked at it again, he had drunk less than the first time.

"How now, Thor," cried Utgard-Loke, "you have left more for the third draft than you can manage. If there are no other feats which you can perform better than this, you must not expect to be considered as great here as among the gods."

Thor became very angry when he heard these words, and seizing the horn, he drank deep, fast, and furiously until he thought it certainly must be empty; but when he looked into it, the liquor had fallen so little that he could hardly see the difference; and he handed it to the cup bearer and would drink no more.

"It is plain," spoke up the king in a very insulting tone, "that you are not so strong as we thought you were; you cannot succeed in this strife, certainly; will you try something else?"

"I will certainly try something else," said Thor, who could not understand why he had failed to drain the horn; "but I am sure that even among the gods such drafts would not be counted small. What game do you propose now?"

"Oh, a very easy one," replied the king, "which my youngsters here make nothing of; simply to lift a cat from the floor. I should not think of asking you to try it if I did not see that you are much less of a man than I have always supposed."

He had no sooner said this than a large gray cat ran out into the hall. Thor put his hand under it and tried to lift it, but the cat arched its back as high as Thor stretched his hands, and, do his best, he could only get one foot off the floor.

"It is just as I expected," cried Utgard-Loke in a loud voice; "the cat is very large, and Thor is a very little fellow compared with the rest of us."

Thor's eyes flashed fire. "Little as I am," he shouted, "I challenge any of you to wrestle with me."

Utgard-Loke looked up and down the benches as if he would call out some one from the two rows of giants. Then he shook his head, saying; "There is no one here who would not think it child's play to wrestle with you; but let some one call in Ellie, my old nurse; she shall try her strength with you. She has brought many a stronger man than you to earth."

An old woman came creeping into the hall, bent, wrinkled, and toothless. Thor seized her, but the tighter his grasp became the firmer she stood. Her thin arms gripped him like a vise, her strength seemed to grow as she put it forth, and at last after a hard struggle, in which Thor strained every muscle to the breaking point, he sank on one knee.

"That is enough," said Utgard-Loke, and the old woman crept feebly out of the hall, leaving Thor stunned and bewildered in the midst of the silent giants. There were no more trials of strength, and Thor and his companions were generously feasted after their defeats.

III. Utgard-Loke's Explanation of His Deceptions

The next morning, after they had partaken of a bountiful breakfast of meat and drink, they started on their journey homeward. Utgard-Loke went with them as far as the gate of the city, where he stopped.

"How do you think your journey has turned out?" he asked Thor; "and have you met any men stronger than yourself?"

"I have brought shame upon myself," answered Thor frankly and honestly, after his nature, "and it vexes me to think that you will hereafter speak of me as a weak fellow."

"Now that you are out of the city I will tell you the truth about these things," said Utgard-Loke. "If I had known how mighty you are, I would never have allowed you to enter the

gates, and you may be very sure you will never get in a second time. I have beaten you by deception, not by strength. I have been deluding you from the start. In the forest I tied the sack with a tough iron wire in such a way you could not discern the secret of the knot. Thrice you struck at me with your hammer, and the first blow, though the lightest, would have killed me had it fallen on me; but each time I slipped a mountain between myself and the hammer, and the blows made three deep clefts in its stony sides. I have deluded you, too, in all the trials of strength and skill. Loke was very hungry, and ate voraciously, but he contended against fire itself, which goes like the wind and devours everything in its path; Thjalfe ran as man never ran before, but Huge, who raced with him, was no other than my thought, and what man is so swift as thought? The horn which you strove in vain to empty had its further end in the sea, and so mighty were your drafts that over the wide sea the waters have sunk to the ebb. Your strength was no less wonderful when you lifted the cat; when we saw one foot raised from the floor our hearts sank in terror, for it was the Midgard serpent, encircling the whole earth, which you really contended against, and you held it aloft so near heaven that the world was hardly inclosed by its folds. Most marvelous of all was the wrestling with Ellie, who was none other than old age itself, who sooner or later must bring all things to the ground. We must part, I hope never to meet again; for I can only defend myself against you by spells of magic such as these."

Thor was so enraged when he heard these words that he swung his hammer high in air to crush the lying Utgard-Loke, but he had vanished, and when Thor turned to look for the city he saw only a beautiful plain spreading its blossoming meadows to the far mountains; and he went thoughtfully back to Asgard.

STUDY

1. While we read the story of these marvelous adventures, what contest must we keep in mind? (See introductory note.)
2. Tell the story of Thor's journey to Jotunheim.
3. How is the size of the giant Skrymer first shown?

4. Can you suggest a meaning for the snoring of Skrymer? How would the fierce storms and terrible earthquakes in the northern mountains answer?
5. Describe in your own words the five contests in which Thor and his companions took part when they reached Utgard.
6. How did Utgard-Loke explain the defeats which Thor and his friends suffered?
7. In the end did Thor really win or lose? What miraculous change is suggested in the last paragraph?
8. Make a list of the principal characters and plans mentioned in the story, and tell what each name means.

JACK, THE GORILLA

PAUL DU CHAILLU

Paul du Chaillu was born in Paris but became a naturalized American citizen and wrote entirely in English. He was a celebrated traveler and wrote many books based upon his experiences in the jungles and deserts of Africa and in Norway, "the land of the midnight sun." This selection is from *Lost in the Jungle*, one of his books for young readers. Since Du Chaillu was the first white man to see and describe a live gorilla (about 1860) his writings attracted a great deal of attention.

Read the selection silently for information. When you have completed the reading, set down in a series of notes the principal facts you have learned. You will notice that the first half of the selection gives the story of a single young gorilla called Jack, while the second half is devoted to general observations on the nature and habits of the gorilla.

Jack, to begin with, was the most untractable little beast one possibly could get hold of. Jack was a little villain, a little rogue, very treacherous, and quite untamable. The kinder I was, the worse he seemed to be. We kept him with us in the forest till we returned to our village.

Jack was smart in his wickedness, and was quite as treacherous as any of the gorillas I had met before. He would not eat any cooked food, and every day I had to send into the forest for berries and nuts. I wish you could have seen his eyes

glisten; you would have noticed how treacherous and gloomy they were. Jack was cunning; he would look at me right straight in the face, and when he did that I learned that he meant mischief, and if close at hand, meant an attack upon me.

Of course, once in the camp, the forked stick had been taken away, and a little chain tied round the neck of Jack; the chain was about six feet long. Then I had a long pole fastened in the ground, and the chain was tied to an iron ring which had been used as a bracelet on the upper arm of a native; by this means he could turn all round without entangling the chain.

One day I had come to offer Jack some tondo (berries) which friend Malaouen had just collected for him. I wanted always to feed Jack myself, to see if I could tame him. I approached the little fellow to within the distance which I thought the utmost length of his chain would allow him to go. He looked me straight in the face, and I waited for him to extend his arm to get the nice tondo I was offering him, when, quick as lightning, he threw his body on the ground on one arm and one leg, the chain drawn to its full length, and then, before I knew it, he seized my leg, and with his big toe got hold and fast of my pantaloons, which were rather old, and a portion of them was soon in his possession. I thought in my fright that a piece of my leg had also been taken away, which I am glad to say was not the case. Still holding the piece of my pantaloons, he retreated to his pole, then gave a howl and started at me again. This time I knew better — I was off. He held the piece of my pantaloons for a long time, it having passed from his big toe into his hand.

Jack looked at times almost cross-eyed, and was as ugly a fellow as anyone could wish to see. He was a pretty strong chap, and I should not have liked to be shut up in a room alone with him. Several times I had narrow escapes of the grip from his strong big toe.

When evening came, Jack would collect the dry leaves I had given him, and would go to sleep upon them, and sometimes he did look almost like a child.

My men and I captured a good many young gorillas during the time I lived in the great forest of equatorial Africa, but

I never succeeded in taming one. Some were more fierce or stubborn than others, but all refused food that was cooked; the berries, nuts, and fruits must come from the forest. Though these little brutes were diminutive and the merest babies in age, they were astonishingly strong and by no means good tempered. When anything displeased them, they would roar and bellow and look wickedly from out their cunning little eyes and strike the ground with their feet.

Like all the gorillas, Jack's face and skin were entirely black. His little eyes, deep and sunken, seemed to be gray; his nose was more prominent than is the nose of the chimpanzee. He had, as we have, eyelashes, and the upper ones were the longest. His mouth was large, and the lips sharply cut. The gorilla has no lips like ours; the dark pigment covers them, and when his mouth is shut no red is seen outside. The ears are small in comparison with the face, and they are smaller than the ears of man. Their ears are much smaller than those of the chimpanzee, and look very much like the ears of man. The chin is short and receding.

The face is much wrinkled; the head is covered with hair much shorter than that on the body, and in the male gorilla the top of the head has a reddish crown of hair.

The arm of the gorilla is much like the arm of a man, and his legs are very short. The leg is about the same size from the knee to the ankle, the short thigh decreasing slightly. The leg of the gorilla has not the graceful curve found in man, for it has no calf.

The hand of a young gorilla looks much like that of a man. The fingers are short, but how thick they are! The nails are very much like ours, and project slightly over the tips of the fingers. The thumb is much shorter than the thumb of man; it is hardly half as thick as the forefinger. The thumb is of very little use to a gorilla. The palm of the hand is hard, naked, and callous; the back is hairy to the knuckles, and the short hair grows on the fingers, as in man.

The leg of the gorilla is very short. Instead of a big toe he has a thumb, and you see, by the wrinkles and transverse indents, that the foot is used as a hand. The third toe is a

little longer than the second, and the others follow in the same proportion; and, if you look at your own feet, you will see that the toes of the gorilla and those of man keep the same gradation of length, the middle one being the longest.

A young gorilla, as he sleeps, looks almost like a baby; but do not believe that he is so fast asleep that you need make a great deal of noise to awake him. No; these little fellows seem to go "to bed" with one eye open, and at the least noise you see a gray eye twinkle, and immediately they sit up, and look round to discover what is the matter, and at once are ready for a fight. As they awake, they generally give a howl of defiance.

AB'S GREAT DISCOVERY[1]

STANLEY WATERLOO

We do not know for certain how or when or by whom many things that we use were first discovered or invented. We do not know how people first learned to use fire, or to build houses, or to make dishes or weapons. But it is interesting to imagine how these things came to happen, and that is what Stanley Waterloo has done in "Ab's Great Discovery." This story is just one chapter from *The Story of Ab*, a very interesting narrative of the life of a boy in the Stone Age. Although imaginary, it is based upon careful study and will give you a very good idea of how primitive people lived.

It chanced one afternoon that Ab, a young man of twenty now, had returned early from the wood and was lying lazily upon the sward near the cave's entrance, while not far away Bark and the still chubby Beechleaf were rolling about. The boy was teasing the girl at times and then doing something to amuse or awe her. He had found a stiff length of twig and was engaged in idly bending the ends together and then letting them fly apart with a snap, meanwhile advancing toward and threatening with the impact the half-alarmed but wholly delighted Beechleaf. Tired of this at last, Bark, with no

[1]From *The Story of Ab*, by Stanley Waterloo. Used by permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran and Company.

particular intent, drew forth from the pouch in his skin cloak a string of sinew, and drawing the ends of the strong twig somewhat nearly together, attached the cord to each, thus producing accidentally a petty bow of most rotund proportions. He found that the string twanged joyously, and, to the delight of Beechleaf, kept twanging it for such time as his boyish temperament would allow a single occupation. Then he picked from the ground a long, slender pencil of white wood, a sliver, perhaps, from the making of a spear shaft, and began strumming with it upon the taut sinew string. This made a twang of a new sort, and again the boy and girl were interested temporarily. But at last even this variation of amusement with the new toy became monotonous, and Bark ceased strumming and began a series of boyish experiments with his plaything. He put one end of the stick against the string and pushed it back until the other end would press against the inside of the twig, and the result would be a taut, new figure in wood and string which would keep its form even when laid upon the ground. Bark made and unmade the thing a time or two, and then came great disaster. He had drawn the little stick, so held in the way we now call arrow-wise, back nearly to the point where its head would come inside the bent twig and there fix itself, when the slight thing escaped his hands and flew away.

The quiet of the afternoon was broken by a piercing childish yell which lacked no element of earnestness. Ab leaped to his feet and was by the youngsters in a moment. He saw the terrified Beechleaf standing, screaming still, with a fat arm outheld, from which dangled a little shaft of wood which had pierced the flesh just deeply enough to give it hold. Bark stood looking at her, astonished and alarmed. Understanding nothing of the circumstances and supposing the girl's hurt came from Bark's careless flinging of sticks toward her, Ab started toward his brother to administer one of those buffets which were so easy to give or get among cave children. But Bark darted behind a convenient tree and there shrieked out his innocence of dire intent, just as the boy of today so fluently defends himself in any strait where castigation looms in sight.

He told of the queer plaything he had made, and offered to show how all had happened.

Ab was doubtful but laughing now, for the little shaft, which had scarcely pierced the skin of Beechleaf's arm, had fallen to the ground and that young person's fright had given way to vengeful indignation, and she was demanding that Bark be hit with something. He allowed the sinner to give his proof. Bark, taking his toy, essayed to show how Beechleaf had been injured. He was the most unfortunate of youths. He succeeded but too well. The mimic arrow flew again, and the sound that rang out now was not the cry of a child. It was the yell of a great youth, who felt a sudden and poignant hurt and who was not maintaining any dignity. Had Bark been as sure of hand and certain of aim as any archer who lived in later centuries, he could not have sent an arrow more fairly to its mark than he sent that admirable sliver into the chest of his big brother. For a second the culprit stood with staring eyes, then dropped his toy and flew into the forest with a howl which betokened his fear of something little less than sudden death.

Ab's first impulse was to pursue his sinful younger brother, but after the first leap he checked himself and paused to pluck away the thing which, so light the force that had impelled it, had not gone deeply in. He knew now that Bark was really blameless, and picking up the abandoned plaything, he began its examination thoughtfully and curiously.

The young man's instinct toward experiment exhibited itself as usual, and he put the splinter against the string and drew it back and let it fly as he had seen Bark do—that promising sprig, by the way, being now engaged in peering from the wood and trying to form an estimate as to whether or not his return was yet advisable. Ab learned that the force of the bent twig would throw the sliver farther than he could toss it with his hand, and he wondered what would follow were something like this plaything, the device of which Bark had so stumbled upon, to be made and tried on a greater scale. "I'll make one like it, only larger," he said to himself.

The venturesome but more or less diplomatic Bark had, by this time, emerged from the wood and was apprehensively edging up toward the place where Ab was standing. The older brother saw him and called to him to come and try the thing again, and the youngster knew that he was safe. Then the two toyed with the plaything for an hour or two, and Ab became more and more interested in its qualities. He had no definite idea as to its possibilities. He thought only of it as a curious thing which should be larger.

The next day Ab hacked from a low-limbed tree a branch as thick as his finger and about a yard in length, and, first trimming it, bent it, as Bark had bent the twig, and tied a sinew cord across. It was a not discreditable bow, considering the fact that it was the first ever made, though one end was smaller than the other and it was rough of outline. Then Ab cut a straight willow twig, as long nearly as the bow, and began repeating the experiments of the day before. Never was man more astonished than this youth after he had drawn the twig back nearly to its head and let it go!

So drawn by a strong arm, the shaft when released flew faster and farther than the maker of what he thought of chiefly as a thing of sport had imagined could be possible. He had long to search for the headless arrow, and when he found it, he went away to where were bare open stretches, that he might see always where it fell. Once as he sent it from the string it struck fairly against an oak and, pointless as it was, forced itself deeply into the hard brown bark and hung there quivering. Then came to the youth a flash of thought which had its effect upon the ages: "What if there had been a point to the flying thing and it had struck a reindeer or any of the hunted animals?"

He pulled the shaft from the tree and stood there pondering for a moment or two, then suddenly started running toward the cave. He must see Old Mok!

The old man was at work and alone, and the young man told him, somewhat excitedly, why he had thus come running to him. The elder listened with some patience but with a commiserating grin upon his face. He had heard young men

tell of great ideas before, of a new and better way of digging pits, or of fishing, or of making deadfalls for wild beasts. But he listened and yielded finally to Ab's earnest demand that he should hobble out into the open and see with his own eyes how the strung bow would send the shaft. They went together to an open space, and again and again Ab showed to his old friend what the new thing would do. With the second shot there came a new light into the eyes of the veteran hunter, and he bade Ab run to the cave and bring back with him his favorite spear.

The young man was back as soon as strong legs could bring him, and when he burst into the open, he found Mok standing a long spear's cast from the greatest of the trees which stood about the opening.

"Throw your spear at the tree," said Mok. "Throw strongly as you can."

Ab hurled the spear as the Zulu of later times might hurl his assagai, as strongly and as well, but the distance was overmuch for spear throwing with good effect, and the flint point pierced the wood so lightly that the weight of the long shaft was too great for the holding force and it sank slowly to the ground and pulled away the head. A wild beast struck by the spear at such distance would have been sorely pricked but not hurt seriously.

"Now take the plaything," said Old Mok, "and throw the little shaft at the tree with that."

Ab did as he was told, and, poor marksman with his new device, of course missed the big tree repeatedly, broad as the mark was; but when, at last, the bolt struck the hard trunk fairly, there was a sound which told of the sharpness of the blow, and the headless shaft rebounded back for yards. Old Mok looked upon it all delightedly.

"It may be there is something to your plaything," he said to the young man. "We will make a better one. But your shaft is good for nothing. We will make a straighter and stronger one, and upon the end of it will put a little spearhead, and then we can tell how deeply it will go into the wood. We will work."

For days the two labored earnestly together, and when they came again into the open they bore a stronger bow, one tapered at the end opposite the natural tapering of the branch, so that it was far more flexible and symmetrical than the one they had tried before. They had abundance of ash and yew, and these remained the good bow wood of all the time of archery. And the shaft was straight and bore a miniature spearhead at its end. The thought of notching the shaft to fit the string came naturally and inevitably. The bow had its first arrow.

An old man is not so easily affected as a young one, nor so hopeful; but when the second test was done, the veteran Mok was the wilder and more delighted of the two who shot at the tree in the forest glade. He saw it all! No longer could the spear be counted as the thing with which to do most grievous hurt at a safe distance from whatever might be dangerous. With the better bow and straighter shaft the marksmanship improved; even for these two callow archers it was not difficult to hit at a distance of a double spear's cast the bole of the huge tree, two yards in width at least. And the arrow whistled as if it were a living thing, a hawk seeking its prey, and the flint head was buried so deeply in the wood that both Mok and Ab knew that they had found something better than any weapon the cave men had ever known!

There followed many days more of the eager working of the old man and the young one in the cave, and there was much testing of the new device, and finally, one morning, Ab issued forth armed with his ax and knife, but without his spear. He bore, instead, a bow which was the best and strongest the two had yet learned to fashion, and a sheaf of arrows slung behind his back in a quiver made of a hollow section of a mammoth's leg bone which had long been kicked about the cave. The two workers had drilled holes in the bone and passed thongs through and made a wooden bottom to the thing, and now it had found its purpose. The bow was rude, as were the arrows, and the archer was not yet a certain marksman, though he had practiced diligently, but the bow was stiff, at least, and the arrows had keen

heads of flint and the arms of the hunter were strong as was the bow.

There was a weary and fruitless search for game, but late in the afternoon the youth came upon a slight, sheer descent, along the foot of which ran a shallow but broad creek, beyond which was a little grass-grown valley, where were feeding a fine herd of the little deer. They were feeding in the direction of the creek, and the wind blew from them to the hunter, so that no rumor of their danger was carried to them on the breeze. Ab concealed himself among the bushes on the little height and awaited what might happen. The herd fed slowly toward him.

As the deer neared the creek, they grouped themselves together about where were the greenest and richest feeding places, and when they reached the very border of the stream, they were gathered in a bunch of half a hundred, close together. They were just beyond a spear's cast from the watcher, but this was a test, not of the spear, but of the bow, and the most inexperienced of archers, shooting from where Ab was hidden, must strike some one of the beasts in that broad herd. Ab sprang to his feet and drew his arrow to the head. The deer gathered for a second in affright, crowding each other before the wild bursting away together, and then the bowstring twanged, and the arrow sang hungrily, and there was the swift thud of hundreds of light feet, and the little glade was almost silent. It was not quite silent, for, floundering in its death struggles, was a single deer, through which had passed an arrow so fiercely driven that its flint head projected from the side opposite that which it had entered.

Half wild with triumph was the youth who bore home the arrow-stricken quarry, and not much more elated was he than the old man, who heard the story of the hunt and who recognized at once, far more clearly than the younger one, the quality of the new weapon which had been discovered; the thing which was destined to become the greatest implement both of chase and warfare for thousands of years to come and which was to be gradually improved, even by these two, until it became more to them than they could yet understand.

STUDY

1. Determine whether the following statements are *true* or *false*. Do not look back in the story until you have finished.
   a. Ab was the father of Bark and Beachleaf.
   b. Bark was the one who accidentally made the first bow.
   c. Ab deserves more credit for inventing the bow than Bark.
   d. Ab thought the bow would be good only as a plaything.
   e. Ab became discouraged and gave the bow to Old Mok to finish.
   f. These first bows and arrows were not so good as those we have today.
2. Do you think the first paragraph gives a plausible explanation of how the idea of a bow and arrow might have been discovered?
3. What made Ab realize that the bow might have some practical use?
4. What were some of the faults of his first bow and arrows? How did Ab improve them?
5. Describe the advantages of the bow and arrow over the spear and other primitive weapons.
6. Have you ever made a bow and arrows? What difficulties did you have? How did you overcome them?
7. Do you suppose any other important inventions or discoveries have come about in the same way as the one recorded here? What more is needed than just some lucky chance? (If possible, find out how the method of vulcanizing rubber was discovered.)

Volunteer work:

Write a story explaining how Ab might have learned to make a raft, or clay pottery, or a saddle. This will of course be imaginary, but you must make it seem possible and natural.

THE FIRST INTERLUDE

SOME TALL STORIES

Not all reading is intended for serious study; some books are made to be read just for fun. The stories in the following Interlude are intended to give you a bit of relief from the more serious selections, preceding and following. No set exercises are suggested; but if you are alert and thoughtful, you will doubtless learn a good deal about human nature from the reading of these tall stories. You may want to look up a word or phrase now and then; if so, you will find most of the unusual ones defined in the Glossary at the end of this book. The classroom assignments on the selections should be made as light and as attractive as possible, so as to conform to the general purpose of the Interludes, which is primarily to afford relief and unalloyed enjoyment. Some parts of the stories, particularly the dialect sections, will afford amusement if read aloud in class. Spontaneous discussion of the general nature of the material, the author's method or manner of presentation, the underlying satire and humor, and the skillful development of character will add to the enjoyment of the hours devoted to this Interlude.

The three selections presented here are called "tall" stories because they are plainly intended to be taken as extravagant burlesques or humorous exaggerations, intentional perversions of truth — not lies but "whoppers." And yet there may be found considerable underlying truth and much wit and revelation of human nature in each one of them. The first story, "Baron Munchausen's Cold Day," is taken from *Baron Munchausen's Narrative of His Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia*, a book first written in English by a German author, Rudolph Eric Raspe. The series of marvelous adventures of the redoubtable Baron were invented to satirize the exaggerated tales told by the real German nobleman on his return from a campaign in Russia. If you have ever heard a big braggart referred to as "a regular Baron Munchausen," you will

understand just what is meant by the expression after you have read this selection. If you like the sample of the Baron's "whoppers" given here, you can easily secure the book from a library and read others equally diverting.

"The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" is one of the first of Mark Twain's humorous stories which gained national recognition. We have classed it as a tall story because it is a highly improbable tale and because it is told in the exact manner and tone of the still more exaggerated and improbable stories of the type. Samuel Clemens (the real name of the author), with his partner Jim Gillis, was engaged in pocket mining in California when he first heard the story. He wrote it up in his own inimitable style and sent it to New York for publication. It became immediately popular and was retold and reprinted all over the country. As Mark Twain himself said, the author jumped into fame on the back of a frog. The practical joke played by the stranger on Jim Smiley and on "Dan'l Webster," Jim's trained jumping frog, is itself exceedingly amusing, but the chief element of humor in the story is to be found in the character and manner of the narrator, Simon Wheeler. In the first three paragraphs we are introduced to this character and given a full description of his manner of telling tales. From this introduction you may gather rather full suggestions as to how to read the body of the story. Pretend that you are telling the tale yourself; beginning at paragraph four, read as nearly as you can in Simon Wheeler's own monotonous, drawling, serious, gently-flowing tone.

"The Black Duck Dinner" is taken from the American writer James Stevens's *Paul Bunyan*, a book made up of tall stories about the legendary hero, the strong man of the western world. These stories have been circulated among the workers in logging camps from Canada to Texas and from Maine to Oregon. The lumbermen always relate the exaggerated stories in a serious and solemn tone, as if they believed every word to be the simple truth. Nearly every lumberman who tells one of these stories begins by declaring that he knew Paul Bunyan personally, or worked for him at one time

or another, and hence he knows what he is talking about. There is some satire and sly wit interspersed, usually at the expense of some tenderfoot or some unpopular boss or official whom the lumbermen have a grudge against and want to "take down" a peg or two. When you read, try to keep your face straight and your mood serious, and thus create the impression that you are reporting plain and unvarnished facts.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S COLD DAY

RUDOLPH ERIC RASPE

Success was not always with me. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives.

One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers with an intention to frighten them away and set the poor bee at liberty; but by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey beans grow very quick and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw.

I was now for returning; but alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent; so I fell to work and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless, end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger nails [the baron's nails were then of forty years' growth] and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe that ever since, the sun seems to be frostbitten. At my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain; he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way. There was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head; I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other

carriage; I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng, tereng, teng, teng.* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn—"The King of Prussia's March," "Over the Hill and over the Dale," with many other favorite tunes; at length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this account of my Russian travels.

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

MARK TWAIN

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W.* Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley — *Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley — a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse.* To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49 — or may be it was the spring of '50 — I don't recollect exactly; somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody

to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, any way."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like,

and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose — and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson — which was the name of the pup — Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else — and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it — not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had been in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for puttin' up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius — I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that

a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tomcats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you be *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of that frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet.

One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it an't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras County."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the

feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders — so — like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use — he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders — this way — at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for — I wonder if there an't something the matter with him — he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man — he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And —

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy — I an't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the *Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and —"

"Oh, hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good day, I departed.

THE BLACK DUCK DINNER[1]

JAMES STEVENS

For miles the land rose in gentle slopes from a wide and smoothly flowing river; there was no brush or noxious vegetation among the clean, straight trees; and, best of all, the timber was of a species now extinct, the Leaning Pine. The trees of this variety all leaned in the same direction, and it was thus possible to fell them accurately without the use of wedges. Paul Bunyan was sure of a season's record on this new job. He thought of the fresh brilliancy it would give his fame, and like a row of snowy peaks glimpsed through the spaces of a forest, his teeth glittered through his beard in a magnificent smile. But another thought quickly sobered his countenance. "Those good bullies of mine!" The words came in a gusty murmur. He dropped the tarpaulin and strode over to the cookhouse. Hot Biscuit Slim, the kitchen chief, came forth to meet him. There was a knowing look in the cook's eyes.

"It's to be a great Sunday dinner tomorrer?" he asked, before Paul Bunyan could speak.

"The greatest Sunday dinner ever heard of," said Paul Bunyan. "I want this to be remembered as the noblest meal ever served in a logging camp. My loggers shall feast like the victorious soldiers of old time. It is a natural privilege of heroes to revel after conquest. Remember, as you prepare this feast, that you may also be making immortal glory for yourself."

"You jest leave it to me, Mr. Bunyan!" answered Slim. "If the baker'll do his part with the cream puffs, cakes, and pies, I promise you I'll make 'em a meal to remember. First, oyscher stew, an' then for vegytables, cream' cabbage, of course, mash' potatoes and potato cakes, lettuce an' onions—"

"No onions!" thundered Paul Bunyan. There was a terrific crash in the kitchen as hundreds of skillets and kettles were shaken to the floor.

"Uh—I forgot," stammered Hot Biscuit Slim. "Well, anyway, they'll be oyscher soup, vegytables, sauces, puddin's,

[1]From *Paul Bunyan*, by James Stevens. Reprinted by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

hot biscuits, an' meat in dumplin' stew an' mulligan stew, an' they'll be drippin' roasts, all tender an' rich-seasoned — oh, the meat that I'll give 'em! the meat —" he paused sharply, shivered as though from a physical shock, and misery glistened in his eyes — "only — uh — only —"

"Only you have no meat," said Paul Bunyan gently.

"I'm admittin' it," said Slim wretchedly. "Honest, Mr. Bunyan, no matter how I try I jest *can't* remember to order meat, 'specially for Sunday dinner. I can remember vegytables, fruits an' greens easy as pie, but, by doggy, I always forget meat. I ain't pertendin' a cook's worth keepin' who can't remember meat, no matter how good he is at afixin' it. I wouldn't blame you if you fired me right off, Mr. Bunyan."

Hot Biscuit Slim leaned against the toe of the hero's boot and wept.

"That means I must rustle deer and bear," said Paul Bunyan patiently. "Well, bear meat and venison will make a royal feast when they have passed through your kettles and ovens. Light the fires, go ahead with your plans; you may yet make history tomorrow!"

He turned away, and Hot Biscuit Slim watched him worshipfully until he was a dim figure on distant hills.

"The best friend me an' my pap ever had," he said. "I'd do anything for a boss like that. I'll learn to remember meat, by doggy, I will!"

Rumors of the marvelous dinner that was being planned reached the bunkhouses, and the loggers indulged in greedy imagining of the promised delights. The day went slowly; the sun seemed to labor down the western sky. Before it sank soft clouds obscured its light, bringing showers and early shadows.

At the approach of darkness Paul Bunyan began his return march to the camp. He was vastly disappointed by the meager results of his hunt. Although he had gone as far as the Turtle River country, he had snared but two deer and three small bears. These only filled a corner of one pocket of his mackinaw, and they would provide but a mere shred of meat apiece for his men. Paul Bunyan did not feel that he had done his

best; he was not one to rest on feeble consolations. As he journeyed on he was devising other means to carry out his plans for a memorable and stupendous feast. And ere he was within an hour of the camp, the Big Swede was unconsciously outlining the solution of the problem for him.

The Big Swede went to the stable some time after supper to see that Babe was at ease for the night. The clouds were thinning now, and when he opened the stable door soft light poured in on the blue ox, making lustrous spots and streaks on his sleek sides. He turned his head, his bulging blue eyes shining with gentleness and good will, and his tongue covered the foreman's face in a luscious caress.

"Har noo," remonstrated the Big Swede.

As he solemnly wiped his drenched face, he sniffed the fragrance of Babe's breath and stared with a feeling of envy at the clean, glowing hair. When he had finished his inspection and left the stable, it was evident that he was wrestling with some laborious problem. His whole face was tense with a terrific frown; his memory groped among the shadows of some distant happening; he scratched his sides vigorously and breathed deeply of the air, sweet with the odors of washed earth. The purity of the spring weather, the fresh cleanliness it gave the world, and the aroma and sleekness of the blue ox, had brought the Big Swede to face his own sore need of a washing. He dreaded it as an ordeal, an exceptional and hazardous undertaking, and for that reason he wished that he might accomplish it immediately. He wandered aimlessly on, tormented by an unaccustomed conflict of the soul and the flesh, and at last he came to the edge of a cliff. He stared in surprise at the appearance of a lake below. He could not remember so large a body of water near the camp. But the Big Swede had no room for more than one emotion at a time, and a violent resolve now smothered his surprise.

"Yah, aye do him noo," he muttered.

He disrobed swiftly and ran to a rock that jutted from the cliff. Swinging his fists he leaped twice into the air; the second time he flung himself outward in a magnificent dive, his body made a great curve, and then, head first, he plunged

downward. But there was no tumultuous surge and splash of waters as a climax of this splendid dive. Instead, the Big Swede's head struck white canvas with a dull, rending impact. For he had mistaken Paul Bunyan's tarpaulin for a lake! The force of his plunge drove him through the canvas and half-buried him in the soft earth underneath. His arms were imprisoned, but his legs waved wildly, and his muffled bellows shook the earth. A prowling logger saw what seemed to be shining marble columns dancing in the moonlight and felt the ground trembling under his feet.

"It can't be," he thought bravely.

Just then the Big Swede made another heroic effort to yell for help, and the logger was shaken from his feet. He jumped up and ran to Johnny Inkslinger with an alarming tale of dancing ghosts that shook the earth. The timekeeper, after sharpening twenty-seven lead pencils to use in case it was necessary to make a report on the spot, started with his medicine case for the place where the logger had directed him. When nearly there, he remembered that he had failed to bring his ten-gallon carboy of alcohol, which, next to Epsom salts, he considered the most important medicine in his chest. He ran back for it, and by the time he finally reached the Big Swede, that unfortunate's bellows had diminished to groans, and his legs waved with less and less gusto. After thoroughly examining and measuring the legs, Johnny deemed the proof positive that they belonged to the Big Swede. Then he got busy with paper and pencil and figured for half an hour. "According to the strictest mathematical calculations," he announced, "the Big Swede cannot continue to exist in his present interred, or, to be exact, half-interred condition; consequently he must be extricated. I have considered all known means by which this may be accomplished, I have figured, proved, and compared results, and I have arrived at a scientific conclusion. I direct that the blue ox and a cable be brought here at once."

When the loggers had obeyed this command, Johnny made a half-hitch with the cable around the Big Swede's legs, which were waving very feebly now, and in two seconds, amid a

monstrous upheaval of dirt and a further rending of the canvas, the Big Swede was dragged out. For a few moments he spat mud like a river dredge; then the timekeeper proffered him the ten-gallon carboy of alcohol. It was drained at a gulp, and then, with aid from Johnny Inkslinger, he was able to stagger to the camp office. When Paul Bunyan reached the camp, the Big Swede was lying on his bunk, bundled in bandages from head to foot. Johnny Inkslinger was still busily attending him; bottles of medicine, boxes of pills, a keg of Epsom salts, rolls of bandages, and surgical implements were heaped about the room. The timekeeper gave a detailed account of what had happened, and then Paul Bunyan questioned the victim, who answered briefly,

"Aye yoomped, an' aye yoomped, an'—*yeeminy!*"

Johnny Inkslinger gave his chief a voluminous report of the Big Swede's fractures, sprains, and contusions.

"He is also suffering from melancholia because he is still unwashed," said Johnny. "But I think I will restore him. I've dosed him with all my medicines and smeared him with all my salves. I'd have manipulated his spine, but, confound him, he strained his back, and he threatens violence when I touch it. But I have many formulae and systems. He shall live."

"Surely," said Paul Bunyan. "A man is the hardest thing to kill there is."

Knowing that the Big Swede's wounds were nothing in comparison with the ones which he had received in the Dakota battle, Paul Bunyan worried no more about his foreman. He stepped from the camp office, plucked up a young pine tree and brushed his beard, thinking again of his unrealized plans. He remembered the wordless dejection of Hot Biscuit Slim on receiving the scanty supply of deer and bear meat. He determined that the Sunday dinner should yet be as he had planned it; otherwise it would be a bad augury for great achievements in his new enterprise. He thrust the tree into his shirt pocket and walked slowly towards his outdoor headquarters, pondering various schemes that came to mind.

When he reached the white sheet of water, he was astonished by its deceptive appearance. It had a silvery glitter in the moonlight, for its surface still held the moisture of the showers. Small wonder, thought Paul Bunyan, that the Big Swede had dived into it; never was a lake more temptingly beautiful or seemingly more deep. He was gazing at the torn canvas and the huge cavity made in the ground by the Big Swede, when he heard a great chorus of shrill and doleful voices in the sky. He looked up and saw an enormous host of black ducks in swerving flight. They had lost their way in the low-hanging clouds at dusk, and now they were seeking a resting place.

Here, thought Paul Bunyan, is a noble offering of chance. Was a black duck more acute than the Big Swede, that the bright, moist canvas would not deceive him also? And once deceived, would not the ensuing dive be fatal? Wasn't a black duck's neck of more delicate structure than the Big Swede's, and wouldn't it surely break when it struck the tarpaulin? This variety of black duck grew as big as a buzzard, and here they were so numerous that clouds of them darkened the moon. Now to deceive them. Paul Bunyan could mimic the voices of all the birds of the air and all the beasts of the fields and woods, save only that of the blue ox, who always replied with a jocular wink when his master attempted to simulate his mellow moo. In his moments of humor Paul Bunyan declared that he could mimic fish, and one Sunday when he imitated a mother whale bawling for her calf the loggers roared with merriment for seventeen hours, and were only sobered then by exhaustion. His voice had such power that he could not counterfeit the cry of a single small creature, but only the united cries of flocks and droves. So he now mimicked perfectly the chorus that rang mournfully in the sky, and at the same time he grasped the edge of the tarpaulin and fluttered it gently.

The effect was marvelous. Now indeed was the canvas a perfect imitation of water. Had you been standing by the sole of Paul Bunyan's boot and seen the gentle flutter you would have been sure that you were watching a breeze make

pleasant ripples on the surface of a lake. Ere long the black ducks were enchanted by the sight and sound, and Paul Bunyan heard a violent rush of air above him as of a hurricane sweeping a forest. A vast dark cloud seemed to plunge out of the sky. Another instant and the canvas was black with feathered forms. Paul Bunyan grasped the four corners of the tarpaulin, swung the bundle over his shoulder, and strode home to the cookhouse. Hot Biscuit Slim was called forth, and when he saw the mountainous pile of black ducks that filled the kitchen yard he became hysterical with delight. He called out the assistant cooks, the flunkies and dishwashers, and, led by Cream Puff Fatty, the baker, the white-clad underlings streamed for eleven minutes from the kitchen door. The chief cook then made them a short but inspiring speech and fired them with his own fierce purpose to make culinary history.

Paul Bunyan listened for a moment, and then sought repose, with peace in his benevolent heart.

All night fires roared in the ranges as preparations went on for the great dinner. The elevators brought a load of vegetables every minute from the deep bins, potatoes were pared and washed, kettles and roasting pans were made ready, and sauces and dressings were devised. The black ducks were scalded, plucked, and cleaned by the Preparations Department, and by morning the cranemen were bringing them by the hundreds to the Finishing Department, where the kettles and pans were waiting for them.

Most of the loggers stayed in their bunks this morning, and those who did come to breakfast ate sparingly, saving their appetites. Time passed quietly in the camp. The loggers washed and mended their clothes and greased their boots, but they did not worry themselves with bed making. The other Sunday morning chores finished, they stretched out on their unmade bunks and smoked. They were silent and preoccupied, but now and again a breeze blowing from the direction of the cookhouse would cause them to sigh. What enchantment was in the air, so redolent with the aroma of roasting duck and stewing cabbages, so sharply sweet with the

fragrance of hot ginger and cinnamon from the bakery where Cream Puff Fatty fashioned his creations! A logger who was shaving would take a deep breath of this incense, and the blood would trickle unnoticed from a slash in his cheek; another, in his bunk would let his pipe slip from his hand and enjoy ardent inhalations, blissfully unaware of his burning shirt; yet another, engaged in greasing his boots, would halt his task and sit in motionless beatitude, his head thrown back, his eyes closed, quite unconscious of the grease that poured from a tilted can into a prized boot.

At half-past eleven the hungriest of the loggers began to mass before the cookhouse door, and as the minutes passed the throng swiftly increased. At five minutes to noon all the bunkhouses were empty and the furthest fringe of the crowd was far up Onion River valley. The ground shook under a restless trampling, and the faces of the loggers were glowing and eager as they hearkened to the clatter and rumble inside the cookhouse, as four-horse teams hauled in loads of salt, pepper and sugar for the shakers and bowls. Then the loggers began to stamp and shout as they heard the flunkies, led by the Galloping Kid on his white horse, rushing the platters and bowls of food to the tables. Tantalizing smells wafted forth from the steaming dishes. The loggers grew more restless and eager; they surged to and fro in a tidal movement; jests and glad oaths made a joyous clamor over the throng. This was softened into a universal sigh as the doors swung open and Hot Biscuit Slim, in spotless cap and apron, appeared wearing the impressive mien of a conquering general. He lifted an iron bar with a majestic gesture, paused for dramatic effect amid a breathless hush, and then struck a resounding note from the steel triangle that hung from the wall. At the sound a heaving torrent of men began to pour through the doors in a rush that was like the roaring plunge of water when the gate of a dam is lifted. The chief cook continued to pound out clanging rhythms until the last impatient logger was inside.

Then Hot Biscuit Slim reëntered the cookhouse. He was reminded of a forested plain veiled in thin fog as he surveyed the assemblage of darkly clad figures, wreathed with white

and fragrant blooms of steam. His impression was made the more vivid when the loggers plunged their spoons into the deep bowls of oyster soup, for the ensuing sounds seemed like the soughing of wind in the woods. The chief cook marched to the kitchen with dignity and pride, glancing to right and left at the tables that held his masterwork. He asked for no praise or acclaim; the ecstasy that now transfigured the plainest face was a sufficient light of glory for him.

The soup bowls pushed aside, the loggers began to fill their plates, which were of such circumference that even a long-armed man could hardly reach across one. The black ducks, of course, received first attention. And great as the plates were, by the time one was heaped with a brown fried drumstick, a ladle of duck dumplings, several large fragments of duck fricassee, a slab of duck baked gumbo style, a rich portion of stewed duck, and a mound of crisp brown dressing, all immersed in golden duck gravy, a formidable space was covered. Yet there was room for tender leaves of odorous cabbage beaded and streaked with creamy sauce; for mashed potatoes which seemed like fluffs of snow beside the darkness of duck and gravy; for brittle and savory potato cakes, marvelously right as to texture and thickness; for stewed tomatoes of a sultry ruddiness, pungent and ticklish with mysterious spices; for a hot cob of corn as long as a man's forearm, golden with sirupy kernels as big as buns; for fat and juicy baked beans, plump peas, sunny apple sauce and buttered lettuce, not to mention various condiments. Squares of cornbread and hot biscuits were buttered and leaned against the plate; a pot-bellied coffeepot was tilted over a gaping cup, into which it gushed an aromatic beverage of drowsy charm; a kingly pleasure was prepared. More than one logger swooned with delight this day when his plate was filled and, red-faced, hot-eyed, wet-lipped, he bent over it for the first mouthful.

In the kitchen the chief cook, the baker, and their helpers watched and listened. At first the volume of sounds that filled the vast room was like the roar and crash of an avalanche, as dishes were rattled and banged about. Then the duck bones crackled like the limbs of falling trees. At last came

a steady sound of eating, a sound of seventy threshing machines devouring bundles of wheat. It persisted far beyond the usual length of time, and Hot Biscuit Slim brought out his field glasses and surveyed the tables. The loggers were still bent tensely over their plates, and their elbows rose and fell with an energetic movement as they scooped up the food with undiminished vigor.

"Still eatin' duck," marveled Hot Biscuit Slim.

"They won't be more'n able to *smell* my cream puffs," said the baker enviously.

The loggers ate on. They had now spent twice their usual length of time at the table. Each plate was in a dark shadow from tall rows of slick black duck bones and heaps of corn cobs. But—

"Still eatin' duck," reported Hot Biscuit Slim.

That no one might see his grief Cream Puff Fatty moved to a dark corner. He was now certain that none of the loggers could have room for his pastries. They ate on. They had now spent three times their usual length of time at the table. The baker was sweating and weeping; he was soaked with despair. Then, suddenly:

"They're eatin' cream puffs!" cried Hot Biscuit Slim.

Cream Puff Fatty could not believe it, but a thrill of hope urged him to see for himself. True enough, the loggers were tackling the pastries at last. On each plate cream puffs the size of squashes lay in golden mounds. As the spoons struck them their creamy contents oozed forth from breaks and crevices. Stimulated by their rich flavor, the loggers ate on with renewed gusto. They had now stayed four times as long as usual at the table. Other enchantments still kept them in their seats; lemon pies with airy frostings, yellow pumpkin pies strewn with brown spice specks, cherry pies with cracks in their flaky crusts through which the red fruit winked, custard pies with russet freckles on their golden faces, fat apple pies all odorous with cinnamon, cool, snowy cream pies, peach cobblers, chocolate puddings, glittering cakes of many colors, slabs of gingerbread, sugar-powdered jelly rolls, doughnuts as large around as saucers, and as thick through as cups,

and so soft and toothsome that a morsel from one melted on the tongue like cream. So endearing were the flavors of these pastries that the loggers consumed them all.

Cream Puff Fatty and Hot Biscuit Slim solemnly shook hands. There was glory enough for both of them.

At last there were no sounds at the tables save those of heavy breathing. The loggers arose in a body and moved sluggishly and wordlessly from the cookhouse. They labored over the ground towards the bunkhouses as wearily as though they had just finished a day of deadening toil. Soon Onion River valley resounded with their snores and groans. . .

At supper time, when Hot Biscuit Slim rang the gong, Cream Puff Fatty stood by his side. This was to be the supreme test of their achievement. For five minutes the chief cook beat the triangle, and then a solitary logger appeared in the door of a bunkhouse. He stared at them dully for a moment and then staggered back into the darkness. This was indeed a triumph. Great as other feasts in the cookhouse had been, never before had *all* the loggers been unable to appear for supper. This was a historic day. Cream Puff Fatty and Hot Biscuit Slim embraced and mingled rapturous tears. It was their high moment. They would not have traded it for all the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. . . . They had intimations of immortality. . . .

For five weeks the loggers lay in a delicious torpor, and then Johnny Inkslinger brought them from their bunks with doses of alcohol and Epsom salts. By this time the Big Swede had recovered from his injuries, and Paul Bunyan waited no longer to move his camp. The buildings, which rested on skids, were chained and cabled together, and the blue ox hauled them over the hills to the new job.

Nothing marred the beauty of that summer; stirring breezes blew all the days over the loggers as they felled the Leaning Pine trees in perfect lines on the grassy slopes. The blue ox waxed fat with the ease of his labor. Weeks passed without the Big Swede having a serious accident. Dust gathered on Johnny Inkslinger's medicine case. Hot Biscuit Slim never once failed to remember meat. And a record

number of logs were piled above the rollways. Paul Bunyan planned a great drive with prideful confidence that it would be the glorious climax of a historic season. But here fortune deserted him, for, after driving the logs for nine days, and seeing an exact repetition of scenery three times, he had Johnny Inkslinger survey the placid river. The river was round; it flowed in a perfect circle; and Paul Bunyan had driven the logs three times over the same course!

Nothing daunted, he thereupon determined to saw the logs and transport the lumber overland, and he erected his famed sawmill, which was nineteen stories high, with each bandsaw and each circular saw running through all the floors. A description of the original machines and devices used in this mill would fill the pages of a mail-order catalogue. It is needless to say that it operated perfectly. The only great difficulty Paul Bunyan had to overcome originated from the smokestacks. He was compelled to equip them with hinges and drawbridge machinery so that they could be lowered to let the clouds go by.

SECTION TWO

FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO

FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO

The place and time of interest and enchantment are usually at a distance. We are so used to our own immediate surroundings that we take them in a matter-of-fact way. Of course, when we stop to think about it, we know that a world of interest is close at hand. The children who sought through the world to find the little blue bird of happiness returned to find that the bird had been at their home all the time. What we need is the seeing mind and the understanding heart. But other sections of our book illustrate this fact, and here we are going to yield to the commoner feeling and allow you to travel far away in space and to visit the long ago in time.

With one of the poets in this section you may recapture something of the thrill with which you first listened to or read the favorite tales of Robin Hood and his merry men in their dress of Lincoln green. Why should we not feel their spirits haunting the forest and fighting against injustice as the new life of the spring stirs in the blood? Then with a great explorer you spend a day with a native family in the frozen Arctic, to be followed by a brief visit in the heat of a tropic island in the South Seas where an observing traveler points out some of its strange and curious features. Then you are privileged to learn of the religious fervor that pervades the mysterious East. Then, with a great scientist as your teacher, you follow the tremendous story of the earth's long development through the ages as suggested by a little scrap of stone

—the kind of scrap that will always mean something very thrilling to you after listening to Doctor Jordan. And then we go farther back than the records of history to a group of tales by which the Greeks and Romans explained to themselves some of the mysteries of the world about them—how the gods of this old world approved hospitality, how the first war came to be, how all earthly troubles came to torment the human race, how love of gold ensnared a human heart, and how the first fabled flyer through the air came to grief. These latter accounts you are to read simply as interesting tales that enter into our literature and even our everyday forms of expression.

Surely this program is enough to make us agree that we may at least find much of interest in mentally traveling "far away and long ago"!

IF YOU WISH TO READ——

You will want some good books to read in addition to the material found in this book for study. Some of the following will surely interest you. When you find a book you like very much, you may want to read others by the same author, or books of a similar nature by other authors. Your classmates will be interested in knowing about the books which you enjoy, and perhaps in turn they may be able to recommend some good books to you. Your teacher or the librarian will be able to help you with additional recommendations.

AANRUD, HANS. *Lisbeth Longfrock.* Ginn and Company.
A splendid story of Norwegian country life, in which you learn how the faithful Lisbeth realizes her ambition of becoming the head milkmaid.

BENNETT, JOHN. *Master Skylark.* The Century Co.
A story of the Stratford boy who was taken away by strolling players, met Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and sang before "Good Queen Bess."

COLUM, PADRAIC. *The Children of Odin.* The Macmillan Company.
Charming versions of the northern myths.

COX, SIR GEORGE W., and JONES, EUSTACE H. *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.* Henry Holt and Company.
Contains fairly good versions of stories of King Arthur and his knights, Beowulf, the Nibelung, and other medieval romances.

DIX, BEULAH M. *Merrylips.* The Macmillan Company.
Adventures of a little English girl in the days of the Roundheads and the Cavaliers.

DU CHAILLU, PAUL. *Land of the Long Night.* Charles Scribner's Sons.
Adventures of a winter journey to northern Scandinavia by reindeer sledge and skis.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. *A Wonder Book.*
———*Tanglewood Tales.*
Favorite versions of the old Greek and Roman myths.

HUDSON, WILLIAM HENRY. *Far Away and Long Ago.* E. P. Dutton & Company.

A charming account of the great naturalist's youth up to his seventeenth year in the Argentine. Full of adventures with and descriptions of animals, birds, snakes, and strange South American characters. It is from Hudson's happy title that the suggestion came for the heading of the present section of our own book.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES. *Hereward the Wake.*

A stirring tale of the resistance of the "Wake," or outlaw, to the Norman invaders of England. Founded upon the old records and full of fine character sketches as well as of heroic and manly ideals.

LYTTON, EDWARD BULWER. *The Last Days of Pompeii.*

Deals with the days immediately preceding and including the destruction of Pompeii, in A.D. 79. Centers around the love story of Glaucus and Ione, and the tragic blind girl Nydia. Gladiatorial combats and other customs interestingly described. A book popular with all young people, but especially with girls.

MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT. *Norse Stories.* Rand McNally & Company.

Stories of the masterful gods of the Northland, retold from the old Eddas.

O'BRIEN, FREDERICK. *White Shadows in the South Seas.* The Century Co.

"A record of one happy year spent among the simple, friendly cannibals of Atuona Valley, on the island of Hiva-oa in the Marquesas."

PLUTARCH. Plutarch's *Lives of the Greeks and Romans.*

The world's most famous book of biographies. An excellent edition for young people is that edited by Professor John S. White. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

PORTER, JANE. *Scottish Chiefs.*

A favorite for more than a hundred years. Deals with the days of Wallace and Bruce, the Scottish heroes, and is full of the chivalry of knighthood.

PYLE, HOWARD. *Otto of the Silver Hand.* Charles Scribner's Sons.

"A tale of a boy who lived and suffered in the Dark Ages and of how by gentleness and love and not by strife and hatred he came, at last, to stand over other men."

SCOTT, SIR WALTER. *Tales of a Grandfather.*
True stories of Scottish history told by the world's greatest "yarn spinner."

SEAMAN, AUGUSTA H. *Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons.* The Macmillan Company.
A story of the famous defense of Leyden against the Spaniards, in which William of Orange relieved them by breaking the dikes and flooding the country.

SNEDEKER, CAROLINE. *The Spartan.* Doubleday, Doran and Company.
Tells of the one man of the three hundred at the great fight of Thermopylae who came back alive and was taunted as a coward.

STARR, FREDERICK. *Strange Peoples.* D. C. Heath & Co.
About the various peoples who live in far-away and isolated portions of the earth.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. *The Black Arrow.* Charles Scribner's Sons.
Fine adventure story of the Wars of the Roses (1460). A band of outlaws, a deadly feud, a courageous hero, and an equally brave and lovely heroine, and plenty of good fighting.

TWAIN, MARK. *The Prince and the Pauper.* Harper & Brothers.
The prince (afterward Edward VI) changes clothes with a poor street urchin, and in the distresses and trials of his new condition learns many things that temper his reign with a kindly understanding of the misfortunes of his subjects.

VAN LOON, HENDRIK. *The Story of Mankind.* Boni & Liveright.
Tells the whole story of the development of the human race in a style that readers of all ages enjoy. Striking illustrations.

WALLACE, LEW. *Ben Hur.* Harper & Brothers.
A story of the East of the time of Christ. Among its stirring episodes are the sea fight between the fleets of galleys and the chariot race, one of the most dramatic scenes in all fiction.

A SONG OF SHERWOOD[1]

ALFRED NOYES

You have no doubt read many stories of the famous outlaw Robin Hood and his merry men in Sherwood Forest. These heroes have long since taken firm hold of the hearts of men because they fought against injustice and oppression and defended the poor and the downtrodden. It is natural to dream that such champions may spring to life again in the season which renews all the beauties of the surroundings amid which their adventures took place.

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon;
Like a flight of rose leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood; dawn is in the skies;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

[1]Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Volume I, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1906, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep:
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarterstaff and drinking can and gray goose feather;
The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men;
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day;

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash;
The ferns begin to flutter, and the flowers begin to fly;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle note shivers through the leaves:
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

A DAY WITH AN ESKIMO FAMILY[1]

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Vilhjalmur Stefansson is a well-known Norwegian explorer who has devoted much of his life to exploring and studying the arctic regions. "A Day with an Eskimo Family" tells part of one of his earlier experiences, when he was making a study of Eskimo life and customs. In order to find out just how the primitive Eskimos lived he wished to visit some wholly uncivilized tribe and live with them for a while, and a friend suggested the village of Tuktuyaktok, which was located in a remote district and visited only by occasional traders. There he stayed for a number of months, learning to fish, hunt, and live in the Eskimo way—which included, among other things, eating raw, unsalted fish. This selection merely describes a typical day in the Eskimo village; the complete story of his experiences may be found in his book, *Hunters of the Great North.*

It was only after my return to Tuktuyaktok that I began to live like a real Eskimo. Up to this time there had always been some difference between me and the natives. Sometimes I had salt when they had none, and generally my fish had been cooked in a special way. When they had been eating theirs boiled or raw frozen, mine had been roasted or baked; and when they ate heads, I seldom joined them, although occasionally I allowed myself to be coaxed to taste this great delicacy of theirs. Ovayuak told me now that he would have things specially prepared for me if I wished it, but I decided to stop pampering myself, partly because it was a bother for the Eskimos to look after me specially and partly because I wanted to live exactly as they did so as to get their point of view.

The house we lived in had a framework of driftwood and the roof was supported by numerous wooden pillars. The earthen walls were five or six feet thick at the base and became thinner towards the top of the wall, which was only about five feet high. Then the roof sloped up from all sides in "cottage" fashion, and at the peak was a level square space about six feet each way. There was about a foot of earth on

[1] From *Hunters of the Great North,* by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Copyright, 1922, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

top of the roof planking. In the center of the roof was a window about three feet in diameter, made by sewing together translucent strips of polar-bear intestines. On a clear day in midwinter this window gave enough light, so that all the lamps could have been extinguished for about four hours.

The lamps never were extinguished, for we needed them for heat. Usually there were three or four of them burning, each in a corner of the house. They were huge, halfmoon-shaped bowls that had been adzed out of blocks of soapstone. The wick was a ridge of powder lying along the straight edge of the lamp. This powder was sometimes hardwood sawdust, sometimes powder made of scraping or sawing walrus ivory and sometimes it was dried moss that had been rubbed into powder between the hands.

For ideal burning the bowl of the lamp must always be almost full of oil but never quite full. This is regulated in a simple automatic way. A slab of polar-bear or seal fat is hung almost over the flame. If the oil in the lamp gets a little too low, there is more of the lamp wick exposed and the flame becomes bigger. The increased heat of the flame tries out the fat hanging over the lamp and makes the oil trickle down more rapidly. This gradually raises the level of the oil in the bowl until it floods part of the wick and decreases in that way the size of the flame. This cools off the lamp and reduces the heat near it so that the slab of blubber stops dripping. Then the flame gradually increases in size as the oil lowers in the lamp until a second flaring up again brings streams of oil down from the slab of fat. A lamp once properly prepared in this way will burn with regular fluctuations six or eight hours at a time.

Because the walls and roof of the house were so thick, scarcely any cold penetrated in to us that way, and the only chill came by way of the fresh air that ventilated the house. The floor of the dwelling was level with the ground outside. The entrance was a kind of tunnel about thirty feet long and covered by a shed. The tunnel was about four feet deep where it came in under the house wall, so that you had to stoop low to enter. Once inside the wall, you could stand up in the

end of the tunnel with your shoulders in the house. We spoke of this entrance as the door, but it was really only a square hole in the floor about four feet in diameter. There was a lid available with which to cover the door, but I never saw it used. The temperature in the alleyway was about the same as that outdoors, but our house was so full of warm air that the cold air in the alleyway could not enter, for cold air is heavy and will not rise into any space occupied by warm air.

In the roof we had a ventilator about four inches in diameter. The even flame of the lamps kept the temperature of the house day and night fluctuating somewhere between 75 and 85 degrees Fahrenheit. It was much like living in a Turkish bath. But with the house at such a temperature and the air outdoors perhaps 40 degrees below zero, there was so much difference in weight between the outdoors atmosphere and the air in the house that the pressure through the door was strong enough to drive the warm air out through the ventilator with the force of a blast. This showed that the house, although stiflingly hot, was well ventilated.

Before coming to live with the Eskimos I had heard much about the bad smell of their houses, and at first it seemed to me that they did smell bad. I soon came to realize, however, that this was only the odor of the food they ate, corresponding to the odor of coffee or bacon in our houses, or perhaps to the odor of garlic in the homes of certain Italians. If you are fond of bacon or coffee or garlic, you do not dislike the smell. Similarly, I found that, as I gradually became accustomed to the Eskimo food and finally fond of it, these odors changed from their original unpleasantness until I eventually grew to relish them as much when I came in hungry from out of doors as a hungry camper in the woods relishes the smell of frying bacon.

Our house had a square open floor space in the middle about twelve feet by twelve. In three directions from this ran three alcoves, so that the ground plan of the house was not very different from the club in playing cards. In each one of the three alcoves was a sleeping platform about eight inches higher than the floor. Out of one alcove there led a door communicating with a separate house occupied by an uncle of Ovayuak's,

with his wife and family. In our big house and in this little connected house we were twenty-three all together, not counting visitors, and there were visitors nearly every night. There was just room on the bed platforms for all but me to sleep, and when everyone else had gone to bed, I used to spread my blankets on the floor near the door so as to be where it was as cool as possible. Whenever there were visitors, there were others besides me sleeping on the open floor space.

There was no regular time of getting up in the morning. Most of these Eskimos were great smokers, and I used to be wakened by the crackling of a match at perhaps four or five o'clock when somebody woke up to have a smoke. Commonly those earliest ones took a few puffs at their pipes and then went to sleep again. But about five or six o'clock some smoker would not go to sleep, but instead would open a conversation with another smoker. The bed platforms were wider towards the center of the house than they were towards the walls, so that all the people slept with their heads towards the center of the house. This made it easy for a man to rise on his elbow and talk to somebody across the floor.

After half an hour or so of conversation, in which more and more people joined, somebody would finally say that it was time to be having breakfast. Then would arise a discussion among the women as to which of them should go out and fetch the fish. This was all amiable and carried on with a great deal of laughter. When two or three women had been decided on, they would generally have a race to see which could dress the fastest. Putting on Eskimo clothes is about as simple as it is for firemen to dress. There are no buckles, everything slips on easily, and the only things to be fastened are belts and drawstrings. There are some slight differences in the clothes of men and women, but they are about equally easy to put on.

I never actually timed these breakfast getters, but I do not think it took them more than from thirty to forty-five seconds to get completely dressed. Then they ran out and presently returned with armfuls of frozen fish, carried somewhat as a farmer carries an armful of firewood. The fish

were thrown upon the floor with a clatter, and more conversation went on for about half an hour, until it was considered that the fish were suitably thawed. Then the women would take their halfmoon-shaped knives and cut off the heads of the fish, to be saved till the afternoon's cooking Then they would run a straight cut along the back of each fish from neck to tail, and another along the belly. They would then take one corner of the skin between their teeth and strip it off somewhat as one might a banana, if one did strip a banana with his teeth. If the fish were large, they were cut into segments, but if they weighed no more than a pound or two, they were left in one piece.

We did not commence eating until the fish were nearly thawed, so that their flesh was not much harder than typical ice cream. We ate as much as we liked of any piece and then put the remainder back on the tray or into another tray. Eskimos are careful that no food goes to waste, but leaving half your piece means no waste, for the dogs have to be fed and the leavings go to them.

By seven o'clock everyone was dressed and ready to go about the day's work. Ovayuak himself was always the first to go out to the fishing grounds. Certain members of his family always followed. It was optional with visitors whether they helped with the fishing, but all of them did help unless they had something else to do. Had some one refrained entirely from work of all sorts, I do not think our host would have done anything about it, nor would the rest of the community. But a lazy man is despised by everybody, and what keeps anybody at work is not the fear that he may be turned out of the house but rather the dread of a public opinion which would eventually give him a low rating in the community. This is one of the reasons why so few of the uncivilized Eskimos are lazy. I judge from my own experience that the stimulating climate is another important reason. I often feel lazy in southern climates, but I find activity a delight in the north.

I used to go with Ovayuak to his fishing. I did not understand very well how to use an ice chisel, and at first it took me half an hour to make a fishing hole ten inches in diameter

through three feet of ice, but Ovayuak could do it in a few minutes. For a rod we each had a stick about two feet long and attached to it a slender line of braided caribou sinew about four or five feet long. On the end of this was a little fish, carved out of ivory, about two inches in length. A hole had been bored in the head of the fish, a shingle nail stuck through, bent and sharpened. This sort of tackle is bait and hook in one. When a fish bites you must not give him any slack; if you do he will get off the hook, for there is no barb to hold him. There are only two tricks in this fishing: one is to keep jiggling the hook so that the ivory fish squirms around in the water much as a live minnow would; the other is to pull suddenly and keep pulling when you have a bite until your catch is on the ice.

We used to fish till about four in the afternoon. The people who were at home would have, about noon, a lunch of frozen fish similar to our breakfast. This we fishermen missed. About an hour before the rest of us were ready to quit work, Ovayuak's wife, who usually fished with us, would precede us home to start the cooking. When we got home we usually found that the meal was not quite ready, but by the time we had taken off our outer garments and removed the hoar frost from them, we would have before us huge platters of steaming boiled fish. This was my fifth month among the Eskimos, and by now I enjoyed a meal of boiled fish as much as any Eskimo.

After dinner no formal work was done, although everybody was always busy at something — carving ivory, cleaning rifles, or even taking a watch apart to repair it. Most Eskimos are clever with their hands, and some have besides a mechanical turn of mind. Kakotok, for instance, who worked for Harrison, had some years before bought a watch from a whaler. When it stopped one day, he took it to pieces and found the mainspring broken. He then dismembered a cheap alarm clock, and with a file and what other tools he had, he made out of the clock mainspring a spring for his watch and put it in so the watch ran. This I did not see myself, but I had the story from a reliable whaling captain and do not doubt it.

While the men were making and repairing things and the women sewing and doing other work, some one would usually sing or tell a story. The singing might or might not be to the accompaniment of a tom-tom, which is their only musical instrument. Their stories were of two kinds. Some were well-known folklore tales. Everybody knew them so exactly that the chief interest was in watching the narrator and laughing at him if he made the slightest mistake. The other kind of stories were the personal adventures of the narrators. In that case everyone listened carefully without making comments until the end, when there was always a fusillade of questions.

They frequently asked me to tell about how conditions were in the white man's country, but I soon found that they were really not much interested and that this was largely courtesy. At first I thought their lack of interest might be due to my inability to make myself understood, but I found in later years, after I got command of fluent Eskimo, that this was not the case. They have far less interest in the white man's world than we have in theirs. The idea of anyone wanting to go to a place for the sake of seeing it struck them as curious. They had no intention of living in San Francisco, and if they did not want to live there, why should they go there? It is only when an Eskimo community becomes "civilized" that some of the Eskimos begin to want to go south to see the big cities.

I used to try to explain to Ovayuak that the climate of San Francisco was very good. (We always spoke of San Francisco because the name was well known to the Eskimos. In general the Mackenzie Eskimos at that time took the name to mean the whole world of white men.) When I praised the southern climate, he asked me whether it was not always summer there. On my replying yes, he said that undoubtedly white men might like that sort of climate, but that an Eskimo could not understand that a country could be pleasant where it was always summer. He said that they do look forward to winter changing into spring and spring into summer, but that they rejoice still more when summer changes into fall

and winter. After all, you soon get tired of the heat. In winter, he said, a hot house is good, for you can always go out and cool off; but where can you flee to from the heat of summer?

Nothing was more interesting than the way they dealt with the extreme heat of the cooking time in the afternoon, when the temperature sometimes rose above 100 degrees. On coming into the house, we took off all our clothes except knee breeches, so that everyone was stripped from the waist up and from the knees down. The children up to the age of six or seven were entirely naked. One of the occupations of the men was to sit for hours with blocks of beautiful white spruce driftwood, whittling them into long shavings resembling excelsior. These shavings were put into great piles in the corners and into bags and boxes. Because of the extreme heat there were streams of perspiration running down the faces and bodies of most of the people. Those who perspired most would take handful after handful of excelsior, rub themselves with it towel fashion, and then throw it away.

Not really to get relief from the heat, but rather for pleasant stimulation (as we take cold showers after a Turkish bath) one or another of the perspiring people would run out and stand for a few minutes outdoors, naked but for the knee breeches. I never knew of any bad results from this practice — why should there be, if we escape injury who like to finish off a warm bath with a cold shower?

An hour or two after the afternoon meal was over the house would cool down to the normal temperature of 75 or 80 degrees, at which temperature those are comfortable who are used to it.

STUDY

A true-false test:

Read each statement carefully, and decide whether it is true or false:

1. The Eskimos at Tuktuyaktok lived in round "igloos" made of ice.
2. The Eskimo houses were heated by means of open lamps.
3. There was no provision for ventilating the houses.

4. The house was divided into a number of small rooms.
5. The Eskimos enjoyed smoking in bed in the morning.
6. They were kind to each other but disagreeable and rude to strangers.
7. They were energetic, and everyone took part in the work.
8. In fishing they used an ivory minnow and a plain hook without a barb.
9. Breakfast consisted of frozen raw fish.
10. The evening meal consisted of vegetables and bear meat.
11. The Eskimos were clumsy with their hands and could not mend things.
12. The evening was generally spent in singing and telling stories while the Eskimos were busy with light work.
13. The Eskimos were not much interested in hearing about the southern countries.
14. The extreme cold made it necessary to keep on heavy clothes indoors as well as out.

COCONUTS AND CRABS[1]

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Before beginning this selection, recall all you can of what you know of coconuts and crabs, and then read rapidly and see how much you learn from Frederick O'Brien's account as given here from his book called *White Shadows in the South Seas.* This author has been a great traveler and a close observer, and he puts into his books many things of interest to those of us who have no opportunity to visit far-away lands.

Tahiti (tä'hē-tē), one of the Society Islands in the southern Pacific Ocean, is a land full of tropical wonder and beauty. Look up the island in your geography and bring to the class any pictures you may find of its scenery.

Read the selection through silently, and then try to answer the questions at the end.

I. The Coconut Palm

My way led now through the coconut groves that day and night make the island murmurous with their rustling. They

[1]From *White Shadows in the South Seas,* by Frederick O'Brien. Used by permission of the publishers, The Century Co., New York.

are good company, these lofty, graceful palms, and I had grown to feel a real affection for them, such as a man has for his dog. Like myself, they cannot live and flourish long unless they see the ocean. Their habit has more tangible reason than mine; they are dependent on air and water for life. The greater the column of water that flows daily up their stems and evaporates from the leaves, the greater the growth and productivity.

Evaporation being in large measure dependent on free circulation of air, the best sites for coconut plantations are on the seashore, exposed to the winds. These lofty palms love the sea and will grow with their boles dipped at high tide in the salt water.

These trunks, three feet in diameter at the base and tapering smoothly and perfectly to perhaps twelve inches at the top, are in reality no more than pipes for conveying the water to the thirsty fronds. Cut them open, and one finds a vast number of hollow reeds, held together by a resinous pitch and guarded by a bark both thick and exceedingly hard. There is no branch or leaf except at the very tip of the trunk, where a symmetrical and gigantic bouquet of leaves appears, having plumes a dozen feet long or more, that nod with every zephyr and in storms sway and lash the tree as if they were living things.

I used to wonder why these great leaves, the sport of the idlest breeze as well as the fiercest gale, were not torn from the tree, but when I learned to know the coconut palm as a dear friend, I found that nature had provided for its survival on the wind-swept beaches with the same exquisite attention to individual need that is shown in the electric batteries and lights of certain fishes, or in the caprification of the fig. A very fine, but strong, matting, attached to the bark beneath the stalk, fastened halfway around the tree and reaching three feet up the leaf, fixes it firmly to the trunk but gives it ample freedom to move. It is a natural brace, pliable and elastic.

There is scarcely a need of the islander not supplied by these amiable trees. Their wood makes the best spars, furnishes rafters and pillars for native houses, the knee- and head-

rests of their beds, rollers for the big canoes or whaleboats, fences against wild pig, and fuel. The leaves make screens and roofs of dwellings, baskets, and coverings, and in the pagan temples of Tahiti they are used for rosaries or prayer counters, while on their stiff stalks the candlenuts are strung to give light for feasts or food for feasting. When the tree is young, the network that holds the leaves is a beautiful silver, as fine as India paper and glossy; narrow strips of it are used as hair ornaments and contrast charmingly with the black and shining locks of the girls. When older, this matting has every appearance of coarse cotton cloth, and is used to wrap food, or is made into bags and even rough garments, specially for fishermen.

The white flowers are small and grow along a branching stalk, protected by a sheath, and just above the commencement of the leaf. From them is made the coconut brandy that enables the native to forget his sorrows. Flowers and nuts in every stage of development are on the same tree, a year elapsing between the first blossom and the ripe nut. Long before it is ripe, but after full size has been attained, the nut contains a pint or even a quart of delicious juice, called milk, water, or wine, in different languages. It is clear as spring water, of a delicate acidity, yet sweet, and no idea of its taste can be formed from the half-rancid fluid in the ripe nuts sold in Europe or America. It must be drunk soon after being taken from the tree to know its full delights, and must have been gathered at the stage of growth called *koie*, when there is no pulp within the shell.

Not long after this time the pulp, white as snow, of the consistency and appearance of the white of a soft-boiled egg, forms in a thin layer about the walls of the nut. This is a delicious food, and from it are made many dishes, puddings, and cakes. It is no more like the shredded coconut of commerce than the peach plucked from the tree is like the tinned fruit.

The pulp hardens and thickens as time goes on, and finally is an inch in thickness. Occasionally the meat, when hard and ripe, is broiled and eaten. I like it fairly well served in this fashion.

If left on the tree, the nut will in time fall, and in due course there begins in it a marvelous process of germination. A sweet, whitish sponge forms in the interior, starting from the inner end of the seed inclosed in the kernel, opposite one of the three eyes in the smaller end of the nut. This sponge drinks up all the liquid, and, filling the inside, melts the hard meat, absorbs it, and turns it into a cellular substance, while a white bud, hard and powerful, pushes its way through one of the eyes of the shell, bores through several inches of husk, and reaches the air and light.

This bud now unfolds green leaves, and at the same period two other buds, beginning at the same point, find their way to the two other eyes and pierce them, turning down instead of up, and forcing their way through the former husk outside the shell, enter the ground. Though no knife could cut the shell, the life within bursts it open, and husk and shell decay and fertilize the soil beside the new roots, which, within five or six years, have raised a tree eight or nine feet high, itself bearing nuts to reproduce their kind again.

All about me on the fertile soil, among decaying leaves and luxuriant vines, I saw these nuts, carrying on their mysterious and powerful life in the unheeded forest depths. Here and there a half-domestic pig was harrying one with thrusting snout. These pigs, which we think stupid, know well that the sun will the sooner cause a sprouting nut to break open, and they roll the fallen nut into the sunlight to hasten their stomachs' gratification, though with sufficient labor they can get to the meat with their teeth.

II. The Robber Crab

There is a crab here, too, that could teach even the wisest sun-employing pig some tricks in economics. He is the last word in adaptation to environment, with an uncanny knowledge that makes the uninformed look askance at the tale teller. These crabs climb coconut trees to procure their favorite food. They dote on coconuts, the ripe, full-meated sort. They are enabled to enjoy them by various endeavors demanding strength, cleverness, an apparent understanding of the

effect of striking an object against a harder one, and of the velocity caused by gravity. Nuts that resist their attempts to open them, they carry to great heights, to drop them and thus break their shells.

It was a never-failing entertainment on my walks in the Paumotas to observe these great crabs, light brown or reddish in color, more than two feet in length, stalking about with their bodies a foot from the ground, supported by two pairs of central legs. They can exist at least twenty-four hours without visiting the water, of which they carry a supply in reservoirs on both sides of the cephalothorax, keeping their gills moist.

They live in large deep burrows in the coconut groves, which they fill with husks, so that the natives often rob them to procure a quick supply of fuel. These dens are contrived for speedy entry when pursued. Terrifying as they appear when surprised on land, they scuttle for safety either to a hole, or to the sea, with an agility astounding in a creature so awkward in appearance. Though they may be seen about at all hours of the day, they make forays upon the coconuts only at night.

Darwin first saw these creatures in the Indian Ocean, and said that they seek the sea every night to moisten their branchiae. The young are hatched and live for some time on the seacoast, venturing far from water only as they grow older. Darwin said that their feat in entering the coconut "is as curious a case of instinct as was ever heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature, as a crab and a coconut tree."

When darkness descends and all is quiet, the robber crab ascends the tree by gripping the bark with his claws. The rays of my electric flash light have often caught him high over my head against the gray palm. Height does not daunt him. He will go up till he reaches the nuts, if it be a hundred feet. With his powerful nippers he severs the stem, choosing always a nut that is big and ripe. Descending the palm, he tears off the fibrous husk, which, at first thought, it would seem

impossible for him to do. He tears it fiber by fiber, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are situated. With these exposed, he begins hammering on one of them until he has enlarged the opening so that he can insert one of the sharp points of his claw into it. By turning his claw backward and forward he scoops out the meat and regales himself luxuriously.

This is his simplest method, along the line of least resistance, but let the nut be refractory, and he seizes it by the point of a claw and beats it against a rock until he smashes it. This plan failing, he will carry the stubborn nut to the top of the tree again and hurl it to the earth to crack it. And if at first he does not succeed, he will make other trips aloft with the husked nut, dropping it again and again until at last it is shattered and lies open to his claws.

It is said that if a drop of oil be placed on the long and delicate antennae of these crabs they die almost instantly. We have a somewhat similar rumor with respect to salt and a bird's tail. Seldom does a robber crab linger to be oiled, and so other means of destroying him, or at least of guarding against his depredations, are sought. With the rat, who bites the flower and gnaws the young nuts, this crab is the principal enemy of the planter. The tree owner who can afford it, nails sheets of tin or zinc around the tree a dozen feet from the earth. Neither rat nor crab can pass this slippery band, which gives no claw-hold. Thousands of trees are thus protected, but usually these are in possession of white men, for tin is costly, and the native is poor.

The ingenious native, however, employs another means of saving the fruit of his groves. He climbs the palm trunk in the daytime, and forty feet above the ground encircles it with dirt and leaves. On his mat for the night's slumber, he smiles to think of the revenge he shall have. For the crab ascends and passes the puny barrier to select and fell his nuts, but when in his backward way he descends, he forgets the curious bunker he went over and, striking it again, thinks he has reached the ground. He lets go, and smashes on the rocks his crafty foe has piled below.

STUDY

1. Test your reading by answering the following points on the coconut palms:
   Why the trees flourish best on the seashore
   Structure of the boles or trunks of the palms
   Size and nature of the plumes or leaves
   Uses of the trunks, leaves, flowers, nuts
2. In the section on the "robber" or coconut crabs, discuss the following points:
   Their uncanny instincts
   The size, color, and appearance of the crabs
   Their burrows
   How they get into a coconut
   How the crab cracks tough coconuts
   Methods of protecting the fruit against rats and crabs

Volunteer work:

In connection with this study bring to the class any objects you may have that will be of interest, such as a coconut with the husk still on it, a fresh coconut from the grocery store, any object made from the coconut palm, any pictures of palms, crabs, and the like. Look up both "coconut" and "coconut crab" in an encyclopedia if possible.

THE HADJI'S STORY[1]

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

If one lived in a little village in a remote part of Asia and seldom traveled more than a few miles from home, how wonderful would seem the experiences of a man who had made a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca in distant Arabia! Any Mohammedan who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca is called a hadji. As you read this story, try to put yourself in the place of the simple Mohammedan villagers who are listening to the hadji's adventures.

In southwestern Asia most of the people are Mohammedans, and all their habits as to eating, marriage, education, law, and many other matters are regulated by religion. Wherever one goes in Mohammedan countries one meets men in large

[1]From *Asia: A Geography Reader*, by Ellsworth Huntington. Rand McNally & Company, publishers.

white turbans who go by the name of "hadji," or "pilgrim." One day in Persia a traveler met a crowd of forty or fifty men and boys on horses and donkeys going out of a village with all manner of good things to eat and drink, as if for a picnic. "We're going to bring the hadjis home," they said. "We'll meet them three days' journey away, and bring them home. When we get them here, we'll make a great feast for them. Are they not holy men? Have they not made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and to the sacred tomb of the prophet Mohammed at Medina in Arabia?"

When the pilgrims finally reached home, all their friends invited them to dinner to hear of the wonderful things they had seen. To as many as possible the hadjis gave presents brought from Mecca. In many cases the present was only three or four dates. However, the people who had stayed at home thought even that a great thing, because it came from the city which they consider the most holy in the world.

One day the traveler heard one of the pilgrims, a white-haired old man with a long beard, tell the story of his journey. "For twenty years I saved my money to go to Mecca," he said. "All my life I had been a good Mohammedan, keeping all the commands of the prophet. I had washed myself and prayed five times a day. I had given presents to all the beggars. During the month of fasting I had never eaten nor drunk all day from sunrise to sunset, though it was terribly hard not to drink during the hot days when I was at work in the harvest field. I wanted also to keep the fourth commandment by going to Mecca. I knew that if I went there I should have a high place in heaven, and all my sins would be forgiven. So I saved my money, and made my wife work hard in the fields to earn more.

"At last my friend and I started. For two months we traveled, sometimes over mountains and across great rivers, and sometimes through desolate wastes of sand and gravel where no man lived. Half of the time I walked, until my shoes were worn out. Then I hired a mule and took turns with another man in riding it. In time we came to Damascus in the desert, a noble city with clear water flowing through

its streets, and trees growing all around it. There we joined the great pilgrim caravan of seven thousand men. My friend and I hired a camel—an ugly beast with huge teeth and a flabby hump. Its hair was all gone except a few stray tufts hanging here and there on its great leathery sides. For another month we traveled southward, sometimes on foot and sometimes swaying back and forth on our slow-pacing camel, which made our backs lame. Always we traveled by night and stopped by day, for it was the hottest season of the year. By day no one could travel. The sun made the ground hot as a furnace. We spread a few pieces of cloth on sticks and tried to lie in their shadow, but it was too hot to sleep. Everywhere was desert. Sometimes it was a desert of bare gravel, sometimes of rough, rocky mountains, and sometimes of blowing sand. Not a tree was in sight for days.

"There was almost no water at many of our camps. There never was enough to wash with at the time of prayer, so we washed in the dry sand, as the prophet allows men to do in the desert. Often we camped around a dirty pool into which all the animals walked when they came to drink. We had to drive them away when we wanted to fill our sheepskins with the vile-smelling liquid in order to have something to drink on the next march. One morning, when we had finished a weary walk of twelve hours among rough, naked hills, we found that there was no water in the pool beside the ruined guardhouse of stone. We went on till nine o'clock, then rested through the heat of the day, and in the afternoon started on once more, half dead with thirst. When we reached the water that evening, many of the party had been left behind because of exhaustion or illness.

"Finally our camel became lame, and we had to walk all the time. One night we went so slowly that the main caravan got far ahead of us. Suddenly ten Arabs on horses and with spears in their hands came galloping down upon us. Before we knew what had happened, they seized the camel and knocked us down. They were feeling in our cloth girdles to get our money when some other stragglers came up, and they hurried off, taking the camel and its load. We were left without food

or any supplies, and with ten days still to travel to reach Medina. We were able to buy some food from merchants in the caravan, but the price was ten times what it was worth. We could not buy anywhere else, for the whole country is desert.

"At last we came to Medina, where we bathed and bought new clothes and said our prayers at the tomb of Mohammed. Then we went on once more through the desert to Mecca. We shouted with joy when we saw the sacred city. We thought it the most lovely of all cities and the center of the earth. After washing ourselves many times and saying many prayers, we went to the great square temple in the midst of which is the holy black stone sent down from heaven.

"Yes, Mecca is terribly hot and very dirty. There is little water, and it is always lukewarm, and one has to buy it for a very high price from men who carry it around the street in sheepskin bags. The people, too, are bad, and cheat one all the time. There are so many pilgrims that there is not room for them all. Twenty men hire one small room and sleep in it, lying on the floor as close as they can be packed. For that they pay as much in a month as a man can save in a year. The walls of the houses are made of mud, and some one must always stay in the room or else thieves will dig through the walls and steal everything. Food costs so much that most pilgrims bring with them supplies for the entire trip. The high price of food is due to the fact that there is so little rain in the country around Mecca. If our friends had not helped us after our camel was stolen, our money would not have held out.

"I was so sick that I did not come home with the caravan, but took the much easier route by sea through the Suez Canal, to Constantinople, and so home. Now they have built a railroad from Damascus to Medina, and soon it will be finished to Mecca, so that pilgrims will go the entire way in the train. Perhaps I shall go again. The journey is hard, and Mecca is bad, but if I can go and stay there until I die I shall go straight to the best place in heaven. . . . God is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

As the old pilgrim finished his story the men who were listening stroked their beards in memory of Mohammed, and one man remarked: "If God is willing, we, too, shall some day see holy Mecca. It is time for the evening prayer. Don't you hear the mullah calling from the tower of the mosque?"

All the men got up and went to a fountain near by to wash their hands. A few strolled off to the mosque; the others removed their long coats and spread them in a row on the ground, in a clean place beside the road. Then each man stepped out of his low shoes, and in his stockinged feet stood on his coat with his face turned toward Mecca. Lifting his hands, the old hadji began to chant the evening prayer, and the others joined in. All in unison, they stretched forward their hands, clasped them on their breasts, put them at their sides, or raised them to their ears. Now and then they knelt down and leaned forward toward Mecca, touching their foreheads to the ground again and again. They did not care who saw them at their prayers. They wanted to be seen, just as they want everyone to know if they give a beggar even one cent. As did Mohammed of Mecca and Medina, their prophet and the founder of their religion, thirteen hundred years ago, so they do now.

STUDY

1. Locate Mecca on the map and note the surrounding country. What would be the probable route of a pilgrim traveling by land from southwestern Asia?
2. Describe the chief hardships encountered by the hadji.
3. What was the purpose of the hadji in making this pilgrimage to Mecca? Do you know why this is considered a holy city by the Mohammedans? What is the importance of Medina in their religion?
4. What impression do you have of Mecca from this pilgrim's account?

Volunteer report:

Let some one look up a short account of Mohammed's life for a class talk. An account of various Mohammedan customs would also be interesting.

THE STORY OF A STONE[1]

DAVID STARR JORDAN

David Starr Jordan, now retired, was for many years president of Leland Stanford Junior University, Palo Alto, California. He is the author of several books on scientific subjects and on the prevention of war. We give below one of his nature stories. We do not find here a mere series of scientific facts, but rather a presentation of scientific truth in a very pleasing literary form. It takes a strong imagination to reconstruct the life history of a stone picked up by chance. The whole geological history of the North American continent is suggested in this little story of a tiny piece of limestone picked up by chance one day on a Wisconsin farm. Beginning with the age-old, favorite words of all story-tellers, "Once upon a time," the author in one long, breath-taking sentence tells of the immense lapse of time preceding the first appearance of life on this continent, concluding with the word *jellyfish*. Then follows the fascinating story of the jellyfish and its offspring, the Favosites, the builders of the piece of stone. The second part of the story tells of the long ages when Wisconsin, like all the surrounding country, lay under ice and snow until the great glaciers came slowly down from the north to plow up the "petrified honeycomb," which was now all that remained of countless Favosites, and sweep it on down to eastern Wisconsin. Long ages of human history are rapidly surveyed in the last paragraph, all of which leads up to the discovery of the piece of stone and the telling of its interesting history by the local teacher. Thus the story ends where we might expect it to begin, namely, with the finding of the stone.

I. The Life Story of Little Favosites

Once upon a time, a great many years ago, so many years ago that one grows very tired in trying to think how long ago it was; in those old days when the great Northwest consisted of a few ragged and treeless hills, full of copper and quartz, bordered by a dreary waste of sand-flats, over which the Gulf of Mexico rolled its warm and turbid waters as far north as Escanaba and Eau Claire; in the days when Marquette Harbor opened out towards Baffin's Bay, and the

[1]From *Science Sketches*, by David Starr Jordan. Used by permission of the author.

Northern Ocean washed the crest of Mount Washington and wrote its name upon the Pictured Rocks; when the tide of the Pacific, hemmed in by no snow-capped Sierras, came rushing through the Golden Gate between the Ozarks and the north peninsula of Michigan, and swept over Plymouth Rock, and surged up against Bunker Hill; in the days when it would have been fun to study geography, for there were no capitals, nor any products, and all the towns were seaports;—in fact, an immensely long time ago there lived somewhere in the northeastern part of the State of Wisconsin, not far from the city of Oconto, a little jellyfish.

It was a curious little fellow, about the shape of half an apple, and the size of a pin's head; and it floated around in the water, and ate little things, and opened and shut its umbrella pretty much as the jellyfishes do now on a sunny day off Nahant Beach when the tide is coming in. It had a great many little feelers that hung down all around like so many little snakes; so it was named Medusa, after a queer woman who lived a long while ago, when all sorts of stories were true. She wore snakes instead of hair, and used to turn people into stone images if they dared to make faces at her. So this little Medusa floated around, and opened and shut her umbrella for a good while—a month or two, perhaps, we don't know how long. Then one morning, down among the seaweeds, she laid a wholé lot of tiny eggs, transparent as crabapple jelly, and smaller than the dewdrop on the end of a pine leaf. That was the last thing she did; so she died, and our story henceforth concerns only one of those little eggs.

One day the sun shone down into the water—the same sun that shines over the Oconto sawmills now—and touched these eggs with life; and a little fellow whom we will call Favosites, because that was his name, woke up inside of the egg, and came out into the world. He was only a little piece of floating jelly, shaped like a cartridge pointed at both ends, or like a grain of barley, although very much smaller. He had a great number of little paddles on his sides. These kept flapping all the time, so that he was constantly in motion. And at night all these little paddles shone with a rich green light, to

show him the way through the water. It would have done you good to see them some night when all the little fellows had their lamps burning at once, and every wave as it rose and fell was all aglow with Nature's fireworks, which do not burn the fingers and leave no smell of sulphur.

So the little Favosites kept scudding along in the water, dodging from one side to the other to avoid the ugly creatures that tried to eat him. There were crabs and clams of a fashion neither you nor I shall ever see alive. There were huge animals with great eyes, savage jaws like the beak of a snapping turtle and surrounded by long feelers. They sat in the end of a long round shell, shaped like a length of stovepipe, and glowered like an owl in a hollow log; and there were smaller ones that looked like lobsters in a dinner horn. But none of these caught the little fellow, else I should not have had this story to tell.

At last, having paddled about long enough, Favosites thought of settling in life. So he looked about till he found a flat bit of shell that just suited him. Then he sat down upon it and grew fast, like old Holger Danske in the Danish myth, or Frederick Barbarossa in the German one. He did not go to sleep, however, but proceeded to make himself a home. He had no head, but between his shoulders he had an opening which would serve him for mouth and stomach. Then he put a whole row of feelers out, and commenced catching little worms and floating eggs and bits of jelly and bits of lime—everything he could get—and cramming them into his mouth. He had a great many curious ways, but the funniest of them all was what he did with the bits of lime. He kept taking them in, and tried to wall himself up inside with them, as a person would "stone a well," or as though a man should swallow pebbles, and stow them away in his feet and all around under the skin, till he had filled himself all full with them, as the man filled Jim Smiley's frog.

Little Favosites became lonesome all alone in the bottom of that old ocean among so many outlandish neighbors. So one night, when he was fast asleep, and dreaming as only a coral animal can dream, there sprouted out from his side,

somewhere near where his sixth rib might have been if he had had any ribs, another little Favosites; and this one very soon began to eat worms and to wall himself up as if for dear life. Then from these two another and another little bud came out, and other little Favosites were formed. They all kept growing up higher and cramming themselves fuller and fuller of stone, till at last there were so many and they were so crowded together that there was not room for them to grow round, and so they had to become six-sided like the cells of a honeycomb. Once in a while some one in the company would feel jealous because the others got more of the worms, or would feel uneasy at sitting still so long and swallowing lime. Such a one would secede from the little union without even saying "good-by," and would put on the airs of the grandmother Medusa, and would sail around in the water, opening and shutting its umbrella, at last laying more eggs, which for all we know may have hatched out into more Favosites.

So the old Favosites died, or ran away, or were walled up by the younger ones, and new ones filled their places, and the colony thrived for a long while, until it had accumulated a large stock of lime.

But one day there came a freshet in the Menominee River, or in some other river, and piles of dirt and sand and mud were brought down, and all the little Favosites' mouths were filled with it. This they did not like, and so they died; but we know that the rock house they were building was not spoiled, for we have it here. But it was tumbled about a good deal in the dirt, and the rolling pebbles knocked the corners off, and the mud worked into the cracks, and its beautiful color was destroyed. There it lay in the mud for ages, till the earth gave a great long heave that raised Wisconsin out of the ocean, and the mud around our little Favosites packed and dried into hard rock and closed it in. So it became part of the dry land, and lay embedded in the rocks for centuries, while the old-fashioned ferns grew above it, and whispered to it strange stories of what was going on above ground in the land where things were living.

Then the time of the first fishes came, and the other animals looked in wonder at them, as the Indians looked on Columbus. Some of them were like the little gar-pike of our river here, only much larger—big as a stovepipe, and with a crust as hard as a turtle's. Then there were sharks, of strange forms, and some of them had teeth like bowie knives, with tempers to match. And the time of the old fishes came and went, and many more times came and went, but still Favosites lay in the ground at Oconto.

II. What Happened afterward to Favosites' Rock House

Then came the long, hot, wet summer, when the mists hung over the earth so thick that you might have had to cut your way through them with a knife; and great ferns and rushes, big as an oak and tall as a steeple, grew in the swamps of Indiana and Illinois. Their green plumes were so long and so densely interwoven that the Man of the Moon might have fancied that the earth was feathering out. Then all about, huge reptiles, with jaws like the gates of doom and teeth like cross-cut saws, and little reptiles with wings like bats, crawled, and swam, and flew.

But the ferns died, and the reptiles died, and the rush trees fell in the swamps, and the Illinois and the Sangamon and the Wabash and all the other rivers covered them up. They stewed away under layers of clay and sand, till at last they turned into coal and wept bitter tears of petroleum. But all this while Favosites lay in the rock in Wisconsin.

Then the mists cleared away, and the sun shone, and the grass began to grow, and strange animals came from somewhere or nowhere to feed upon it. There were queer little striped horses, with three or four hoofs on each foot, and no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, but as smart as ever you saw. There were great hairy elephants with teeth like sticks of wood. There were hogs with noses so long that they could sit on their hind legs and root. And there were many still stranger creatures which no man ever saw alive. But still Favosites lay in the ground and waited.

And the long, long summer passed by, and the autumn and the Indian summer. At last the winter came, and it snowed and snowed, and it was so cold that the snow did not go off till the Fourth of July. Then it snowed and snowed till the snow did not go off at all. And then it became so cold that it snowed all the time, till the snow covered the animals, and then the trees, and then the mountains. Then it would thaw a little, and streams of water would run over the snow. Then it would freeze again, and the snow would pack into solid ice. So it went on snowing and thawing and freezing, till nothing but snowbanks could be seen in Wisconsin, and most of Indiana was fit only for a skating rink. And the plants and animals which could get away, all went south to live, and the others died and were frozen into the snow.

So it went on for a great many years. I dare not tell you how long, for you might not believe me. Then the spring came, the south wind blew, and the snow began to thaw. Then the ice came sliding down from the mountains and hills, and from the north toward the south. It went on, tearing up rocks, little and big, from the size of a chip to the size of a house, crushing forests as you would crush an eggshell, and wiping out rivers as you would wipe out a chalk mark. So it came pushing, grinding, thundering along — not very fast, you understand, but with tremendous force, like a plow drawn by a million oxen, for a thousand feet of ice is very heavy. And the ice plow scraped over Oconto, and little Favosites was torn from the place where he had lain so long; but by good fortune he happened to fall into a crevice of the ice where he was not much crowded, else he would have been ground to powder and I should not have had this story to tell. And the ice melted as it slid along, and it made great torrents of water, which, as they swept onward, covered the land with clay and pebbles. At last the ice came to a great swamp overgrown with tamarack and balsam. It melted here; and all the rocks and stones and dirt it had carried — little Favosites and all — were dumped into one great heap.

It was a very long time after, and man had been created, and America had been discovered, and the War of the

Revolution and the War of the States had all been fought to the end, and a great many things had happened, when one day a farmer living near Grand Chute, in Outagamie County, Wisconsin, was plowing up his clover field to sow to winter wheat. He picked up in the furrow a curious little bit of "petrified honeycomb," a good deal worn and dirty, but still showing plainly the honey cells and the beebread. Then he put it into his pocket and carried it home, and gave it to his boy Charley to take to the teacher and hear what he had to say about it. And this is what he said.

STUDY

1. Who is supposed to be telling this story? How was the story suggested? Where do you learn these facts?
2. Why does the author open with such a long sentence? With what word does this sentence end, and why?
3. Describe the little jellyfish, and explain how it got its name.
4. Now take up the life history of Favosites and tell all you can recall of (1) his early life in the water, (2) his enemies, (3) his growth, (4) his family, (5) his burial, (6) the long passage of time, and (7) his reappearance in the farmer's field.

Volunteer work:

If you can do so, bring to class a piece of limestone or "petrified honeycomb," and look at it under a microscope. Hereafter, whenever you pick up a piece of fossilized stone, think over its life history after the model given in our story.

BAUKIS AND PHILEMON[1]

GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

The old Greek myths always have in them some mystical meaning, some beautiful symbolic interpretation of nature or the soul of man. The Greeks did not have a conception of one supreme spiritual God as we have. They believed rather in hundreds of gods, goddesses, heroes, monsters, and spirits. Everything in nature had its deified or symbolic spirit; every human emotion and virtue and vice had its appropriate symbol. These religious and ethical ideals were usually set forth in beautiful stories, which

[1]From an unpublished manuscript, by permission of the author.

we now call myths. In these stories the gods frequently took on some form of disguise as they traveled among men to see how humanity was behaving. The story of Baukis (usually spelled Baucis) and Philemon relates how Jupiter, the father of the gods, with Mercury, his swift-footed messenger, visited earth to find out how men treated wandering pilgrims. This story really illustrates the virtue of hospitality and its reward. In Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* you will find "The Miraculous Pitcher" to be a beautiful and elaborate version of the Baukis and Philemon story. You should read this version in connection with the simpler and more direct story as told by Professor Krapp below.

As you read, keep this one question constantly in mind: How should we treat needy strangers who come to our doors?

Many, many years ago, when the gods still walked the earth, it happened that two of them made a pilgrimage to a pleasant little valley in Asia. One of the two was Jupiter, the father of all the gods, and the other was Mercury, who always accompanied Jupiter on his earthly wanderings.

If you had seen these two gods, however, as they plodded along the dusty road, you would never have guessed that they were visitors from the heavens. For of course Jupiter and Mercury had taken on human forms in order that they might mingle in a friendly way with the men and women to whom the chances of travel brought them. But now, unfortunately, the two gods were meeting with an unhappy experience. They were finding that though they were willing to be friendly, the men and women they met were not always so inclined. Indeed, Jupiter and Mercury had wandered almost entirely through this pleasant valley, seeking in vain for some place where they might rest and spend the night. It was not that the people in the valley were poor. On the contrary, the dwellers in the houses were rich in flocks and herds and in stores of corn in their granaries. They were indeed rich and self-satisfied. They were well-to-do, prosperous people, who did not care to open their doors to two such poor, hot, dust-covered vagrants as Jupiter and Mercury seemed to be. The people in the valley always had some good reason why they could not at the moment find a place for the wanderers.

"We would gladly give you entertainment," some of them said, "except that we are busied with giving a feast for our friends and kinsmen, and all the places are taken."

"We are sorry we cannot help you," others said, "but we are about to go forth on a visit and must lock up our doors and windows behind us."

Still others were less courteous, and told the gods to clear out or they would set their dogs on them. "You may be honest men," they said, "but you don't look it. You look like a pair of thieves."

But it is always easy to make a poor man look like a rogue in the eyes of one who is seeking for a reason not to do a kind act.

At last Jupiter and Mercury were about to give up in despair. They were almost driven to conclude that not one kindly person dwelt in all this rich and beautiful valley and that the only thing for them to do was to return to the heavens. They agreed, however, to make one more trial, and indeed there was only one place left at which to try.

This place was a little cottage, nestling among fruit-bearing trees and surrounded by bushes and plants covered with flowers. In this cottage dwelt an old man and his wife who had passed here all the days of their lives. The man's name was Philemon, and the name of his wife was Baukis. They were now old and bent with the burden of many years, but their hearts were as fresh as ever. By the labor of their hands they had always supplied themselves with food and raiment more than enough for their simple needs, and anyone whose wants were greater than their own had always been welcome to share in what they had. Only one sorrow Baukis and Philemon had known, and this was that no children had been granted to them to fill their cottage with the sound of merry voices. But if they were denied the gift of children, Baukis and Philemon made up for this lack as best they could by taking to their hearts all creatures who were helpless or in need of rest and encouragement. No suffering being, whether man or beast, ever visited their cottage in vain.

The sun was sinking in the west when the two gods, foot-sore and weary, approached the little cottage. On a bench beneath a little arbor they beheld Philemon, with Baukis at his side, resting from the labor of the day and enjoying the cool air of the evening.

"Hail to this house!" called Mercury from the path by the roadside.

"Hail, strangers, enter and be welcome!" answered Baukis and Philemon together.

The two gods needed no second invitation and entered at once into Philemon's pretty little garden. They were invited to seat themselves on the bench beneath the arbor, and Baukis and Philemon bestirred themselves to care for the comfort of their guests. They removed the dusty sandals from their feet, and brought cool water to bathe the hot feet and the hands and faces of the strangers. Then food was set before them, and a bowl filled with wine that Philemon himself had pressed from the clusters of his own vineyard.

The strangers were urged to partake of the good cheer, and they ate and drank as only hungry gods and men know how to do. But most of all they were thirsty. It seemed as though their thirst could never be satisfied. All day they had wandered under the parching sun along the dusty white highways, and never the nectar of the gods had tasted more delicious to them than Philemon's purple wine as they drank it beneath the shade of the little arbor.

The bowl passed from one to the other, and Philemon and Baukis rejoiced to see their humble cheer so highly appreciated. At last Jupiter, the father of all the gods, took the bowl and drank a mighty draft that seemed as though it must empty the bowl to the very bottom. As Jupiter set the bowl upon the table, Baukis and Philemon both started forward to fill it again. They looked at it and expected to find it empty. But behold, a miracle had happened! The bowl was as full as it had been when Jupiter raised it to his lips.

Quickly Baukis and Philemon looked up at their two guests and straightway they knew whom they were entertaining. They saw that the two strangers were not poor beggars,

but gods from heaven. Upon Jupiter's countenance sat the majesty of the father of all the gods, and in his hand he bore the scepter of the ruler of the gods and men. About the traveler's staff which the other stranger had carried, appeared two twining serpents, and on the tip of it, two outspread wings. By these signs they knew that this was Mercury, the messenger of the gods, and at his ankles they beheld also the wings which bear Mercury swiftly on his many journeys.

In fear and reverence, Baukis and Philemon fell at the feet of their heavenly visitors. Jupiter raised them up, however, with words of kindness and encouragement. He told them that they need dread nothing, but that they must make ready to follow him, that he would lead them to a place of safety, but as for all the rest of the dwellers in this valley, they should be destroyed. Because of the selfishness and inhospitality of the people in the valley, Jupiter had decreed that the valley should be turned into a lake and all the people in the valley should be forever imprisoned in the depths of the waters.

Straightway the two gods and their two humble companions set out, and when they came to the edge of the valley, they climbed one of the high hills that surrounded it. When they had reached the top, Baukis and Philemon looked back, and what was their astonishment to behold, instead of the trees and houses of their valley, nothing but the rippling waters of a beautiful lake. The valley had disappeared and the lake had taken its place.

Yet not all of the valley had disappeared, for when Baukis and Philemon turned their eyes in the direction where their little cottage had been, another marvel met their eyes. For an island had risen just where the cottage had stood, and on this island, they beheld the walls and graceful columns of a beautiful marble temple. This was the temple of the love and good will in the hearts of Baukis and Philemon, which had made a sacred spot of their little cottage.

"Ask now what boon you will," said Jupiter to Baukis and Philemon, "and it shall be granted to you."

Baukis and Philemon knew at once what boon they would demand. They asked that they might be permitted to serve

in this temple, and when the not distant day of their death should arrive, that then they might not be separated, even as they had never been separated in this life. Jupiter granted these requests gladly. Baukis and Philemon found themselves transported at once to their island temple, and the gods ascended into the heavens.

Many worshipers came to visit the temple, and here they always found Baukis and Philemon serving faithfully at the altar of love and good will. Nor was Jupiter unmindful of the second part of his promise. For when the time drew near for Baukis and Philemon to depart this life, he changed them into trees, one standing at one side of the door of the temple and the other at the other side. The spreading branches of the trees touched and mingled with each other, and in the depths of the cool shadows beneath the trees, many a weary pilgrim in the years to come stopped for rest and there found new strength to take up the tasks that lay before him.

STUDY

1. Show just how the majority of the well-to-do treat strangers, and contrast with this the way simple country folk usually treat them. How is this point developed in the story?
2. Relate the experiences of Jupiter and Mercury in the cottage of Baukis and Philemon.
3. How were Baukis and Philemon different from other people? Could they see more? Why?
4. What was the punishment for the selfish and inhospitable people in the valley? Was this punishment just? Were Greek gods as merciful as they should be?
5. What does the beautiful marble temple represent?
6. If the gods should offer you the boon of one wish, would your request be as simple as that of Baukis and Philemon? Why is the memorial of the two trees an appropriate one for the kindly and hospitable old couple?
7. Do you think the virtue of hospitality is as well exemplified in our own time as it was in the earlier days of American life? What are some of the chief differences of the circumstances in our day and in those of the colonial or revolutionary days? Do you think that in our day the laws of hospitality would require us to entertain every tramp that comes along?

THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

We have just read a simple, straightforward, unadorned reproduction of the old Greek myth of Baukis and Philemon. Now we shall read a more highly elaborated and richly decorated story from the imaginative pen of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Hawthorne published two books of these myths, a dozen stories in all, the *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*.

"The Paradise of Children" finds its setting in the early days before pain and suffering and sorrow came into the world. The story goes that in that golden age everybody was happy. But Jupiter became angry with mankind, for one of the giants, named Prometheus, had stolen fire from heaven and had brought it to men and taught them how to use it. As a punishment for this theft of fire from heaven Jupiter decided to send a great swarm of evils upon mankind. He filled a box with all the ills and troubles of life, but he put Hope also in the box, so that men might at least bear their troubles without seeking to destroy themselves. Fearing that neither Prometheus nor his brother Epimetheus would open the box, the gods created Pandora, a beautiful girl, and sent Mercury, the messenger of the gods, to carry both Pandora and the box as a gift to Epimetheus. Epimetheus was to keep this box safe without opening it. He was faithful to his trust, but Pandora, led on by her curiosity, at last opened the box. Thus all the ills and miseries of the world were let loose on humanity. Hawthorne does not place all the blame on the girl Pandora. He makes the boy Epimetheus share the blame, for he did not stop her from opening the box when he might have done so. Then, too, if Pandora opened the box to let out all the troubles and ills of life, she also opened it a second time and allowed Hope to come to mankind.

As you read the story, notice how naturally Hawthorne transforms the adults of the Greek myth into the children of his tale. Also notice the numerous artistic touches, the quaint humorous gleams, the symbolic suggestions, and the refined quality of the language used. Keep in mind always the idea that here we have a myth, that is, a story which explains the origin of something. Be prepared to answer this question when you finish the story: How did the Greeks explain the origin of all the troubles and trials of life, and how did the gods make all these miseries bearable?

I. The Mysterious Box Stirs Pandora's Curiosity

Long, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was a child named Epimetheus, who never had either father or mother; and, that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country to live with him and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question which she put to him, after crossing the threshold, was this—

"Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus, "that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not myself know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora. "And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting her lip. "I wish the great, ugly box were out of the way!"

"Oh, come, don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors, and have some nice play with the other children."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive; and the world nowadays is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then, everybody was a child. There needed no fathers and mothers to take care of the children; because there was no danger, nor trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink. Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree; and if he looked at the tree in the morning, he could see the expanding blossom of that night's supper; or at eventide, he saw the tender bud of tomorrow's breakfast. It was a very pleasant life indeed. No labor to be done, no tasks to be studied; nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or

caroling like birds, or gushing out in merry laughter throughout the livelong day.

What was most wonderful of all, the children never quarreled among themselves; neither had they any crying fits; nor, since time first began, had a single one of these little mortals ever gone apart into a corner and sulked. Oh, what a good time was that to be alive in! The truth is, those ugly little winged monsters, called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been seen on the earth. It is probable that the very greatest disquietude which a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

This was at first only the faint shadow of a Trouble; but, every day, it grew more and more substantial, until, before a great while, the cottage of Epimetheus and Pandora was less sunshiny than those of the other children.

"Whence can the box have come?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. "And what in the world can be inside of it!"

"Always talking about this box!" said Epimetheus at last, for he had grown extremely tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs and eat them under the trees for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted."

"Always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandora, pettishly.

"Well, then," said Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, like a multitude of children in those days, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and don't care if I never have any more!" answered our pettish little Pandora. "And besides, I never do have any. This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it all the time. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it."

"As I have already said fifty times over, I do not know!" replied Epimetheus, getting a little vexed. "How, then, can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora, looking sideways at Epimetheus, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of!" exclaimed Epimetheus.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box which had been confided to him on the condition of his never opening it that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more. Still, however, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

"At least," said she, "you can tell me how it came here."

"It was left at the door," replied Epimetheus, "just before you came, by a person who looked very smiling and intelligent and who could hardly forbear laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of a cloak, and had on a cap that seemed to be made partly of feathers, so that it looked almost as if it had wings."

"What sort of a staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and was carved so naturally that I, at first, thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "Nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver; and he brought me hither, as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me, and most probably it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for us both to eat!"

"Perhaps so," answered Epimetheus, turning away. "But until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, we have neither of us any right to lift the lid of the box."

"What a dull boy he is!" muttered Pandora, as Epimetheus left the cottage. "I do wish he had a little more enterprise!"

For the first time since her arrival, Epimetheus had gone out without asking Pandora to accompany him. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find in other society than his little playfellow's. He was tired to death of hearing about the box, and heartily wished that Quicksilver, or whatever was the messenger's name,

had left it at some other child's door, where Pandora would never have set eyes on it. So perseveringly as she did babble about this one thing! The box, the box, and nothing but the box! It seemed as if the box were bewitched, and as if the cottage were not big enough to hold it, without Pandora's continually stumbling over it and making Epimetheus stumble over it likewise and bruising all four of their shins.

Well, it was really hard that poor Epimetheus should have a box in his ears from morning till night; especially as the little people of the earth were so unaccustomed to vexations, in those happy days, that they knew not how to deal with them. Thus a small vexation made as much disturbance then as a far bigger one would in our own times.

After Epimetheus was gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly, above a hundred times; but, in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been quite an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other looking-glass, it is odd that she did not value the box, merely on this account.

The edges and corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the margin there were figures of graceful men and women and the prettiest children ever seen, reclining or sporting amid a profusion of flowers and foliage; and these various objects were so exquisitely represented and were wrought together in such harmony that flowers, foliage, and human beings seemed to combine into a wreath of mingled beauty. But here and there, peeping forth from behind the carved foliage, Pandora once or twice fancied that she saw a face not so lovely, or something or other that was disagreeable, and which stole the beauty out of all the rest. Nevertheless, on looking more closely and touching the spot with her finger, she could discover nothing of the kind. Some face that was really beautiful had been made to look ugly by her catching a sideway glimpse at it.

The most beautiful face of all was done in what is called high relief, in the center of the lid. There was nothing else, save the dark, smooth richness of the polished wood, and this one face in the center, with a garland of flowers about its brow. Pandora had looked at this face a great many times, and imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked, or be grave when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The features, indeed, all wore a very lively and rather mischievous expression, which looked almost as if it needs must burst out of the carved lips and utter itself in words.

Had the mouth spoken, it would probably have been something like this:

"Do not be afraid, Pandora! What harm can there be in opening the box? Never mind that poor, simple Epimetheus! You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box, and see if you do not find something very pretty!"

II. Pandora Unties the Box

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened; not by a lock, nor by any other such contrivance, but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted, nor with so many ins and outs which roguishly defied the skillfulest fingers to disentangle them. And yet by the very difficulty that there was in it Pandora was the more tempted to examine the knot and just see how it was made. Two or three times already she had stooped over the box, and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without positively trying to undo it.

"I really believe," said she to herself, "that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus would not blame me for that. I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without the foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied."

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or anything to employ her mind upon, so

as not to be so constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life before any Troubles came into the world that they had really a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing at hide-and-seek among the flower shrubs, or at blind-man's-buff with garlands over their eyes, or at whatever other games had been found out while Mother Earth was in her babyhood. When life is all sport, toil is the real play. There was absolutely nothing to do. A little sweeping and dusting about the cottage, I suppose, and the gathering of fresh flowers (which were only too abundant everywhere) and arranging them in vases — and poor little Pandora's day's work was over. And then, for the rest of the day, there was the box!

After all, I am not quite sure that the box was not a blessing to her in its way. It supplied her with such a variety of ideas to think of and to talk about whenever she had anybody to listen! When she was in good humor, she could admire the bright polish of its sides and the rich border of beautiful faces and foliage that ran all around it. Or, if she chanced to be ill-tempered, she could give it a push or kick it with her naughty little foot. And many a kick did the box — but it was a mischievous box, as we shall see, and deserved all it got — many a kick did it receive. But certain it is, if it had not been for the box, our active-minded little Pandora would not have known half so well how to spend her time as she now did.

For it was really an endless employment to guess what was inside. What could it be, indeed? Just imagine, my little hearers, how busy your wits would be, if there were a great box in the house, which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new and pretty for your Christmas or New Year's gifts. Do you think that you should be less curious than Pandora? If you were alone with the box, might you not feel a little tempted to lift the lid? But you would not do it. Oh, fie! No, no! Only, if you thought there were toys in it, it would be so very hard to let slip an opportunity of taking just one peep! I know not whether Pandora expected any toys; for none had yet begun to be

made, probably, in those days when the world itself was one great plaything for the children that dwelt upon it. But Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the box; and therefore she felt just as anxious to take a peep as any of these girls here around me would have felt. And possibly a little more so; but of that I am not quite so certain.

On this particular day, however, which we have so long been talking about, her curiosity grew so much greater than it usually was, that at last she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy; quite too heavy for the slender strength of a child, like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again with a pretty loud thump. A moment afterwards, she almost fancied that she heard something stir inside of the box. She applied her ear as closely as possible and listened. Positively, there did seem to be a kind of stifled murmur within! Or was it merely the singing in Pandora's ears? Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or no. But at all events her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord.

"It must have been a very ingenious person who tied this knot," said Pandora to herself. "But I think I could untie it, nevertheless. I am resolved, at least, to find the two ends of the cord."

So she took the golden knot in her fingers, and pried into its intricacies as sharply as she could. Almost without intending it, or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Meanwhile the bright sunshine came through the open window, as did likewise the merry voices of the children playing at a distance, and perhaps the voice of Epimetheus among them. Pandora stopped to listen. What a beautiful day it was! Would it not be wiser if she were to let the troublesome knot alone and

think no more about the box, but run and join her little playfellows and be happy?

All this time, however, her fingers were half unconsciously busy with the knot; and, happening to glance at the flower-wreathed face on the lid of the enchanted box, she seemed to perceive it slyly grinning at her.

"That face looks very mischievous," thought Pandora. "I wonder whether it smiles because I am doing wrong! I have the greatest mind in the world to run away!"

But just then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of a twist which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. It had disentangled itself so suddenly that she could not in the least remember how the strings had been doubled into one another; and when she tried to recollect the shape and appearance of the knot, it seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart, that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once. Oh, very naughty and very foolish Pandora! You should have thought only of doing what was right and of leaving undone what was wrong, and not of what your playfellow Epimetheus would have said or believed. And so perhaps she might, if the enchanted face on the lid of the box had not looked so bewitchingly persuasive at her and if she had not seemed to hear, more distinctly than before, the murmur of small voices within. She could not tell whether it was fancy or no; but there was quite a little tumult

of whispers in her ear—or else it was her curiosity that whispered:

"Let us out, dear Pandora—pray let us out! We will be such nice pretty playfellows for you! Only let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there something alive in the box? Well!—yes!—I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever! There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!"

III. Pandora Opens the Box and Releases All Earthly Troubles

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

This was the first time, since his little playmate had come to dwell with him, that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not partake. But nothing went right; nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape or a ripe fig (if Epimetheus had a fault, it was a little too much fondness for figs); or if ripe at all, they were overripe and so sweet as to be cloying. There was no mirth in his heart, such as usually made his voice gush out of its own accord and swell the merriment of his companions. In short, he grew so uneasy and discontented that the other children could not imagine what was the matter with Epimetheus. Neither did he himself know what ailed him, any better than they did. For you must recollect that at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature and constant habit to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single soul or body, since these children were first sent to enjoy themselves on the beautiful earth, had ever been sick or out of sorts.

At length, discovering that somehow or other he put a stop to all the play, Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora, who was in a humor better suited to his own. But, with a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers and made them into a wreath which he meant to put upon her head. The flowers were very lovely—roses and lilies and orange blossoms and a great many more, which left a

trail of fragrance behind as Epimetheus carried them along; and the wreath was put together with as much skill as could reasonably be expected of a boy. The fingers of little girls, it has always appeared to me, are the fittest to twine flower wreaths; but boys could do it in those days rather better than they can now.

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky for some time past, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But just as Epimetheus reached the cottage door, this cloud began to intercept the sunshine and thus to make a sudden and sad obscurity.

He entered softly; for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora and fling the wreath of flowers over her head before she should be aware of his approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased — as heavily as a grown man — as heavily, I was going to say, as an elephant — without much probability of Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus beheld her. If he had cried out, Pandora would probably have withdrawn her hand, and the fatal mystery of the box might never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself, although he said very little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Perceiving that Pandora was resolved to find out the secret, he determined that his playfellow should not be the only wise person in the cottage. And if there were anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it to himself. Thus, after all his sage speeches to Pandora about restraining her curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish, and nearly as much in fault, as she. So whenever we blame Pandora for what happened, we must not forget to shake our heads at Epimetheus likewise.

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun and seemed to have buried it alive. There had for a

little while past been a low growling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while at the same instant she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora; why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandora let fall the lid, and starting up, looked about her to see what had befallen Epimetheus. The thunder cloud had so darkened the room that she could not very clearly discern what was in it. But she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, or those insects which we call dor-bugs and pinching-dogs, were darting about. And as her eyes grew more accustomed to the imperfect light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes with bats' wings, looking abominably spiteful and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain and affright than her playfellow and making a vast deal more hubbub about it. An odious little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her I know not how deeply if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be, which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many species of Cares; there were more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows; there were Diseases in a vast number of miserable and painful shapes; there were more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about. In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in the mysterious box and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to be kept safely in order that the happy children of the world might never be molested by them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well. No grown

person would ever have been sad, nor any child have had cause to shed a single tear from that hour until this moment.

But—and you may see by this how a wrong act of any one mortal is a calamity to the whole world—by Pandora's lifting the lid of that miserable box and by the fault of Epimetheus, too, in not preventing her, these Troubles have obtained a foothold among us, and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry. For it was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their own little cottage. On the contrary, the first thing that they did was to fling open the doors and windows, in hopes of getting rid of them; and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad, and so pestered and tormented the small people everywhere about that none of them so much as smiled for many days afterwards. And what was very singular, all the flowers and dewy blossoms on earth, not one of which had hitherto faded, now began to droop and shed their leaves after a day or two. The children, moreover, who before seemed immortal in their childhood, now grew older day by day, and came soon to be youths and maidens, and men and women by and by, and aged people, before they dreamed of such a thing.

IV. The Release of Hope

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora and hardly less naughty Epimetheus remained in their cottage. Both of them had been grievously stung, and were in a good deal of pain, which seemed the more intolerable to them because it was the very first pain that had ever been felt since the world began. Of course, they were entirely unaccustomed to it, and could have no idea what it meant. Besides all this, they were in exceedingly bad humor both with themselves and with one another. In order to indulge it to the utmost, Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner with his back towards Pandora; while Pandora flung herself upon the floor and rested her head on the fatal and abominable box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head.

But either Epimetheus had not heard the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer.

"You are very unkind," said Pandora, sobbing anew, "not to speak to me!"

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity. "Who are you, inside of this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within,

"Only lift the lid, and you shall see."

"No, no," answered Pandora, again beginning to sob. "I have had enough of lifting the lid! You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think that I shall be so foolish as to let you out!"

She looked towards Epimetheus, as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would commend her for her wisdom. But the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

"Ah," said the sweet little voice again, "you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings in their tails. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!"

And, indeed, there was a kind of cheerful witchery in the tone that made it almost impossible to refuse anything which this little voice asked. Pandora's heart had insensibly grown lighter at every word that came from within the box. Epimetheus, too, though still in the corner, had turned half round, and seemed to be in rather better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I have," answered he, but in no very good humor as yet. "And what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble, in such a swarm as you have let adrift about the world, can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Ah, naughty boy!" cried the little voice within the box, in an arch and laughing tone. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a great hurry to comfort you. Only let me have some fresh air, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you think them."

"Epimetheus," exclaimed Pandora, "come what may, I am resolved to open the box."

"And as the lid seems very heavy," cried Epimetheus, running across the room, "I will help you!"

So with one consent the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. Have you never made the sunshine dance into the dark corners by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass? Well, so looked the winged cheerfulness of this fairy-like stranger amid the gloom of the cottage. She flew to Epimetheus and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

After performing these good offices, the bright stranger fluttered sportively over the children's heads, and looked so sweetly at them that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since otherwise their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into

the box to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! we shall do pretty well, in spite of them all."

"Your wings are colored like the rainbow!" exclaimed Pandora. "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, they are like the rainbow," said Hope, "because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "forever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile, "and that will be as long as you live in the world — I promise never to desert you. There may come times and seasons, now and then, when you will think that I have utterly vanished. But again, and again, and again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling of your cottage. Yes, my dear children, and I know something very good and beautiful that is to be given you hereafter!"

"Oh, tell us," they exclaimed, "tell us what it is!"

"Do not ask me," replied Hope, putting her finger on her rosy mouth. "But do not despair, even if it should never happen while you live on this earth. Trust in my promise, for it is true."

"We do trust you!" cried Epimetheus and Pandora, both in one breath.

And so they did; and not only they, but so has everybody trusted Hope, that has since been alive. And, to tell you the truth, I cannot help being glad — though, to be sure, it was an uncommonly naughty thing for her to do — but I cannot help being glad that our foolish Pandora peeped into the box. No doubt — no doubt — the Troubles are still flying about the world, and have increased in multitude rather than lessened, and are a very ugly set of imps, and carry most venomous stings in their tails. I have felt them already, and expect to feel them more as I grow older. But then that lovely and lightsome little figure of Hope! What in the world could we do without her? Hope spiritualizes the earth; Hope makes it always new; and even in the earth's best and

brightest aspect, Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter!

STUDY

1. Do you think it quite fair to lay all the blame for the troubles of life on a woman's curiosity?
2. Which has more curiosity, a boy or a girl?
3. Describe the golden age, before any of the ills of life came among men.
4. How does Pandora discover who brought the box to Epimetheus? Why is the messenger called "Quicksilver" by Hawthorne?
5. Describe the box rather fully, and tell particularly how it was fastened.
6. Now we come to the main incident. What is it? Tell just how it happened. And how did it all end?

MIDAS

THOMAS BULFINCH

Midas, king of Phrygia, was a very rich and miserly man. There are two famous legends associated with his name, one being his ability to turn everything he touched into gold, and the other being that since he had such poor taste in judging music he was afflicted with a pair of ass's ears. From these two legends we frequently hear rich men referred to as having the Midas touch, and foolish people who have no ear for music or no taste for the finer things of art as having a pair of Midas ears. A simple version of the Midas story is told by Thomas Bulfinch in his *Age of Fable.* Hawthorne gives a much more imaginative version in the story called "The Golden Touch" in his *Wonder Book;* but the version by Bulfinch given below follows the original myth more closely.

Bacchus, on a certain occasion, found his old schoolmaster and foster father, Silenus, missing. The old man had been drinking, and in that state had wandered away, and was found by some peasants, who carried him to their king, Midas. Midas recognized him and treated him hospitably, entertaining him for ten days and nights with an unceasing round of jollity. On the eleventh day he brought Silenus back, and restored him in safety to his pupil. Whereupon Bacchus offered Midas

his choice of whatever reward he might wish. He asked that whatever he might touch should be changed into *gold*. Bacchus consented, though sorry that he had not made a better choice.

Midas went his way, rejoicing in his newly acquired power, which he hastened to put to the test. He could scarce believe his eyes when he found that a twig of an oak, which he plucked from the branch, became gold in his hand. He took up a stone—it changed to gold. He touched a sod—it did the same. He took an apple from the tree—you would have thought he had robbed the garden of the Hesperides. His joy knew no bounds, and as soon as he got home, he ordered the servants to set a splendid repast on the table. Then he found to his dismay that whether he touched bread, it hardened in his hand; or put a morsel to his lips, it defied his teeth. He took a glass of wine, but it flowed down his throat like melted gold.

In consternation at the unprecedented affliction, he strove to divest himself of his power; he hated the gift he had lately coveted. But all in vain; starvation seemed to await him. He raised his arms, all shining with gold, in prayer to Bacchus, begging to be delivered from his glittering destruction. Bacchus, merciful deity, heard and consented. "Go," said he, "to the River Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountain head, there plunge in your head and body and wash away your fault and its punishment." He did so, and scarce had he touched the waters before the gold-creating power passed into them, and the river sands became changed into *gold*, as they remain to this day.

Thenceforth Midas, hating wealth and splendor, dwelt in the country and became a worshiper of Pan, the god of the fields. On a certain occasion Pan had the temerity to compare his music with that of Apollo, and to challenge the god of the lyre to a trial of skill. The challenge was accepted; and Tmolus, the mountain god, was chosen umpire. Tmolus took his seat and cleared away the trees from his ears to listen. At a given signal Pan blew on his pipes, and with his rustic melody gave great satisfaction to himself and his faithful follower Midas, who happened to be present. Then Tmolus turned

his head toward the sun god, and all his trees turned with him. Apollo rose, his brow wreathed with Parnassian laurel, while his robe of Tyrian purple swept the ground. In his left hand he held the lyre, and with his right hand struck the strings. Ravished with the harmony, Tmolus at once awarded the victory to the god of the lyre, and all but Midas acquiesced in the judgment. He dissented, and questioned the justice of the award. Apollo would not suffer such a depraved pair of ears any longer to wear the human form, but caused them to increase in length, grow hairy within and without, and to become movable on their roots; in short, to be on the perfect pattern of those of an ass.

Mortified enough was King Midas at this mishap; but he consoled himself with the thought that it was possible to hide his misfortune, which he attempted to do by means of an ample turban or headdress. But his hairdresser of course knew the secret. He was charged not to mention it, and threatened with dire punishment if he presumed to disobey. But he found it too much for his discretion to keep such a secret; so he went out into the meadow, dug a hole in the ground, and stooping down, whispered the story, and covered it up. Before long a thick bed of reeds sprang up in the meadow, and as soon as it had gained its growth, began whispering the story, and has continued to do so, from that day to this, with every breeze which passes over the place.

STUDY

1. Who was Bacchus, and why did he want to do Midas a favor?
2. From the peculiar wish which Midas made, what sort of character do you judge him to have been?
3. What happened to please and to displease Midas when his wish was granted? Can you think up a number of other unhappy results which might have followed?
4. How did he gain relief from his foolish wish?
5. What other foolish thing did Midas do, and how was he punished for this?
6. Was Midas able to keep his misfortune a secret? How was the secret revealed?
7. What morals can you draw from these two Midas incidents?

ICARUS AND DAEDALUS[1]

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Men have always, even from the remotest times, been eager to fly, but it was left to our own time to make the conquest of the air a practical reality. Here we have an old Greek myth dealing with the problem of flying as men first dreamed of it. Daedalus was the famous mechanic and architect who is said to have designed and built for Minos, king of Crete, the celebrated Labyrinth, a sort of cave-like building with winding passages so intricately constructed that no one who was thrown into its depths could ever find his way out. You have doubtless read the story of how another Greek hero, Theseus, was thrown into the Labyrinth to be devoured by the horrible monster called the Minotaur, and of how he slew the monster and finally escaped by means of a clew, the ball of twine given to him by Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos. One version of the Daedalus story tells how he himself was imprisoned in the Labyrinth and could only escape by making wings and flying out. Miss Peabody here tells the more probable version of how Daedalus escaped from a tower and then invented wings with which he and his son, Icarus, might fly away from the island of Crete.

The point of the story is not so much in the conquest of the air by the invention of flying as it is in the folly of over-confident youth. It is hard for young people to take the advice of their elders. Here we have a boy whose aspiring ambition led him to soar too high, so that, when he came near the hot sun, disaster overtook him. To this day we use the word Icarian to describe one who attempts a task which is too great for his powers or for which he has not made sufficient preparation.

Among all those mortals who grew so wise that they learned the secrets of the gods, none was more cunning than Daedalus.

He once built, for King Minos of Crete, a wonderful Labyrinth of winding ways so cunningly tangled up and twisted around that, once inside, you could never find your way out again without a magic clew. But the king's favor veered with the wind, and one day he had his master architect imprisoned in a tower. Daedalus managed to escape from his cell;

[1]From *Old Greek Folk Stories*, by Josephine Preston Peabody. Used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

but it seemed impossible to leave the island, since every ship that came or went was well guarded by order of the king.

At length, watching the sea gulls in the air — the only creatures that were sure of liberty — he thought of a plan for himself and his young son Icarus, who was captive with him.

Little by little, he gathered a store of feathers great and small. He fastened these together with thread, molded them in the wax, and so fashioned two great wings like those of a bird. When they were done, Daedalus fitted them to his own shoulders, and after one or two efforts, he found that by waving his arms he could winnow the air and cleave it, as a swimmer does the sea. He held himself aloft, wavered this way and that with the wind, and at last, like a great fledgling, he learned to fly.

Without delay he fell to work on a pair of wings for the boy Icarus, and taught him carefully how to use them, bidding him beware of rash adventures among the stars. "Remember," said the father, "never to fly very low or very high, for the fogs about the earth would weigh you down, but the blaze of the sun will surely melt your feathers apart if you go too near."

For Icarus, these cautions went in at one ear and out by the other. Who could remember to be careful when he was to fly for the first time? Are birds careful? Not they! And not an idea remained in the boy's head but the one joy of escape.

The day came, and the fair wind that was to set them free. The father bird put on his wings, and, while the light urged them to be gone, he waited to see that all was well with Icarus, for the two could not fly hand in hand. Up they rose, the boy after his father. The hateful ground of Crete sank beneath them; and the country folk, who caught a glimpse of them when they were high above the tree tops, took it for a vision of the gods — Apollo, perhaps, with Cupid after him.

At first there was a terror in the joy. The wide vacancy of the air dazed them — a glance downward made their brains reel. But when a great wind filled their wings and Icarus felt himself sustained, like a halcyon bird in the hollow of a wave, like a child uplifted by his mother, he forgot everything in the world but joy. He forgot Crete and the other islands

that he had passed over; he saw but vaguely that winged thing in the distance before him that was his father Daedalus. He longed for one draft of flight to quench the thirst of his captivity; he stretched out his arms to the sky and made towards the highest heavens.

Alas for him! Warmer and warmer grew the air. Those arms, that had seemed to uphold him, relaxed. His wings wavered, drooped. He fluttered his young hands vainly — he was falling — and in that terror he remembered. The heat of the sun had melted the wax from his wings; the feathers were falling, one by one, like snowflakes; and there was none to help.

He fell like a leaf tossed down the wind, down, down, with one cry that overtook Daedalus far away. When he returned, and sought high and low for the poor boy, he saw nothing but the bird-like feathers afloat on the water, and he knew that Icarus was drowned.

The nearest island he named Icaria, in memory of the child; but he, in heavy grief, went to the temple of Apollo in Sicily, and there hung up his wings as an offering. Never again did he attempt to fly.

STUDY

1. Why is it that young persons so frequently fail to take the advice of their parents? Was it willful disobedience that led Icarus to fly too near the sun?
2. Tell the story of how Daedalus and his son were imprisoned, and of how they managed to escape.
3. Do you think the idea of flying with artificial wings made of feathers is a practical one? What kind of wings do we use in the modern method of flying?

THE APPLE OF DISCORD[1]

R. E. FRANCILLON

Many of the Greek myths and hero stories are to be found imbedded in the world-renowned Homeric poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. At some time in the course of your high-school education

[1]From *Gods and Heroes*, by R. E. Francillon. Used by permission of the publishers, Ginn and Company, Boston.

you should read these great epic poems in a good modern translation. In the meantime, if you wish an easy and pleasant introduction to the whole field of classic mythology and hero stories, you should consult R. E. Francillon's *Gods and Heroes, or The Kingdom of Jupiter*, a book which fuses into a single consecutive narrative the more important Greek and Roman myths and hero sagas. The following selection, taken from the book just mentioned, tells the story of how Paris came to win Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, as his wife. Paris was already married to Oenone, and Helen was already the wife of Menelaus; and naturally the illegal love affair of Paris and Helen led to the first great war, the Trojan War, or the destruction of Troy (Ilios) as related in the *Iliad*. You would do well to capitalize the interest aroused by this story, and the stories just preceding it in our book, and go on reading additional classical myths as they are preserved and now made available in various excellent modern renditions.

Never was such a wedding feast known as that of Peleus and Thetis. And no wonder; for Peleus was king of Thessaly, and Thetis was a goddess — the goddess who keeps the gates of the West, and throws them open for the chariot of the Sun to pass through when its day's journey is done.

Not only all the neighboring kings and queens came to the feast, but the gods and goddesses besides, bringing splendid presents to the bride and bridegroom. Only one goddess was not there, because she had not been invited; and she had not been invited for the best of all reasons. Her name was Ate, which means Mischief; and wherever she went she caused quarreling and confusion. Jupiter had turned her out of heaven for setting even the gods by the ears; and ever since then she had been wandering about the earth, making mischief, for they would not have her even in Hades.

"So they won't have *me* at their feast!" she said to herself, when she heard the sound of the merriment to which she had not been bidden. "Very well; they shall be sorry. I see a way to make a bigger piece of mischief than ever was known."

So she took a golden apple, wrote some words upon it, and, keeping herself out of sight, threw it into the very middle of the feasters, just when they were most merry.

Nobody saw where the apple came from; but of course they supposed it had been thrown among them for frolic; and one of the guests, taking it up, read aloud the words written on it. The words were:

"FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL!"

—nothing more.

"What a handsome present somebody has sent me!" said Juno, holding out her hand for the apple.

"Sent *you?*" asked Diana. "What an odd mistake, to be sure! Don't you see it is for the most beautiful? I will thank you to hand me what is so clearly intended for *me.*"

"You seem to forget *I* am present!" said Vesta, making a snatch at the apple.

"Not at all!" said Ceres; "only I happen to be here too. And who doubts that where I am there is the most beautiful?"

"Except where *I* am," said Proserpine.

"What folly is all this!" said Minerva, the wise. "Wisdom is the only true beauty; and everybody knows that I am the wisest of you all."

"But it's for the *most* beautiful!" said Venus. "The idea of its being for anybody but *me!*"

Then every nymph and goddess present, and even every woman, put in her claim, until from claiming and disputing it grew to arguing and wrangling and downright quarreling: insults flew about, until the merriment grew into an angry din, the like of which had never been heard. But as it became clear that it was impossible for everybody to be the most beautiful, the claimants gradually settled down into three parties—some taking the side of Venus, others of Juno, others of Minerva.

"We shall never settle it among ourselves," said one, when all were fairly out of breath with quarreling. "Let the gods decide."

For the gods had been silent all the while; and now they looked at one another in dismay at such an appeal. Jupiter, in his heart, thought Venus the most beautiful; but how could

he dare decide against either his wife Juno or his daughter Minerva? Neptune hated Minerva on account of their old quarrel; but it was awkward to choose between his daughter Venus and his sister Juno, of whose temper he, as well as Jupiter, stood in awe. Mars was ready enough to vote for Venus; but then he was afraid of a scandal. And so with all the gods—not one was bold enough to decide on such a terrible question as the beauty of three rival goddesses who were ready to tear out each other's eyes. For Juno was looking like a thundercloud, and Minerva like lightning, and Venus like a smiling but treacherous sea.

"I have it," said Jupiter at last. "Men are better judges of beauty than the gods are, who never see anything but its perfection. King Priam of Troy has a son named Paris, whose judgment as a critic I would take even before my own. I propose that you, Juno, and you, Minerva, and you, Venus, shall go together before Paris and submit yourselves to his decision, whatever it may be."

And so it was settled, for each of the three goddesses was equally sure that, whoever the judge might be, the golden apple was safe to be hers. The quarrel came to an end, and the feast ended pleasantly; but Ate, who had been watching and listening, laughed in her sleeve.

Troy, where King Priam reigned, was a great and ancient city on the shore of Asia: it was a sacred city, whose walls had been built by Neptune, and it possessed the Palladium, the image of Minerva, which kept it from all harm. Priam—who had been the friend of Hercules—and his wife Hecuba had many sons and daughters, all brave and noble princes and beautiful princesses; and of his sons, while the bravest and noblest was his first-born, Hector, the handsomest and most amiable was Paris, whom Jupiter had appointed to be the judge of beauty.

Paris, unlike his brothers, cared nothing for affairs of state, but lived as a shepherd upon Mount Ida with his wife Oenone, a nymph of that mountain, in perfect happiness and peace, loved and honored by the whole country round, which had given him the name of "Alexander," which means "The

Helper." One would think that if anybody was safe from the mischief of Ate, it was he.

But one day, while he was watching his flocks and thinking of Oenone, there came to him what he took for three beautiful women — the most beautiful he had ever seen. Yet something told him they were more than mere women, or even than oreads, before the tallest said —

"There is debate in Olympus which is the most beautiful of us three, and Jupiter has appointed you to be the judge between us. I am Juno, the queen of gods and men, and if you decide for me, I will make you king of the whole world."

"And I," said the second, "am Minerva, and you shall know everything in the whole universe if you decide for me."

"But I," said the third, "am Venus, who can give neither wisdom nor power; but if you decide for me, I will give you the love of the most beautiful woman that ever was or ever will be born."

Paris looked from one to the other, wondering to which he should award the golden apple, the prize of beauty. He did not care for power; he would be quite content to rule his sheep, and even that was not always easy. Nor did he care for wisdom or knowledge: he had enough for all his needs. Nor ought he to have desired any love but Oenone's. But then Venus was really the most beautiful of all the goddesses — the very goddess of beauty; no mortal could refuse anything she asked him, so great was her charm. So he took the apple and placed it in the hands of Venus without a word, while Juno and Minerva departed in a state of wrath with Paris, Venus, and each other, which made Ate laugh to herself more than ever.

Now the most beautiful woman in the whole world was Helen, step-daughter of King Tyndarus of Sparta, and sister of Castor and Pollux: neither before her nor after her has there been any to compare with her for beauty. Thirty-one of the noblest princes in Greece came to her father's court at the same time to seek her in marriage, so that Tyndarus knew not what to do, seeing that, whomsoever he chose for his son-in-law, he would make thirty powerful enemies. The most famous among them were Ulysses, king of the island of

Ithaca; Diomed, king of Aetolia; Ajax, king of Salamis, the bravest and strongest man in Greece; his brother Teucer; Philoctetes, the friend of Hercules; and Menelaus, king of Sparta. At last, as there was no other way of deciding among them, an entirely new idea occurred to Ulysses—namely, that Helen should be allowed to choose her own husband herself, and that, before she chose, all the rival suitors should make a great and solemn oath to approve her choice and to defend her and her husband against all enemies thenceforth and forever. This oath they all took loyally and with one accord, and Helen chose Menelaus, king of Sparta, who married her with great rejoicing, and took her away to his kingdom.

And all would have gone well but for that wretched apple. For Venus was faithful to her promise that the most beautiful of all women should be the wife of Paris: and so Menelaus, returning from a journey, found that a Trojan prince had visited his court during his absence, and had gone away, taking Helen with him to Troy. This Trojan prince was Paris, who, seeing Helen, had forgotten Oenone, and could think of nothing but her whom Venus had given him.

Then, through all Greece and all the islands, went forth the summons of King Menelaus, reminding the thirty princes of their great oath: and each and all of them, and many more, came to the gathering place with all their ships and all their men, to help Menelaus and to bring back Helen. Such a host as gathered together at Aulis had never been seen since the world began; there were nearly twelve hundred ships and more than a hundred thousand men: it was the first time that all the Greeks joined together in one cause. There, besides those who had come for their oath's sake, were Nestor, the old king of Pylos—so old that he remembered Jason and the Golden Fleece, but, at ninety years old, as ready for battle as the youngest there; and Achilles, the son of Peleus and Thetis, scarcely more than a boy, but fated to outdo the deeds of the bravest of them all. The kings and princes elected Agamemnon, king of Mycenae and Argos and brother of Menelaus, to be their general in chief; and he forthwith sent a herald to Troy to demand the surrender of Helen.

But King Priam was indignant that these chiefs of petty kingdoms should dare to threaten the sacred city of Troy: and he replied to the demand by a scornful challenge, and by sending out his summons also to his friends and allies. And it was as well answered as that of Menelaus had been. There came to his standard Rhesus, with a great army from Thrace; and Sarpedon, the greatest king in all Asia; and Memnon, king of Aethiopia, with twenty thousand men — the hundred thousand Greeks were not so many as the army of Priam. Then Agamemnon gave the order to sail for Troy: and Ate laughed aloud, for her apple had brought upon mankind the First Great War.

STUDY

1. Tell of the occasion and reason for the appearance of the Apple of Discord. What immediate trouble did it cause?
2. How was it decided to end the dispute?
3. Describe the scene between Paris and the three goddesses. What did each promise him? Do you think he chose rightly?
4. What further trouble was caused by his choice? Explain the connection between this incident and the Trojan War.
5. If you have read stories of the Trojan War, be prepared to tell the class something more about Helen, Menelaus, Achilles, Ulysses, Hector, and Priam.
6. How many of the gods and goddesses listed here can you identify? Rewrite the lists so that the correct title will appear opposite the name of the god or goddess to whom it belongs.

NAME	TITLE
Juno	goddess of beauty
Jupiter	god of war
Venus	goddess of mischief
Minerva	goddess of the hunt
Neptune	king of the gods
Ate	goddess of wisdom
Ceres	goddess of the household
Diana	queen of the gods
Mars	god of the sea
Vesta	goddess of the harvest

THE SECOND INTERLUDE

SOME SHORT POEMS

In the olden days, long before the invention of printing, poetry was always recited, and even chanted or sung, rather than merely read. And good poetry should still be read aloud or recited if we are to get its full artistic effects. In Oxford, England, under the direction of Mr. John Masefield, the author of one of the poems in this Interlude, there is held every year a poetry-reading contest called the Oxford Recitations. Certain passages of great poetry are selected for several classes of contests, and prizes are offered to the winners in each contest. Competent judges are chosen, specific directions sent to the contestants, and much publicity given to the occasion. The recitations are judged on the sound-quality, the enunciation, the response to the rhythmic movement, the fullness of the interpretation, and the completeness with which the reader enters into the thought and the spirit of the poem. No dramatic gestures or violent elocutionary effects are allowable. The contestants are asked to speak the lines without moving from position, the hands being kept quietly at the side or clasped naturally in front. The whole effect should be gained through the voice alone, aided, of course, by the clear understanding and sympathetic interpretation of the lines.

In the following Interlude are twelve short poems which may be adapted to a similar poetry-reading contest. Let the teacher assign the poems in some equitable way. Perhaps the simplest plan would be to write the titles of the poems on slips of paper and have the pupils draw for both subjects and places in the contest. Some brief discussion of the poems should be held beforehand. After an interval of two or three days, in which the contestants are expected to memorize their assignments, the contest should be staged. Outside judges may be selected and some prominence given to the occasion, if that seems desirable. But no prizes should be offered.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rimes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-belovèd Night!

Note: As the last stanza is a little difficult, you may need some help to understand it. Orestes was a character in a series of ancient Greek dramas written by Aeschylus. He slew Clytemnestra, his own mother, because she had betrayed and caused the murder of his father Agamemnon. Afterward, as a punishment for slaying his mother, even though she deserved death, he was pursued by the Erinyes (ĕ-rĭn'ĭ-ēz) or furies. He could never find peace of

conscience until he was at last purified by Apollo. You can now see why the poet, "Orestes-like," prays for "Peace." Longfellow used the Greek words meaning "Welcome, the thrice-prayed for" as a headpiece to the poem when he first published it.

FAIRY FIRES[1]

KARLE WILSON BAKER

They burn on the windowpane
When the day is soft and late,
But you think they are out in the cold
Between the bush and the gate.

Clean through the blaze you look
At the dear, black, naked trees:
No beautiful bough is burned
By hungerless fires like these.

But no heart is ever warmed,
And no spirit weds desire,
And no house is ever home
That wants for the fairy fire.

CHARITY

I CORINTHIANS: xiii

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
And have not charity,
I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy,
And understand all mysteries and all knowledge,
And though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains,
And have not charity,
I am nothing.

[1]From *The Burning Bush*, by Karle Wilson Baker. Copyright, 1922, by Yale University Press, publishers. Used by permission of the author.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
And though I give my body to be burned,
And have not charity,
It profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind;
Charity envieth not;
Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly,
Seeketh not her own,
Is not easily provoked,
Thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth;
But whether there be prophecies, they shall fail;
Whether there be tongues, they shall cease;
Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.
For we know in part and we prophesy in part;
But when that which is perfect is come,
Then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child,
I understood as a child, I thought as a child;
But when I became a man, I put away childish things.
For now we see through a glass darkly,
But then face to face;
Now I know in part,
But then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity—
These three,
But the greatest of these is charity.

THE TIGER

WILLIAM BLAKE

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame they fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE ROAD TO VAGABONDIA[1]

DANA BURNET

He was sitting on the doorstep as I went strolling by;
A lonely little beggar with a wistful, homesick eye—
And he wasn't what you'd borrow, and he wasn't what you'd steal,
But I guessed his heart was breaking, so I whistled him to heel.

They had stoned him through the city streets, and naught the city cared,
But I was heading outward, and the roads are sweeter shared,
So I took him for a comrade, and I whistled him away—
On the road to Vagabondia. that lies across the day!

Yellow dog he was; but bless you—he was just the chap for me!
For I'd rather have an inch of dog than miles of pedigree.
So we stole away together, on the road that has no end,
With a new-coined day to fling away and all the stars to spend!

Oh, to walk the road at morning, when the wind is blowing clean
And the yellow daisies fling their gold across a world of green—
For the wind it heals the heartache, and the sun it dries the scars,
On the road to Vagabondia that lies beneath the stars.

'Twas the wonder of our going cast a spell about our feet—
And we walked because the world was young, because the way was sweet;
And we slept in wild-rose meadows by the little wayside farms,
Till the Dawn came up the highroad with the dead moon in her arms.

Oh, the Dawn it went before us through a shining lane of skies,
And the Dream was at our heartstrings, and the Light was in our eyes,
And we made no boast of glory, and we made no boast of birth,
On the road to Vagabondia that lies across the earth!

[1]From *Poems*, by Dana Burnet. Copyright, 1915, by Harper & Brothers.

BROTHERHOOD[1]

EDWIN MARKHAM

Of all things beautiful and good,
The kingliest is brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth;
And till it comes these men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood — make way for man.

LAUGH AND BE MERRY[2]

JOHN MASEFIELD

Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span,
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry; remember, in olden time,
God made heaven and earth, for joy He took in a rime,
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of
His mirth,
The splendid joy of the stars, the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

[1]From *Collected Poems*, by Edwin Markham. Used by permission.

[2]From *Collected Poems*, by John Masefield. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

BATTLE CRY[1]

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

More than half beaten, but fearless,
Facing the storm and the night;
Breathless and reeling, but tearless,
Here in the lull of the fight,
I who bow not but before Thee,
God of the fighting Clan,
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,
Give me the heart of a Man!

What though I live with the winners
Or perish with those who fall?
Only the cowards are sinners,
Fighting the fight is all.
Strong is my Foe—he advances!
Snapt is my blade, O Lord!
See the proud banners and lances!
Oh spare me this stub of a sword!

Give me no pity, nor spare me;
Calm not the wrath of my Foe.
See where he beckons to dare me!
Bleeding, half beaten—I go.
Not for the glory of winning,
Not for the fear of the night;
Shunning the battle is sinning—
Oh spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me;
Deep is the wound in my side;

[1] From *The Quest*, by J. G. Neihardt. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers

"Coward" thou criest to flout me?
O terrible Foe, thou hast lied!
Here with my battle before me,
God of the fighting Clan,
Grant that the woman who bore me
Suffered to suckle a man!

ELDORADO

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Gayly bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow:
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

THE BUGLE SONG

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

SECTION THREE

OUR COUNTRY

OUR COUNTRY

We are proud of the broad expanses of our country, of its rich soil, and its rich mineral resources.

We are proud of our history, of the adventurous and courageous men and women who braved the Atlantic in their little boats to form the first colonies along our eastern coast where they might have a measure of freedom in working out their own destiny.

We are proud of the great figures who led our heroic forefathers through the dark days of a Revolution that severed the political bonds which bound them to a foreign government with alien policies.

We are proud of the statesmen who built with clear-seeing judgment in forming a lasting government when that Revolution was ended, and of all those since whose efforts have been directed to preserve the guarantees which are a part of our Constitution.

We are proud of the pioneers who made their way in ever-increasing numbers toward the west, paving the way for settling and developing our wide-flung land until the frontier has become only a legend of history.

We are proud of the welcome which our country has given to those hardy citizens of other lands who have come through the years, seeking homes and opportunities, and who have joined their hopes and energies with our own.

We are proud of the spirit which always calls forth the united strength of our people in time of danger from real foes at home or abroad, a power of action which, if it sometimes moves slowly, moves certainly toward

building a greater security for ourselves and for the whole world.

We know, however, that mere pride in our past and a blind faith in our destiny are not enough. To each one of us belongs the duty of understanding the problems of modern living, the obligations of working shoulder to shoulder with our neighbors and of serving others as well as ourselves. In all humility we must recognize that bigness and wealth are only means of service. "They shall take who have the power, And they shall keep who can" is not the keynote of a great civilization.

With such a background of justifiable pride and faith, with the inspiring ideal of making more secure than ever the rights of all to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," we may find much to interest us as we read and think about "our country."

IF YOU WISH TO READ——

You will want some good books to read in addition to the material found in this book for study. Some of the following will surely interest you. When you find a book you like very much, you may want to read others by the same author, or books of a similar nature by other authors. Your classmates will be interested in knowing about the books which you enjoy, and perhaps in turn they may be able to recommend some good books to you. Your teacher or the librarian will be able to help you with additional recommendations.

BENNETT, JOHN. *Barnaby Lee.* The Century Co.
Adventures of a boy in early colonial days. There are pirates, and Peter Stuyvesant, the founding of New York, and the settlement of Maryland.

BRADY, CYRUS T. *Border Fights and Fighters.* Doubleday, Doran and Company.
Indian warfare in the West since the Civil War.

CATLIN, GEORGE. *The Boy's Catlin.* Charles Scribner's Sons.
Catlin spent several years living among the Indians, studying their customs, and making drawings to illustrate what he saw. Interesting and valuable.

CHURCHILL, WINSTON. *The Crisis.* Grosset & Dunlap.
A dramatic story of the Civil War. The hero is Stephen Bryce, a young New England lawyer, and the heroine is Virginia Carvel, of an old southern family. Lincoln and Grant are in the story.

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE. *The Deerslayer.*
The first and one of the most interesting of the five Leatherstocking Tales. Struggles between the white settlers and the Iroquois in New York. Forest adventures galore, with the frontier scout Hawkeye as a central figure.

DIX, BEULAH M. *Soldier Ridgale.* The Macmillan Company.
———*Blithe McBride.*
The first is a story of a lad who came over in the *Mayflower* and served under Miles Standish at Plymouth. The second

is about a "bound girl" of thirteen who was brought over from England in the seventeenth century.

EARLE, ALICE M. *Child Life in Colonial Days.* The Macmillan Company.

All about the home life, games, schools, adventures, and so on, of children in the early days of our country.

EASTMAN, C. A. *Indian Boyhood.* Little, Brown & Company.

The author is a real Sioux Indian. He tells in most interesting fashion of his childhood among his people.

EGGLESTON, EDWARD. *The Hoosier Schoolboy.*

Life in the backwoods of Indiana about the middle of the nineteenth century. Much humor in this story of "lickin' and larnin'."

EGGLESTON, GEORGE CARY. *Long Knives.* Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

The story of the famous expedition of General George Rogers Clark and the capture of Vincennes. The Indians gave the name of "Long Knives" to the Kentuckians in Clark's command.

ELSON, H. W. *Side Lights on American History.* The Macmillan Company.

Interesting and accurate accounts of the strategic points in our history. A successful attempt to clothe with flesh the skeleton of the textbook and to breathe into it the breath of life.

GARLAND, HAMLIN. *Boy Life on the Prairie.* Harper & Brothers.

"The hard work and the fun — the bitter and the sweet of boyhood on the western prairies." It tells how a boy "plowed and sowed, bound grain on a station, herded cattle, speared fish, hunted prairie chickens, and killed rattlesnakes"—and did many other things. A faithful and accurate book.

GRINNELL, GEORGE B. *Story of the Indian.* D. Appleton and Company.

"A truthful and accurate account of the life of the Indian; how he ate and slept, hunted and fought, and what he believed."

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT. *The Man Without a Country.*

Best known of the stories of patriotism. Shows the pitiful position of a young naval officer who insulted his country and was condemned to be a "man without a country."

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. *Grandfather's Chair.*

True stories from New England history.

HILL, FREDERICK TREVOR. *On the Trail of Washington.* D. Appleton and Company.

A book that makes history live. The Washington of the Revolution is the central figure.

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT. *Ramona.* Little, Brown & Company.

A romance in which our government's treatment of the Indians does not appear in a very good light. Girls generally like this book very much.

KELLY, MYRA. *Little Citizens.*

Short stories of immigrant children in New York City.

RICHARDS, LAURA E. *Abigail Adams and Her Times.* D. Appleton and Company.

A fine account of the life and times of the famous wife of the famous "rebel" John Adams of Revolutionary times.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, and LODGE, HENRY CABOT. *Hero Tales from American History.* The Century Co.

Accounts of a number of heroic figures in our history, with stirring narratives of their heroic actions.

STEVENSON, BURTON E. *Poems of American History.* Henry Holt and Company.

An excellent and extended collection.

SWEETSER, KATE D. *Ten Girls from American History.* Harper & Brothers.

Here are interesting accounts of Pocahontas, Dorothy Quincy, Molly Pitcher, Clara Barton, Louisa M. Alcott, and others.

THOMPSON, MAURICE. *Alice of Old Vincennes.* Grosset & Dunlap.

One of the "best sellers" of a few years ago. A stirring story of a girl in the days of the old trading post on the Wabash.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY LEIF THE LUCKY

In daring seamanship and hardy courage there have been few equals to the ancient Vikings. Certainly in their own time they were the leading sailors of the world. From the fiords of Norway and Sweden they raided all the coasts of northern Europe. They sailed around through the straits of Gibraltar to Constantinople, and in their little open boats they ventured farther out into the wild Atlantic than any other sailors dared. By the year 1000 they had already discovered and colonized Iceland and Greenland. Then came rumors of land still farther to the west. One man, Biarni, reported having come in sight of this western land when driven before a storm, but he had not landed. Once more the Viking spirit of adventure was aroused, and an expedition set out under the leadership of Leif the Lucky. The story of this famous voyage, which resulted in the earliest discovery of America of which we know, is told in the "Saga of Eric the Red," from which this selection is taken.

There was now much talk about voyages of discovery. Leif, the son of Eric the Red, visited Biarni Heriulfsson and bought a ship of him and collected a crew, until they formed altogether a company of thirty-five men. . . . One of the company was a German, named Tyrker.

They put the ship in order and, when they were ready, they sailed out to sea, and found first that land which Biarni and his shipmates found last. They sailed up to the land, and cast anchor, and launched a boat, and went ashore, and saw no grass there. Great ice mountains lay inland back from the sea, and it was a tableland of flat rock all the way from the sea to the ice mountains; and the country seemed to them to be entirely devoid of good qualities.

Then said Leif, "It has not come to pass with us in regard to this land as with Biarni, that we have not gone upon it. To this country I will now give a name, and call it Helluland [Slabland]."

They returned to the ship, put out to sea, and found a second land. They sailed again to the land, and came to anchor, and launched the boat and went ashore. This was a level wooded land, and there were broad stretches of white sand where they went, and the land was level by the sea.

Then said Leif, "This land shall have a name after its nature; and we will call it Markland [Woodland]."

They returned to the ship forthwith, and sailed away upon the main with northeast winds, and were out two "doegr" before they sighted land. They sailed toward this land, and came to an island which lay to the northward off the land. There they went ashore and looked about them, the weather being fine, and they observed that there was dew upon the grass, and it so happened that they touched the dew with their hands, and touched their hands to their mouths, and it seemed to them that they had never before tasted anything so sweet as this.

They went aboard their ship again and sailed into a certain sound, which lay between the island and a cape, which jutted out from the land on the north, and they stood in westering past the cape. At ebb tide there were broad reaches of shallow water there, and they ran their ship aground there, and it was a long distance from the ship to the ocean; yet were they so anxious to go ashore that they could not wait until the tide should rise under their ship, but hastened to the land, where a certain river flows out from a lake. They afterward determined to establish themselves there for the winter, and they accordingly built a large house. . . .

When they had completed their house, Leif said to his companions, "I propose now to divide our company into two groups, and to set about an exploration of the country. One-half of our party shall remain at home at the house, while the other half shall investigate the land; and they must not go beyond a point from which they can return home the same evening, and are not to separate from each other." Thus they did for a time.

It was discovered one evening that one of their company was missing; and this proved to be Tyrker, the German. Leif

was sorely troubled by this, for Tyrker had lived with Leif and his father for a long time, and had been very devoted to Leif when he was a child. Leif severely reprimanded his companions, and prepared to go in search of him, taking twelve men with him. They had proceeded but a short distance from the house when they were met by Tyrker, whom they received most cordially. Leif observed at once that his foster father was in lively spirits.

Leif addressed him, and asked, "Wherefore art thou so belated, foster father mine, and astray from the others?"

In the beginning Tyrker spoke for some time in German, rolling his eyes and grinning, and they could not understand him, but after a time he addressed them in the Northern tongue: "I did not go much further than you, and yet I have something of novelty to relate. I have found vines and grapes."

"Is this indeed true, foster father?" said Leif.

"Of a certainty it is true," quoth he, "for I was born where there is no lack of either grapes or vines."

They slept the night through, and on the morrow Leif said to his shipmates, "We will now divide our labors, and each day will either gather grapes or cut vines and fell trees, so as to obtain a cargo of these for my ship."

They acted upon this advice, and it is said that their after-boat was filled with grapes. A cargo sufficient for the ship was cut, and when the spring came they made their ship ready, and sailed away; and from its products Leif gave the land a name, and called it Vinland, Wineland.

STUDY

1. Do you know any other name for the Vikings? Where were their homes? What do you know of their customs and characters? If possible, find pictures showing their appearance and dress.
2. Find pictures of the Viking ships, and compare them with those Columbus used.
3. Can you explain why this discovery of America was not followed up as the later discovery by Columbus was?

4. Imagine yourself a companion of Leif on this expedition; retell the story as a personal experience. Add details of description.
5. Find an account of this voyage in your histories, and see where Vinland (or Wineland) is supposed to have been located.

THE POCAHONTAS STORY

JOHN SMITH

This is the famous story of the rescue of John Smith by Pocahontas as told by John Smith himself in his *General History of Virginia*. The story also has a sequel. Some time after this adventure Powhatan captured some English soldiers and held them prisoners. In return, the Jamestown men seized Pocahontas as she came one day to visit their ships and held her as a hostage for the return of their friends. The negotiations took some weeks, and during this time one of the colonists, Master John Rolfe, fell in love with the beautiful Indian girl, and she with him. They were married, and later went to England, where Pocahontas was presented to the king and queen. Tradition says, however, that the Indian girl was never happy in that foreign country, and finally died of homesickness for her native Virginia.

At last they brought him [John Smith] to Werowocomoco, where was Powhatan their emperor. Here more than two hundred of these grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of raccoon skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side of the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds; but everyone with something; and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them. Having feasted

him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beat out his brains, Pocahontas the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death: whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the king himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do anything so well as the rest.

STUDY

Try dramatizing this scene at Powhatan's lodge. The setting and the action are described in Captain Smith's account, but you will have to invent the necessary dialogue, which must, of course, be in keeping with what you know of the characters of the people concerned.

THE CHERRY-TREE STORY

MASON L. WEEMS

Here we have the original version of the famous story of George Washington and the cherry tree, familiar to every school child in the United States for the last hundred years. Mason L. Weems was one of the earliest biographers of Washington. He collected much of his material from people who had been acquainted with Washington, and in this way came into possession of many anecdotes about him which he faithfully included in the biography. We cannot be certain that they are all true—the cherry-tree story in particular is now regarded as simply a pretty legend—but some have become so widely popular that they form a part of our national inheritance, and so are well worth knowing.

The following anecdote is a case in point. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted; for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet! of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it.

"The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it.

"Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?'

"This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself: and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.'

"'Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his father in transports, 'run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.'"

STUDY

1. Do you think the father was right in his response to George's confession?
2. Can you suggest any explanation of why this little anecdote became so popular and so widely known?
3. Although the incident is not accepted as a historic fact, do you think it impossible? What parts of the story might have been added by the author?

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR[1]

HORACE E. SCUDDER

The three years of Washington's youth when he was working as a surveyor are of a peculiar interest and importance in his life. This was his first experience with "roughing it" and with hardship; his first responsible position doing a man's work; the beginning of his public life. How would he meet these responsibilities and hardships, and what effect would they have on the formation of his character?

It was in March, 1748, just a month after George Washington was sixteen years old, that the two young men set out on their errand. They were only absent four or five weeks, but it was a sudden and rough initiation into hard life. They were mounted, and crossed the Blue Ridge by Ashby's Gap, entering the Shenandoah Valley and making their first important halt at a spot known as Lord Fairfax's Quarters. The term "quarters" was usually applied at that time to the part of a plantation where the negro slaves lived. Here, in a lonely region near the river, about twelve miles south of the present town of Winchester, Lord Fairfax's overseer had charge of a number of slaves who were cultivating the ground.

The next day after reaching this place, the young surveyor and his companion sent their baggage forward to a Captain Hite's, and followed more slowly, working as they went at their task of laying off land. At the end of a hard day they had supper, and were ready for bed. As young gentlemen, they were shown into a chamber, and Washington, who had known nothing of frontier life, proceeded as at home. He stripped himself very orderly, he says in the diary which he kept, and went to bed. What was his dismay, instead of finding a comfortable bed like that to which he was used, to discover nothing but a little dirty straw, "without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, with double its weight of vermin." He was glad to be out of it, and to dress himself and sleep in his clothes like his companion.

[1]From *George Washington*, by Horace E. Scudder. Used by permission of and special arrangement with the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

After that, he knew better how to manage, and lay wrapped before the fire, especially glad when the fire was out of doors and the blue sky overhead formed the counterpane of his bed.

The party followed the Shenandoah to its junction with the Potomac, and then ascended that river and went some seventy miles up the South Branch, returning over the mountains. They were hard at work at the business of surveying, but had plenty of adventure besides. They camped out in the midst of wild storms; they swam their horses over swollen streams; they shot deer and wild turkeys; they visited one of His Majesty's justices of the peace, as Washington takes pains to note. He invited them to supper, but expected them to eat it with their hunting knives, for he had neither knife nor fork on his table; and when they were near no house they prepared their own suppers, using forked sticks for spits and chips for plates.

At one place they had the good luck to be on hand when thirty Indians who had been on the warpath came in. "We had some liquor with us," Washington says, "of which we gave them a part. This elevating their spirits, put them in the humor of dancing." So they had a grand war dance, to the music of a native band which consisted of two pieces — a pot half full of water, over which a deerskin was stretched, and a gourd with some shot in it used as a rattle.

This month of roughing it was a novelty to the young Virginian. He was used to living with gentlemen, and he shrank a little from the discomforts which he met. He saw the rude life of the new settlers, and heard them jabbering in the German tongue, which he could not understand. It was a stormy, cold month, one of the hardest of the year in which to lead an outdoor life. Still, he was earning his living, and that made it tolerable. He was paid according to the amount of work he did, and sometimes he was able to earn as much as twenty dollars in a day.

Washington kept a brief diary while he was on the excursion, and very likely he showed it to Lord Fairfax on his return; at any rate, he gave him an account of his adventures, and no doubt expanded the entry at the beginning of the diary, where

he writes: "Rode to his Lordship's quarters, about four miles higher up the river Shenandoah. We went through most beautiful groves of sugar trees, and spent the best part of the day in admiring the trees and the richness of the land." Very likely Lord Fairfax had himself visited his quarters before this, but I think he must have been further stirred by the reports which Washington brought of the country, for not long after he went to live there.

It was this commission from Lord Fairfax to survey his lands which made the beginning of Washington's public life. His satisfactory execution of the task brought him an appointment from the governor as public surveyor. This meant that when he made surveys he could record them in the regular office of the county, and they would stand as authority if land were bought and sold. For three years now, he devoted himself to this pursuit, spending all but the winter months, when he could not well carry on field work, in laying out tracts of land up and down the Shenandoah Valley and along the Potomac.

A great deal depended on the accuracy of surveys; for if the surveyor made mistakes, he would be very likely to involve the persons whose land he surveyed in endless quarrels and lawsuits. People soon found out that Washington made no mistakes, and he had his hands full. Years afterward, a lawyer who had a great deal of business with land titles in the new Virginia country declared that the only surveys on which he could depend were those of Washington.

The young surveyor, by his familiarity with the country, learned where the best lands lay, and he was quick to take advantage of the knowledge, so that many fine sections were taken up by him and others of his family and connections. He saw what splendid prospects the wilderness held out, and by contact with the backwoodsmen and the Indians, he laid the foundation of that broad knowledge of men and woodcraft which stood him in such good stead afterward. He must have seemed almost like one of the Indians themselves as he stood, grave and silent, watching them around their camp fires.

His outdoor life, his companionship with rough men, and his daily work of surveying served to toughen him. They

made him a self-reliant man beyond his years. People who saw him were struck by the curious likeness which his walk bore to that of the Indians. He was straight as an arrow, and he walked with his feet set straight out, moving them forward with the precision and care which the Indian uses. Especially did his long isolation in the wilderness confirm him in the habit of silence which he had as a boy and kept through life. Living so much by himself, he learned to think for himself and rely on himself.

Meanwhile, though his occupation was thus helping to form his character, he was still learning from his associates. There were three or four houses where he was at home. He went back to his mother at her plantation on the Rappahannock; he was a welcome guest at Belvoir; he visited Lord Fairfax in his cabin, and, as his diary shows, read his lordship's books as well as talked with the quaint old gentleman; and he always had a home with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon.

STUDY

1. How did Washington come to take up surveying work?
2. What differences did Washington find between life at his home and life on the frontier? Which experiences of his on the frontier do you imagine he found most interesting? Which were probably most disagreeable?
3. Explain his success as a surveyor. Does this indicate anything about the possibilities of his future?
4. What important lessons did he learn from his surveying experiences?

GENERAL MARION'S DINNER

GENERAL PETER HORRY and MASON L. WEEMS

General Marion was one of the leading patriots of the South during the Revolutionary War. With small, poorly equipped bands of volunteers he devoted himself to harassing and confusing the British army by unexpected raids and sudden attacks, moving from point to point so quickly that the British never knew where to expect him next. Although not strong enough to meet the

enemy in any decisive battle, by his activities he kept alive the spirit of resistance in the South until Washington was able to send General Greene, in 1781, to take charge of the southern campaign.

The General Horry who is one of the co-authors of this story was a companion officer of Marion's and served with him through much of the war. Mason L. Weems, known as "Parson" Weems, you learned something about on page 217.

The story of "General Marion's Dinner" is an old favorite among the many stories that have come down to us from Revolutionary times. Explain the reason for its popularity.

About this time we received a flag from the enemy in Georgetown, the object of which was to make some arrangements about the exchange of prisoners. The flag, after the usual ceremony of blindfolding, was conducted into Marion's encampment. Having heard great talk about General Marion, his fancy had, naturally enough, sketched out for him some stout figure of a warrior, such as O'Hara or Cornwallis himself, of martial aspect and flaming regimentals. But what was his surprise when, led into Marion's presence and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, with scarce enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness! and in place of tall ranks of gayly dressed soldiers, a handful of sunburnt yellow-legged militiamen, some roasting potatoes and some asleep with their black firelocks and powder horns lying by them on the logs! Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented his letter to General Marion, who perused it and soon settled everything to his satisfaction.

The officer took up his hat to retire.

"Oh, no!" said Marion; "it is now about our time of dining; and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner."

At mention of the word *dinner*, the British officer looked around him; but to his great mortification, could see no sign of a pot, pan, Dutch oven, or any other cooking utensil that could raise the spirits of a hungry man.

"Well, Tom," said the general to one of his men, "come, give us our dinner."

The dinner to which he alluded was no other than a heap of sweet potatoes that were very snugly roasting under the embers and which Tom, with his pine-stick poker, soon liberated from their ashy confinement, pinching them every now and then with his fingers, especially the big ones, to see whether they were well done or not. Then having cleansed them of the ashes partly by blowing them with his breath, and partly by brushing them with the sleeve of his old cotton shirt, he piled some of the best on a large piece of bark and placed them between the British officer and Marion on the trunk of the fallen pine on which they sat.

"I fear, sir," said the general, "our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish; but it is the best we have."

The officer, who was a well-bred man, took up one of the potatoes and affected to feed, as if he had found a great dainty; but it was very plain that he ate more from good manners than good appetite.

Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh. Marion looked up surprised. "I beg pardon, general," said he: "but one cannot, you know, always command his conceits. I was thinking how drolly some of my brother officers would look if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this."

"I suppose," replied Marion, "it is not equal to their style of dining."

"No, indeed," quoth the officer; "and this, I imagine, is one of your accidental lent dinners; a sort of a *banian.* In general, no doubt, you live a great deal better."

"Rather worse," answered the general; "for often we don't get enough of this."

"Heavens!" rejoined the officer. "But probably what you lose in meal you make up in malt; though stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay?"

"Not a cent, sir," said Marion, "not a cent."

"Heavens and earth! then you must be in a bad box. I don't see, general, how you can stand it."

"Why, sir," replied Marion, with a smile of self-approbation, "these things depend on feeling."

The Englishman said he did not believe that it would be an easy matter to reconcile his feelings to a soldier's life on General Marion's terms; all fighting and no pay! and no provisions but potatoes!

"Why, sir," answered the general, "the heart is all; and, when that is much interested, a man can do anything. Many a youth would think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years. But let him be over head and ears in love, and with such a beauteous sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years' servitude than young Jacob did. Well, now, this is exactly my case. I am in love; and my sweetheart is Liberty. Be that heavenly nymph my companion, and these wilds and woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris in slavery. To have no proud monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches; nor his host of excise men and taxgatherers insulting and robbing me; but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign, gloriously preserving my national dignity and pursuing my true happiness; planting my vineyards and eating their luscious fruits; and sowing my fields and reaping the golden grain; and seeing millions of brothers all around me equally free and happy as myself. This, sir, is what I long for."

The officer replied that both as a man and a Briton he must certainly subscribe to this as a happy state of things.

"Happy!" quoth Marion; "yes, happy indeed! and I had rather fight for such blessings for my country and feed on roots than keep aloof, though wallowing in all the luxuries of Solomon. For now, sir, I walk the soil that gave me birth, and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon these venerable trees around me, and feel that I do not dishonor them. I think of my own sacred rights, and rejoice that I have not basely deserted them. And when I look forward to the long ages of posterity, I glory in the thought that I am fighting their battles. The children of distant generations may never hear my name; but still it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their freedom and all its countless blessings."

I looked at Marion as he uttered these sentiments, and fancied I felt as when I heard the last words of the brave De Kalb. The Englishman hung his honest head, and looked, I thought, as if he had seen the upbraiding ghosts of his illustrious countrymen, Sidney and Hampden.

On his return to Georgetown, he was asked by Colonel Watson why he looked so serious?

"I have cause, sir," said he, "to look serious."

"What! has General Marion refused to treat?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, has old Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton and broke up our army?"

"No, sir, not that neither; but worse."

"Ah! what can be worse?"

"Why, sir, I have seen an American general and his officers, without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water; and all for Liberty! What chance have we against such men!"

It is said Colonel Watson was not much obliged to him for this speech. But the young officer was so struck with Marion's sentiments, that he never rested until he threw up his commission and retired from the service.

STUDY

1. What was the first surprise the British officer encountered in Marion's camp? the second? the third? Why should these conditions be surprising to him?
2. What was the thing that most impressed him in his interview with Marion? What effect did it have on him?
3. Give the argument of Marion's speech in your own words. Do you think it an accurate expression of the feeling of the colonists?
4. What did the English officer do when he returned to his command?
5. Which of the two authors of *The Life of Francis Marion* is primarily responsible for this anecdote, General Horry or "Parson" Weems? On what do you base your decision?

ONE OF DR. FRANKLIN'S ANECDOTES

From Thomas Jefferson's "Autobiography"

The occasion which gave rise to this anecdote was one of the meetings of the Continental Congress to discuss the Declaration of Independence. Various members were criticizing the expressions used, demanding changes and revisions here and there; and Jefferson, who had written the document, was sitting by listening and chafing under these attacks. Franklin, who was sitting beside him, saw his agitation, and told him this little story to amuse and distract his mind.

"I have made it a rule," he said, "whenever in my power, to avoid being the draftsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you.

"When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words, 'John Thompson, *Hatter*, *makes* and *sells hats* for ready money,' with a figure of a hat subjoined; but he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments.

"The first he showed it to thought the word *Hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words, 'makes hats,' which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word *makes* might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats. If good and to their minds, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words *for ready money* were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Everyone who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, 'John Thompson sells hats.'

"'*Sells* hats,' says his next friend! 'Why, nobody would expect you to give them away, what then is the use of that word?' It was stricken out, and *hats* followed it, the rather

as there was one painted on the board. So the inscription was reduced ultimately to 'John Thompson' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

STUDY

1. How did this story of the hatter apply to Jefferson's case?
2. Was the sign improved by the various suggestions made?

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT[1]

FRANCIS PARKMAN

This story of Braddock's defeat is found in *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, a volume dealing with part of the French and Indian Wars. To read history written by Francis Parkman is to live through the events of which he is writing, for Parkman was a historian with the gift of writing not only accurately but vividly and with feeling. Notice, as you read, the details of description which add life to the bare facts of history.

To Braddock was assigned the chief command of all the British forces in America; and a person worse fitted for the office could scarcely have been found. His experience had been ample, and none could doubt his courage; but he was profligate, arrogant, perverse, and a bigot to military rules. On his first arrival in Virginia, he called together the governors of the several provinces in order to explain his instructions and adjust the details of the projected operations. These arrangements complete, Braddock advanced to the borders of Virginia, and formed his camp at Fort Cumberland, where he spent several weeks in training the raw backwoodsmen who joined him into such discipline as they seemed capable of; in collecting horses and wagons, which could only be had with the utmost difficulty; in railing at the contractors, who scandalously cheated him; and in venting his spleen by copious abuse of the country and the people. All at length was ready, and early in June, 1755, the army left civilization behind, and struck into the broad wilderness as a squadron puts out to sea.

[1]From *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, by Francis Parkman. Used by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

It was no easy task to force their way over that rugged ground, covered with an unbroken growth of forest; and the difficulty was increased by the needless load of baggage which encumbered their march. The crash of falling trees resounded in the front, where a hundred axmen labored, with ceaseless toil, to hew a passage for the army. The horses strained their utmost strength to drag the ponderous wagons over roots and stumps, through gullies and quagmires; and the regular troops were daunted by the depth and gloom of the forest which hedged them in on either hand, and closed its leafy arches above their heads. So tedious was their progress that, by the advice of Washington, twelve hundred chosen men moved on in advance with the lighter baggage and artillery, leaving the rest of the army to follow by slower stages with the heavy wagons. On the eighth of July the advanced body reached the Monongahela at a point not far distant from Fort Duquesne. The rocky and impracticable ground on the eastern side debarred their passage, and the general resolved to cross the river in search of a smoother path, and recross it a few miles lower down in order to gain the fort. The first passage was easily made, and the troops moved in glittering array, down the western margin of the water, rejoicing that their goal was well-nigh reached and the hour of their expected triumph close at hand.

Scouts and Indian runners had brought the tidings of Braddock's approach to the French at Fort Duquesne. Their dismay was great, and Contrecoeur, the commander, thought only of retreat, when Beaujeu, a captain in the garrison, made the bold proposal of leading out a party of French and Indians to waylay the English in the woods and harass or interrupt their march. The offer was accepted, and Beaujeu hastened to the Indian camps.

Around the fort and beneath the adjacent forest were the bark lodges of savage hordes, whom the French had mustered from far and near: Ojibwas and Ottawas, Hurons and Caughnawagas, Abenakis and Delawares. Beaujeu called the warriors together, flung a hatchet on the ground before them, and invited them to follow him out to battle; but the boldest

stood aghast at the peril, and none would accept the challenge. A second interview took place with no better success; but the Frenchman was resolved to carry his point. "I am determined to go," he exclaimed. "What, will you suffer your father to go alone?" His daring proved contagious. The warriors hesitated no longer; and when, on the morning of the ninth of July, a scout ran in with the news that the English army was but a few miles distant, the Indian camps were at once astir with the turmoil of preparation. Chiefs harangued their yelling followers, braves bedaubed themselves with war paint, smeared themselves with grease, hung feathers in their scalp locks, and whooped and stamped till they had wrought themselves into a delirium of valor.

That morning, James Smith, an English prisoner recently captured on the frontier of Pennsylvania, stood on the rampart and saw the half-frenzied multitude thronging about the gateway, where kegs of bullets and gunpowder were broken open that each might help himself at will. Then band after band hastened away towards the forest, followed and supported by nearly two hundred and fifty French and Canadians commanded by Beaujeu. At about nine miles from the fort they reached a spot where the narrow road descended to the river through deep and gloomy woods, and where two ravines, concealed by trees and bushes, seemed formed by nature for an ambuscade. Here the warriors ensconced themselves and, leveling their guns over the edge, lay in fierce expectation, listening to the advancing drums of the English army.

It was past noon of a day brightened with the clear sunlight of an American midsummer when the forces of Braddock began for a second time to cross the Monongahela at the fording place, which to this day bears the name of their ill-fated leader. The scarlet columns of the British regulars complete in martial appointment, the rude backwoodsmen with shouldered rifles, the trains of artillery and the white-topped wagons, moved on in long procession through the shallow current and slowly mounted the opposing bank. Men were there whose names have become historic: Gage, who, twenty years later, saw his routed battalions recoil in disorder

from before the breastwork on Bunker Hill; Gates, the future conqueror of Burgoyne; and one destined to far loftier fame, George Washington, a boy in years, a man in calm thought and self-ruling wisdom.

With steady and well-ordered march, the troops advanced into the great labyrinth of woods which shadowed the eastern borders of the river. Rank after rank vanished from sight. The forest swallowed them up, and the silence of the wilderness sank down once more on the shores and waters of the Monongahela.

Several guides and six light horsemen led the way; a body of grenadiers was close behind, and the army followed in such order as the rough ground would permit. Their road was tunneled through the forest; yet, deaf alike to the voice of common sense and to the counsel of his officers, Braddock had neglected to throw out scouts in advance, and pressed forward in blind security to meet his fate. Leaving behind the low grounds which bordered on the river, the van of the army was now ascending a gently sloping hill; and here, well hidden by the thick standing columns of the forest, by moldering prostrate trunks, by matted undergrowth, by long rank grasses, lay on either flank the two fatal ravines where the Indian allies of the French were crouched in a breathless ambuscade. No man saw the danger, when suddenly a discordant cry arose in front and a murderous fire blazed in the teeth of the astonished grenadiers. Instinctively, as it were, the survivors returned the volley, and returned it with good effect; for a random shot struck down the brave Beaujeu, and the courage of the assailants was staggered by his fall. Dumas, second in command, rallied them to the attack; and while he, with the French and Canadians, made good the pass in front, the Indians opened a deadly fire on the right and left of the British columns.

In a few moments all was confusion. The advance guard fell back on the main body, and every trace of subordination vanished. The fire soon extended along the whole length of the army from front to rear. Scarce an enemy could be seen, though the forest resounded with their yells, though every bush and tree was alive with incessant flashes, though the

lead flew like a hailstorm and with every moment the men went down by scores. The regular troops seemed bereft of their senses. They huddled together in the road like flocks of sheep; and happy did he think himself who could wedge his way into the midst of the crowd and place a barrier of human flesh between his life and the shot of the ambushed marksmen. Many were seen eagerly loading their muskets, and then firing them into the air or shooting their own comrades in the insanity of their terror. The officers, for the most part, displayed a conspicuous gallantry; but threats and commands were wasted alike on the panic-stricken multitude. It is said that at the onset Braddock showed signs of fear; but he soon recovered his wonted intrepidity. Five horses were shot under him, and five times he mounted afresh. He stormed and shouted, and while the Virginians were fighting to good purpose, each man behind a tree, like the Indians themselves, he ordered them with furious menace to form in platoons, where the fire of the enemy mowed them down like grass. At length, a mortal shot silenced him, and two provincials bore him off the field. Washington rode through the tumult calm and undaunted. Two horses were killed under him, and four bullets pierced his clothes; but his hour was not come, and he escaped without a wound. Gates was shot through the body, and Gage also was severely wounded. Of eighty-six officers, only twenty-three remained unhurt; and of twelve hundred soldiers who crossed the Monongahela, more than seven hundred were killed and wounded. None suffered more severely than the Virginians, who had displayed throughout a degree of courage and steadiness which put the cowardice of the regulars to shame. The havoc among them was terrible, for of their whole number scarcely one-fifth left the field alive.

The slaughter lasted three hours; when, at length, the survivors, as if impelled by a general impulse, rushed tumultuously from the place of carnage and with dastardly precipitation fled across the Monongahela. The enemy did not pursue beyond the river, flocking back to the field to collect the plunder and gather a rich harvest of scalps. The routed

troops pursued their flight until they met the rear division of the army under Colonel Dunbar; and even then their senseless terrors did not abate. Dunbar's soldiers caught the infection. Cannon, baggage, provisions, and wagons were destroyed, and all fled together, eager to escape from the shadows of those awful woods whose horrors haunted their imagination. They passed the defenseless settlements of the border and hurried on to Philadelphia, leaving the unhappy people to defend themselves as they might against the tomahawk and scalping knife.

The calamities of this disgraceful overthrow did not cease with the loss of a few hundred soldiers on the field of battle; for it entailed upon the provinces all the miseries of an Indian war. Those among the tribes who had thus far stood neutral, wavering between the French and the English, now hesitated no longer. Many of them had been disgusted by the contemptuous behavior of Braddock. All had learned to despise the courage of the English and to regard their own prowess with unbounded complacency. It is not in Indian nature to stand quiet in the midst of war; and the defeat of Braddock was a signal for the western savages to snatch their tomahawks and assail the English settlements with one accord, to murder and pillage with ruthless fury, and turn the whole frontier of Pennsylvania and Virginia into one wide scene of woe and desolation.

STUDY

1. The story falls naturally into four main divisions or episodes. What are they?
2. Look up in a history the reason for this attack on Fort Duquesne. What city was later built on the site of the fort?
3. Describe the order of the march. Name the chief difficulties. Could any of these difficulties have been avoided?
4. Give an account of the happenings at Fort Duquesne as they might have been seen by the English prisoner James Smith.
5. Describe the advantages of the spot chosen for the ambush.
6. How was Braddock largely to blame for the massacre of the English? Compare his behavior with that of Washington.
7. What serious results did this defeat of Braddock have?
8. Select for oral reading paragraphs or sentences that you think are especially good.

Volunteer reports:

Washington's Part in the French and Indian Wars
Pontiac's War
The History of Fort Duquesne

BETTY'S RIDE: A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION[1]

HENRY S. CANBY

Here is a story written by Henry S. Canby when he was only seventeen years old. In a short-story contest conducted by *Harper's Round Table* in 1895, "Betty's Ride" won the first prize. The clearness of the narrative, the cleverness of the feat, and the accurate background of the Revolutionary times and the Quaker customs give the story distinction, particularly when we remember that it was written by a mere boy. Perhaps this was the beginning of Dr. Canby's successful career as a teacher and writer. He is the founder and present editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, New York City.

Read rapidly for the story. Be sure to notice the way in which Betty threw the pursuers off her track.

The sun was just rising and showering his first rays on the gambrel roof and solid stone walls of a house surrounded by a magnificent grove of walnuts and overlooking one of the beautiful valleys so common in southeastern Pennsylvania. Close by the house, and shaded by the same great trees, stood a low building of the most severe type, whose time-stained bricks and timbers green with moss told its age without the aid of the half-obliterated inscription over the door, which read, "Built A.D. 1720." One familiar with the country would have pronounced it without hesitation a Quaker meeting-house, dating back almost to the time of William Penn.

When Ezra Dale had become the leader of the little band of Quakers which gathered here every First Day, he had built the house under the walnut trees, and had taken his wife Ann and his little daughter Betty to live there. That was in 1770,

[1] Used by permission of the author.

seven years earlier and before war had wrought sorrow and desolation throughout the country.

The sun rose higher, and just as his beams touched the broad stone step in front of the house, the door opened, and Ann Dale, a sweet-faced woman in the plain Quaker garb, came out, followed by Betty, a little blue-eyed Quakeress of twelve years, with a gleam of spirit in her face which ill became her plain dress.

"Betty," said her mother, as they walked out towards the great horse block by the roadside, "thee must keep house today. Friend Robert has just sent thy father word that the redcoats have not crossed the Brandywine since Third Day last, and thy father and I will ride to Chester today, that there may be other than corn cakes and bacon for the friends who come to us after monthly meeting. Mind thee keeps near the house and finishes thy sampler."

"Yes, mother," said Betty; "but will thee not come home early? I shall miss thee sadly."

Just then Ezra appeared, wearing his collarless Quaker coat, and leading a horse saddled with a great pillion, into which Ann laboriously climbed after her husband, and with a final warning and "farewell" to Betty, clasped him tightly around the waist lest she should be jolted off as they jogged down the rough and winding lane into the broad Chester highway.

Friend Ann had many reasons for fearing to leave Betty alone for a whole day, and she looked back anxiously at her, waving "farewell" with her little bonnet.

It was a troublous time.

The Revolution was at its height, and the British, who had a short time before disembarked their army near Elkton, Maryland, were now encamped near White Clay Creek, while Washington occupied the country bordering on the Brandywine. His force, however, was small compared to the extent of the country to be guarded, and bands of the British sometimes crossed the Brandywine and foraged in the fertile counties of Delaware and Chester. As Betty's father, although a Quaker and a noncombatant, was known to be a patriot, he had to suffer the fortunes of war with his neighbors.

Thus it was with many forebodings that Betty's mother watched the slight figure under the spreading branches of a great chestnut, which seemed to rustle its innumerable leaves as if to promise protection to the little maid. However, the sun shone brightly, the swallows chirped as they circled overhead, and nothing seemed farther off than battle and bloodshed.

Betty skipped merrily into the house, and snatching up some broken corn cake left from the morning meal, ran lightly out to the paddock where Daisy was kept, her own horse, which she had helped to raise from a colt.

"Come thee here, Daisy," she said, as she seated herself on the top rail of the mossy snake fence. "Come thee here, and thee shall have some of thy mistress's corn cake. Ah! I thought thee would like it. Now go and eat all thee can of this good grass, for if the wicked redcoats come again, thee will not have another chance, I can tell thee."

Daisy whinnied and trotted off, while Betty, feeding the few chickens (sadly reduced in numbers by numerous raids) returned to the house, and getting her sampler, sat down under a walnut tree to sew on the stint which her mother had given her.

All was quiet save the chattering of the squirrels overhead and the drowsy hum of the bees, when from around the curve in the road she heard a shot; then another nearer, and then a voice shouting commands, and the thud of hoof beats farther down the valley. She jumped up with a startled cry: "The redcoats! The redcoats! Oh, what shall I do!"

Just then the foremost of a scattered band of soldiers, their buff and blue uniforms and ill-assorted arms showing them to be Americans, appeared in full flight around the curve in the road, and springing over the fence, dashed across the pasture straight for the meetinghouse. Through the broad gateway they poured, and forcing open the door of the meetinghouse, rushed within and began to barricade the windows.

Their leader paused while his men passed in, and seeing Betty, came quickly towards her.

"What do you here, child?" he said, hurriedly. "Go quickly, before the British reach us, and tell your father that, Quaker or no Quaker, he shall ride to Washington, on the

Brandywine, and tell him that we, but one hundred men, are besieged by three hundred British cavalry in Chichester meetinghouse, with but little powder left. Tell him to make all haste to us."

Turning, he hastened into the meetinghouse, now converted into a fort, and as the doors closed behind him, Betty saw a black muzzle protruding from every window.

With trembling fingers the little maid picked up her sampler, and as the thud of horses' hoofs grew louder and louder, she ran fearfully into the house, locked and bolted the massive door, and then flying up the broad stairs, she seated herself in a little window overlooking the meetinghouse yard. She had gone into the house none too soon. Up the road, with their red coats gleaming and their harness jangling, was sweeping a detachment of British cavalry, never stopping until they reached the meetinghouse—and then it was too late.

A sheet of flame shot out from the wall before them, and half a dozen troopers fell lifeless to the ground, and half a dozen riderless horses galloped wildly down the road. The leader shouted a sharp command, and the whole troop retreated in confusion.

Betty drew back shuddering, and when she brought herself to look again the troopers had dismounted, had surrounded the meetinghouse, and were pouring volley after volley at its doors and windows. Then for the first time Betty thought of the officer's message, and remembered that the safety of the Americans depended upon her alone, for her father was away, no neighbor within reach, and without powder she knew they could not resist long.

Could she save them? All her stern Quaker blood rose at the thought, and stealing softly to the paddock behind the barn, she saddled Daisy and led her through the bars into the wood road, which opened into the highway just around the bend. Could she but pass the pickets without discovery, there would be little danger of pursuit; then there would be only the long ride of eight miles ahead of her.

Just before the narrow wood road joined the broader highway Betty mounted Daisy by means of a convenient stump,

and starting off at a gallop, had just turned the corner when a voice shouted "Halt!" and a shot whistled past her head. Betty screamed with terror, and bending over, brought down her riding whip with all her strength upon Daisy, then, turning for a moment, saw three troopers hurriedly mounting.

Her heart sank within her, but, beginning to feel the excitement of the chase, she leaned over and patting Daisy on the neck, encouraged her to do her best. Onward they sped. Betty, her curly hair streaming in the wind, the color now mounting to, now retreating from her cheeks, led by five hundred yards.

But Daisy had not been used for weeks, and already felt the unusual strain. Now they thundered over Naaman's Creek, now over Concord, with the nearest pursuer only four hundred yards behind; and now they raced beside the clear waters of Beaver Brook, and as Betty dashed through its shallow ford, the thud of horses' hoofs seemed just over her shoulder.

Betty, at first sure of success, now knew that unless in some way she could throw her pursuers off her track she was surely lost. Just then she saw ahead of her a fork in the road, the lower branch leading to the Brandywine, the upper to the Birmingham meetinghouse. Could she but get the troopers on the upper road while she took the lower, she would be safe; and, as if in answer to her wish, there flashed across her mind the remembrance of the old crossroad which, long disused, and with its entrance hidden by drooping boughs, led from a point in the upper road just out of sight of the fork down across the lower, and through the valley of the Brandywine. Could she gain this road unseen she still might reach Washington.

Urging Daisy forward, she broke just in time through the dense growth which hid the entrance, and sat trembling, hidden behind a dense growth of tangled vines, while she heard the troopers thunder by. Then, riding through the rustling woods, she came at last into the open, and saw spread out beneath her the beautiful valley of the Brandywine, dotted with the white tents of the Continental army.

Starting off at a gallop, she dashed around a bend in the road into the midst of a group of officers riding slowly up from the valley.

"Stop, little maiden, before you run us down," said one, who seemed to be in command. "Where are you going in such hot haste?"

"Oh, sir," said Betty, reining in Daisy, "can thee tell me where I can find General Washington?"

"Yes, little Quakeress," said the officer who had first spoken to her; "I am he. What do you wish?"

Betty, too exhausted to be surprised, poured forth her story in a few broken sentences, and (hearing as if in a dream the hasty commands for the rescue of the soldiers in Chichester meetinghouse) fell forward in her saddle and, for the first time in her life, fainted, worn out by her noble ride.

A few days later, when recovering from the shock of her long and eventful ride, Betty, awaking from a deep sleep, found her mother kneeling beside her little bed, while her father talked with General Washington himself beside the fireplace; and it was the proudest and happiest moment of her life when Washington, coming forward and taking her by the hand, said, "You are the bravest little maid in America, and an honor to your country."

Still the peaceful meetinghouse and the gambrel-roofed home stand unchanged, save that their time-beaten timbers and crumbling bricks have taken on a more somber tinge, and under the broad walnut tree another little Betty sits and sews.

If you ask it, she will take down the great key from its nail, and swinging back the new door of the meetinghouse, will show you the old worm-eaten ones inside, which, pierced through and through with bullet holes, once served as a rampart against the enemy. And she will tell you, in the quaint Friend's language, how her great-great-grandmother carried, over a hundred years ago, the news of the danger of her countrymen to Washington on the Brandywine, and at the risk of her own life saved theirs.

STUDY

1. Explain how it happened that the safety of the Americans depended upon Betty alone.
2. How did she manage to throw her pursuers off the track, and how reach Washington's camp?

3. What, do you suppose, makes the Betty of the present day so proud of her great-great-grandmother?
4. Find out all you can about the Quakers of Pennsylvania in the Revolution, and about the hostilities centering around the Brandywine.

Volunteer work:

Is there anyone in the class who will attempt to write or tell a story similar to "Betty's Ride," using some other background and some other plot?

DRAWING A TOOTH

WILLIAM BYRD

"Necessity is the mother of invention" is a proverb which this little sketch well illustrates. William Byrd, a high type of the Virginia gentleman of wealth and culture, lived during colonial times and left a number of manuscript books, chiefly records of journeys. This selection is from *A Journey to the Land of Eden* The many capital letters are left just as Byrd wrote them.

I had an impertinent Tooth in my upper Jaw, that had been loose for some time, and made me chew with great Caution. Particularly I could not grind a Biscuit but with much deliberation and presence of mind. Tooth Drawers we had none amongst us, nor any of the Instruments they make use of. However, Invention supply'd this want very happily, and I contrived to get rid of this troublesome Companion by cutting a Caper.

I caused a Twine to be fasten'd round the Root of my Tooth, about a Fathom in Length, and then ty'd the other End to the Shag of a Dog that lay upon the ground, in such a Manner that I could just stand upright. Having adjusted my String in this manner, I bent my knees enough to enable me to spring vigorously off the Ground, as perpendicularly as I could. The force of the Leap drew out the Tooth with so much ease that I felt nothing of it, nor should have believed it was come away, unless I had seen it dangling at the End of the String.

An Under tooth may be fecht out by standing off the Ground and fastening your string at due distance above you. And having so fixt your Gear, jump off your standing, and the weight of your Body, added to the force of the Spring, will prize out your Tooth with less pain than any Operator upon Earth could draw it.

This new way of Tooth-drawing, being so silently and deliberately perform'd both surprised and delighted all that were present, who could not guess what I was going about. I immediately found the benefit of getting rid of this troublesome Companion, by eating my Supper with more comfort than I had done during the whole Expedition.

STUDY

1. Note the unusual phrases and words used. Are there any which you do not easily understand?
2. What evidences of humor do you find?
3. Describe his "inventions" in your own words.
4. Correct the improper use of capital letters.

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS ON THE PRAIRIE[1]

HAMLIN GARLAND

Hamlin Garland is a writer known particularly for his books about life in the Middle West during the frontier days of some fifty or sixty years ago. Belonging to a pioneer family himself, he grew up on the frontier. His boyhood was spent first in the hilly country of Wisconsin and later on the wide prairies of Iowa, when that country was just being settled. This selection is taken from one of his books called *Boy Life on the Prairie*, and is based on his own experiences. The boy Lincoln is probably Hamlin Garland himself.

The schoolhouse stood a mile away on the prairie, with not even a fence to shield it from the blast. There had been a good deal of talk about setting out a windbreak, but nothing had yet been done. It was merely a square, box-like structure,

[1] From *Boy Life on the Prairie*, by Hamlin Garland. Used by permission of the author.

with three windows on a side and two in front. It was painted a glaring white on the outside and a drab within; at least that was the original color, but the benches were greasy and hacked until all first intentions were obscured.

A big box stove, sitting in a square puddle of bricks, a wooden chair, and a table completed the furniture. The walls, where not converted into blackboards, were merely plastered over, and the windows had no shades. Altogether it was not inviting, even to the residents of Sun Prairie; and Lincoln, who stole across one Sunday morning to look in, came away much depressed. He was fond of school. It was a chance to get clear of farm work and also an opportunity to meet his fellows — he never missed a day if he could help it — but the old schoolhouse in Wisconsin had stood in a lovely spot under some big burr oaks, with a meadow and trout brook not far away, and this bare building on the naked prairie seemed a poor place indeed.

In this small room, whose windows rattled in the wind, in this little coop which congealed like an egg in the winds of winter and baked like a potato in the remorseless suns of summer, some thirty boys and girls met to study, and therein some of them received all the education in books they ever got. The fact that they endured it without complaint is a suggestive commentary on the homes from which they came.

It was a cold, bleak morning with much snow when Lincoln set out with his books under his arm and a little tin pail (filled with his lunch) dangling from his mittened hand — a comical, squat, little figure. He trudged along alone, for Owen did not venture out. On the road he could see other children assembling, and upon nearing the schoolhouse, he found a dozen boys engaged in a game called "dog and deer" and too much occupied to pay any attention to him.

He had seen the game played before. It consisted of a series of loops through which the "dogs" were forced to run, while the "deer" were allowed to leap across the narrow necks where the loops approached each other. Two of the players having been selected to act as "dogs," all the others became "deer" and fled off into the loops, which were drawn in the

deep snow by the entire band of players moving in single file, scuffling out the paths.

It was an exceedingly exciting and interesting game, and Lincoln forgot that he was a stranger. He was brought to a sense of his weakness when Rangely Moss ran up and threw him down and put snow in his neck to see if he would cry. He did not show either fear or anger, for he had learned that to betray irritation would only bring other persecutions. He merely said in his heart, "When I grow up, I'll lick you!"

Upon the ringing of the bell, every boy made a rush for a seat on the south side, while the girls quietly took position opposite. Why this should be, Lincoln never understood, because it was exceedingly cold and windy by the north windows. But as it gave him a sunny seat, he had no mind to complain. There was some squabbling and disputing, but in a short time all were seated. Lincoln found himself sitting with Milton Jennings, and was well pleased.

"Hello! Got here, did you?" said Milton.

The teacher turned out to be a slender, scholarly young man, who seemed very timid and gentle to the strong, rude boys. He toed in a little, and Rangely Moss winked in derision of him and in promise of mischief.

Lincoln was amazed to see so many pupils and wondered where they all came from. There were three or four "big girls," women they seemed to him, and as many boys who were grown-up young men. When the teacher came to his desk to look at his books, he appeared to be a little surprised to find the Fifth Reader in his hands.

"Is this your book?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Lincoln.

"Do you read this?"

"Yes, sir." Lincoln was suffering agonies of bashfulness at being singled out for questioning before the school.

"Let me hear you. Read this." He opened the book at one of Wendell Phillips's orations.

The boy knew it by heart, and it was well he did, for his eyes were dim with confusion as he gabbled off the first paragraph.

"That'll do," said the teacher. "You may go on with the class."

The relief was so sudden that Lincoln could not thank him. His throat was "lumpy and sticky" for a few minutes.

This drew attention to him at once, and smoothed the way for him too. He had no further rough usage by the boys. They had a certain respect for the shock-headed boy of ten who could read "Webster's Reply to Hayne" or "Lochiel's Warning." He was found to be a good speller also, and that was in his favor, and counterbalanced his slowness as a "dog."

After winter fairly set in, it was a long, hard walk to school, but these little men prided themselves on not missing a day. They were almost the youngest pupils in school, but, led by Lincoln, Owen turned up every morning, puffing and wheezing like a small porpoise, his cheeks red as apples, and his boots frozen hard as rocks. He had the spirit of the old Vikings in his soul, and laughed in the teeth of a gale which would have made a grown-up city dweller shiver with dismay.

Sometimes the thermometer fell thirty degrees below zero, and the snow, mixed with dust from the plowed land, swept like water across the road, confusing and blinding the lads, moving like fine sand under their feet. Many, many days, when flying snow hid the world, these minute insects set forth merrily as larks in springtime. The winter was an exceedingly severe one, and some of the children came to school with ears and noses badly frosted. Lincoln and Owen were quite generally in a state of skin-renewing, but these were battle scars and not a subject of jest.

The boys always went early, in order to have an hour at "dog and deer," or "dare-gool," or "pom-pom pullaway." It seemed they could not get enough of play. Every moment of "ree-cess" (as they called it) was made use of. With a mad rush they left the room, and returned to it only at the last tap of the bell. They were all hardy as Indians, and cared nothing for the cold as they ran, chasing each other like wolves. But when they came in, they barked like husky dogs, and puffed and wheezed so loudly that all study was for a time suspended. They caught their colds in the house, and not in

the open air; for when the "north end of a south wind" beat and clamored round the building, its ill-fitting windows rattled, and the cold streamed in like water. Many a girl caught her death cold in that miserable shack, and went to her grave a gentle martyr to shiftless management.

Everyone necessarily had chilblains, and on warm days the boys pounded their heels and kicked their toes against the seats to allay the intolerable burning and itching. Lincoln suffered worse than Owen, and often pulled his left foot halfway out of its boot to find relief. The kicking, banging, and scuffling of feet became so loud and so incessant at times that the recitations were interrupted, but the teacher had known chilblains himself, and made as little complaint as possible.

"Dog and deer" or "fox and geese" could be played only when the snow was new-fallen and undisturbed, which was seldom, for the wind, that uneasy spirit of the sky, builder of scarp and battlement, scooper of vaults and carver of plinths—tireless, treacherous tracker of the plains—stripped the ground bare in one place to build some fantastic structure in another, until the snow lay heaped and piled in long lines and waves and pikes behind every bush and post and rock, and the games of loops and circles were over.

Often Lincoln sat by the window with a forgotten book in his hand, watching the snow as it rustled up against the leeward window, seeing it slide up some fantastic heap, a miniature Pikes Peak or Shasta-like dome, only to swirl softly around the summit and fall away in a wreath of misty white, apparently without accomplishing anything. But it did, for the heap grew larger and sharper, just as the peaks of frost grew higher on the windowpane. Outside the shelter, the other snows went sweeping, streaming by, like the swash of swift foam-white water, misty for very speed. He used to wonder where a particular cloud or wave of snow came from and where it would stop. What was the mysterious force which hurried it on?

At twelve o'clock they all ate dinner; that is, such of them as had not eaten it at recess. This dinner was usually made up of long slices of white bread buttered prodigiously in lumps

and frozen as hard as "linkum vity." Dessert was a piece of mince pie, which, being hastily warmed, was hot on one side and like chopped ice on the other, and made many an aching tooth. Doughnuts, "fried cakes" as they were called, were general favorites. They did not freeze so hard, were portable, and could be eaten "on the sly" during school hours in order that no time should be wasted in eating at noon.

The big girls and boys went miles away to dances in some small cabin and came yawningly to school next day, but the small boys had little recreation beyond occasional games of "hi spy" or "dare-gool."

As there were no hills on which to coast, they were forced to be content with "dare-gool," "snap the whip," and "pom-pom pullaway." Success in these sports depended upon swiftness in turning and dodging, and Lincoln was only moderately successful therein.

The Coolly boys adapted themselves to the level country at once, and really did not miss the hills and trees of their birthplace so much as one might imagine, but sometimes when the first soft flakes of a gentle snowstorm came whirling down, Lincoln remembered indefinably the pleasure he once took in seeing through the woodland the slant lines of the driving storm, and a feeling of sadness swept over him. When the icy crust sparkled under the vivid light of the moon, he recalled the long hill, down which he used to whizz on his red sled — down past the well, through the gate, and on over the meadow bog — but which grew more and more remote as new interests and new friends and the pressure of other circumstances came on to make his memories of the Coolly very dim and insubstantial and far off. A house set close under a hill became now a picture in his mind — with the quality of a poem.

Milton was a source of trouble to Lincoln and others who possessed a keen sense of the ludicrous and small powers of self-restraint, for he was able to provoke them to spasmodic snorts of laughter in school hours, for which they were promptly punished while the real culprit went free. He had a way of putting his little fingers in his mouth and his index fingers in the corners of his eyes, thus turning his long face into the

most grotesque and mirth-provoking mask. Naturally, as he could not see how ludicrous he himself was, and as he had the power to laugh heartily without uttering a sound, and the ability also to instantly return to a very serious and absorbed expression, everybody suffered but himself. His scalp seemed made of gutta percha, for he was able to corrugate it in most unexpected ways. He could wag his ears like a horse when drinking, and lift one eyebrow while the other sadly drooped; and, worse than all, he could look like old man Brown, who had sore eyes and no teeth, or like Elder Bliss, who was fat as a porker and had red cheeks and severe, small eyes.

Hardly a day passed that some boy did not explode in a wild whoop of irresistible laughter, to receive swift punishment from the master, who had no way of discovering the real disturber. Circumstantial evidence was always taken as conclusive proof of guilt, and Milton himself had an almost unimpeachable character in the eyes of his teacher; he was so bright and handsome and respectful, quite a prize scholar in fact. "A modil boy," old Mrs. Brown said in speaking of him.

Lincoln soon took rank as one of the best spellers in school, and his memory was good in geography and history, but he was easily "stumped" in figures. He knew his old McGuffy Readers almost by heart, and loved the wild song which ran through "Lochiel's Warning" and "The Battle of Waterloo." "Webster's Reply to Hayne" thrilled him with its majestic rolling thunder of words, and he liked Whittier's "Prisoner of Debt," especially that verse which called on somebody to—

> ring the bells and fire the guns,
> And fling the starry banner out.

He liked the vivid contrast of the next stanza:

> Think ye yon prisoner's agèd ear
> Rejoices in your general cheer?
> Think you his dim and failing eye
> Is kindled at your pageantry?

"Marco Bozzaris" and "Rienzi's Address to the Romans" and "Regulus before the Carthaginians"—dozens of other bombastic and flamboyant and mouth-filling poems and

speeches—he knew by heart and often repeated in the silence of the fields or on the road to school. In the class he was always pleased (and scared) when the passionate verses came to him—the verses with the "long primer caps," like:

STRIKE *for your altars and your fires!*

and

ROUSE, YE ROMANS! *Rouse, ye slaves!*

He generally came out very well, if his breath did not fail on the most important word as it sometimes did when visitors were present.

Most of the scholars hated those dramatic passages, and slid over them in rattling haste with most prosaic intonation, but Lincoln had a notion that the author's intention should be carried out if possible. Sometimes swept away by some power within, he struck exactly the right note, and the scholars responded with a sudden thrill, and he felt his own hair stir. Altogether he had a modest estimate of his powers and a profound admiration for those who were able to see meaning in $x+y=z$.

School closed at four, and they hurried home to do the evening chores. The stalls were spread with fresh straw, the cattle again watered, and the cows brought into their places and again milked. This usually kept them busy till dark. Supper was eaten by lamplight, and ended the day's duties, and from seven to nine they were free to go visiting, to play "hi spy," or pop corn, or play dominoes or "authors," or read. With a book or a paper, Lincoln had little thought of playing any game. Sometimes, with Owen, he set forth to find Rance and play a game of "hi spy," or he went across the wide and solemn prairie to some entertainment in a neighboring schoolhouse. Generally, if anything special were going on, the family drove over in the big bob sleigh, the box filled with fresh straw and buffalo robes, which were cheap in those days.

STUDY

1. What were Lincoln's first impressions of the schoolhouse?
2. Describe the school in your own words, and compare it with the school you attend.

3. Describe some of the hardships of school life in pioneer days.
4. What were the amusements of the children outside of school? How many of these are you familiar with?
5. What picture do you get of the boy Lincoln? Of his friend Milton?
6. Read over some of the paragraphs of description, and notice how clear and definite they are. Pick out expressions that you think are particularly good.
7. After reading this selection carefully, try to reconstruct for the class a day in a pioneer school. Dramatize it, if you wish. You may be able to find additional material in other books, such as *Tom Sawyer* and *The Hoosier Schoolboy*.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

In preparing a volume of historical stories for young readers, Nathaniel Hawthorne hit upon the plan of grouping the stories around a famous old chair which he said was imported to the colonies from England early in the seventeenth century, or about 1630. The old chair, "on its sturdy legs trudges diligently from one scene to another" as the talkative old grandfather, who now owns the chair, tells the various stories to four of his grandchildren, Laurence who is twelve, Clara ten, Charley nine, and Alice five. Here is Hawthorne's description of the curious old piece of furniture as given in the opening chapter of *Grandfather's Chair:*

"Now, the chair in which Grandfather sat was made of oak, which had grown dark with age but had been rubbed and polished till it shone as bright as mahogany. It was very large and heavy, and had a back that rose high above Grandfather's white head. This back was curiously carved in open work, so as to represent flowers and foliage and other devices, which the children had often gazed at but could never understand what they meant. On the very tiptop of the chair, over the head of Grandfather himself, was a likeness of a lion's head, which had such a savage grin that you would almost expect to hear it growl and snarl."

Read the selection through rapidly and be able to tell of the two main incidents which make up the story.

The Captain John Hull aforesaid was the mint master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there.

This was a new line of business; for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clamshells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings

that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter — whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey — was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

STUDY

1. Divide the story into its two main parts and make a suitable heading for each part.
2. Explain why the coining of silver money was desirable.
3. What kind of man do you think Captain John Hull was? How is one of the chief elements of his character illustrated in the scene at the wedding?
4. Who has control of the minting of money today? Have you ever visited any of our national mints?

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

In "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (published in 1858) Longfellow has preserved one of the prettiest traditions of the stern Puritan days. All the characters of the story were real people, and the marriage of John Alden and Priscilla is duly recorded in the records of Plymouth. The poet has, however, somewhat elaborated on the facts in order to make his story more interesting.

This poem is one of Longfellow's best-known works and is considered by some critics to be his finest long poem. The charming story, the frolicksome humor, the high moral tone, and the clear characterization have certainly placed it in the front rank of American narrative poems. The verse form, known as hexameter, is one which very few modern poets have been able to use successfully.

I. Miles Standish

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,

Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the *Mayflower*.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here,
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mold, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Caesar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better—

Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the *Mayflower!*
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Bariffe's *Artillery Guide*, and the *Commentaries* of Caesar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the *Mayflower*,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla!
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

II. Love and Friendship

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvelous words and achievements of Julius Caesar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Caesar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skillful!"
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Caesar!

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!
Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear guard of his army retreated, the front giving way, too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the *Mayflower*,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla;
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket.

Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:
"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not, however, in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:
"'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
"Such a message as that I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done—I am only repeating your maxim—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;

What you demand in that name I have not the power to deny you!"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and molding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III. The Lover's Errand

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful aërial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshiped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord: it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshiping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,

Gathering still, as he went, the mayflowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla, the Mayflower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, somber and cold with the comfortless breath of the east wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snowdrift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a church yard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,

Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards;
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snowstorm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Springtime,
Talked of their friends at home, and the *Mayflower* that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night and thinking all day of the hedgerows of England —
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: — "Indeed, I do not condemn you;

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy—
Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant, perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,

Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

IV. John Alden

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside,
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east wind,
Cooling his heated brow and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted,
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse and measureless meadows of sea grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes and the grottoes and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the seashore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed — my fault that I am the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!" — and he thought of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the *Mayflower* riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Aye, aye, sir!"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.

"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side and among the dust of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten than living in shame and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber,
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness —
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and somber,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone and absorbed in the martial pages of Caesar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer and fears not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.

Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
Even as a hand grenade that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is the treason to friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret—
You, too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Caesar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save wâr and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and without further question or parley
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched, the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,

Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then outspake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger:
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
"Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table and thus continued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet in the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,

Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V. The Sailing of the "Mayflower"

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible—
Aye, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the *Mayflower;*

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the *Mayflower* riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower*,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur;
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders—
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon.
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions;
But his pride overmastered the noble nature within him—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not.
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the seashore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown—the cornerstone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking to this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He, too, was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.

There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghostlike,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist to threaten and daunt me; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the *Mayflower!*
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plowing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west wind,

Blowing steady and strong; and the *Mayflower* sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord, and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI. Priscilla

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;

And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion
That if by chance it be shaken or into its depths, like a pebble,
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
"I was not angry with you; with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;

"No; you are angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone with endless and profitless murmurs."
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases

Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent and seeking in vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:
"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the *May-flower*,

Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly and tell me of all that happened between you
When you returned last night and said how ungrateful you found me."
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story—
Told her his own despair and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her and told her how much he had suffered—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the *Mayflower*,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition,
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,

Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII. The March of Miles Standish

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
'Twas but a dream — let it pass — let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower is only a weed and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents and the warriors, horrid with war paint,
Seated about a fire and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and saber and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said—these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered:
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bowstrings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.

But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling, at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature—

Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this specter of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand as the prize and reward of his valor.

VIII. The Spinning Wheel

Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden plot and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.

Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the windowpanes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard;
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the nighttime
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet penny-royal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought when he delved in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs—

How the heart of her husband does safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle:
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning wheel shall no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands while I wind it ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead! — an Indian had brought them the tidings—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;

All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart as forever his own and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX. The Wedding Day

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in an armor of steel, a somber and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air—a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.

But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt—too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us—
All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced and, bowing, saluted Priscilla
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled.
Wishing her joy of her wedding and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage—
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,

Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead and the barren waste of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;

Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

STUDY

I. Miles Standish

1. Describe the scene with which the story opens.
2. Compare the physical appearance of Standish and Alden.
3. What do you learn in this section of the life, the interests, and the character of Standish?

II. Love and Friendship

This section is a continuation of the first so far as setting, time, and characters are concerned. The first section, however, simply introduced the characters; now we have the beginning of the plot.

1. What favor does Standish ask of Alden? Why does he not follow his own motto: "If you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself"?
2. Why should this request cause embarrassment and dismay to Alden? (Note here the complication of the plot.)
3. What is the conflict in Alden's mind? Do you think he decided rightly?

III. The Lover's Errand

1. Describe the emotions in Alden's mind as he goes through the woods. Find lines that indicate changes in his mood.
2. What is your first picture of Priscilla? We are shown Priscilla largely through Alden's eyes. How does she appear to him?
3. What are your total impressions of her? Note that Longfellow does not describe her actual appearance, as as in the case of Standish and Alden, but tells us of speeches and actions that reveal her character.
4. How does Priscilla receive the proposal? Why is she at first "mute with amazement and sorrow"?
5. Recount Alden's arguments in favor of Standish. Would they appeal to you if you were in Priscilla's place?
6. Find lines that illustrate Priscilla's spirit. What famous lines reveal her humor?
7. How has the plot been further complicated by Priscilla?

IV. John Alden

John is now placed in a very perplexing situation. What will he do? And what will be Standish's move when he learns that John's embassy has failed? Will he follow his motto of "do it yourself"? And if he should, will Priscilla be won over? The outcome of the plot is still very doubtful.

1. What is the problem now before Alden? Why is the conflict of emotions even stronger than before he visited Priscilla?

2. What decision does he make?
3. How does Standish receive Alden's report? (Notice that the conflict in Standish's heart is between his pride and his friendship for John. This conflict really determines the solution of the plot.)
4. Describe the happenings at the council. What possible effect may this have on the story?

V. The Sailing of the "Mayflower"

This section marks the climax or turning point of the plot, for the remainder of the story must depend upon whether John goes back with the *Mayflower* or remains in Plymouth.

1. In what spirit do John and Standish part? What stands between them? Point out two places where they almost make up their quarrel.
2. What decides John not to go on the *Mayflower*? What is to be his purpose in life now?
3. Read aloud in class the parts of this section which describe the village of Plymouth and the departure of the *Mayflower*. Why was this sailing of such great significance to the Pilgrims?

VI. Priscilla

The plot now divides in two strands, one following the fortunes of Alden and the other of Standish.

1. Give the gist of the conversation between Priscilla and Alden.
2. What characteristics of a good friend does Priscilla have?
3. Why does not John speak out about his own love for her?

VII. The March of Miles Standish

1. In what spirit has Standish taken his rejection? What effect does it have upon him?
2. Describe his meeting with the Indians. What does this incident illustrate about his character?

VIII. The Spinning Wheel

1. How has Alden been employed in the months Standish is away?
2. How far has his courtship of Priscilla progressed?
3. What event sets him free from his obligations to Standish?
4. Describe his conflicting emotions at that time.

IX. The Wedding Day

1. There were two possible endings: having Standish killed, or having him release Alden from his obligations. What does Longfellow gain by using both devices?
2. At what dramatic moment does Standish appear?
3. What change has come over him during these months of absence?
4. Why is this a much more satisfying ending than having Standish killed?

GENERAL PROBLEMS

1. Look back over the titles to the sections and explain briefly why each was chosen for its particular section.
2. Is Alden or Standish the real hero of the poem? ("He that ruleth his heart [is better] than he that taketh a city." To which does this test apply best?)
3. Which of the three main characters do you find most attractive? Read selections that explain your liking.
4. What would you say are the distinguishing characteristics of (*a*) Standish, (*b*) Alden, (*c*) Priscilla?
5. One of the charming things about this romance is the element of humor in it. Which character has the greatest sense of humor? Which the least? Point out some of the amusing situations or passages.
6. Do Longfellow's descriptions give you clear and vivid pictures? Select and read some that you think are particularly good.
7. What does the poem suggest about the relative importance which the Puritans attached to friendship and love as motives of life?

Volunteer work:

A very successful moving picture was made of this story a few years ago. Perhaps you have seen it. If not, try preparing a scenario of your own. What would be your "big scenes"?

THE THIRD INTERLUDE

SOME HUMOR

Humor is the saving salt of literature. Almost all great literature has humor in it — at least, an underlying sense of humor — and unquestionably much of the literature of the past has been kept in circulation down to our times by the glow of humor, the flash of wit, and the play of grotesque fancy over its pages. Everybody — except perhaps the cynic, the pedant, and the bigoted extremist — loves humor. Usually humor is intended for relief and recreation and not for serious study. So in this Interlude we have placed two humorous stories and two humorous poems for rapid free reading. You may compare the stories and the humorous poems one with the other for purposes of determining the basis of humorous appeal in each.

"Fox-Terrier Nature" is by Jerome K. Jerome, one of England's most delightful humorists, author of *Three Men in a Boat, to Say Nothing of the Dog.* He seems to be able to see the humorous side of every situation. He cannot take a walk with his dog without noting a dozen funny incidents along the way. He writes here in a mock-serious tone about the nature of fox terriers, pretending that the whole affair is a matter of great importance; and perhaps it is of great importance — to the dog.

"The Buller-Podington Compact" is by Frank R. Stockton, a widely known American writer of a whimsical, quizzical turn of mind, author of the famous but tantalizing story called "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Buller-Podington Compact" develops two contrasted characters and two diametrically opposed main incidents, all being set forth in a continuous flow of lively wit, sparkling dialogue, and rich humor of both character and situation. Thomas Buller loved the sport of sailing a boat but was mortally afraid of horses, and William Podington loved to drive horses but was

mortally afraid of sailing. The humorous situation comes when Buller visits Podington and takes a drive which turns out to be a boat ride, and when Podington visits Buller and takes a boat ride which turns out to be a runaway escapade behind a horse. Imagine yourself, as you read, to be each of the characters in turn, remembering when you are Thomas Buller that you are dreadfully afraid of horses, and when you are William Podington that you are terrified even at the sight of a sailing boat.

The two humorous poems, "The Pobble Who Has No Toes" and "Contentment," by the Englishman Edward Lear and the American Oliver Wendell Holmes respectively, are set side by side for purposes of contrast. Neither piece is to be taken seriously. Edward Lear, author of *Nonsense Songs*, would not have been pleased at all if you should have asked him what a *pobble* or a *runcible cat* is; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, would have smiled slyly and twinkled his eye at you if you had indicated that you really thought "man wants but little here below."

FOX-TERRIER NATURE

JEROME K. JEROME

We got up tolerably early on the Monday morning at Marlow, and went for a bath before breakfast; and, on coming back, my terrier, Montmorency, made an awful idiot of himself. The only subject on which Montmorency and I have any serious difference of opinion is cats. I like cats; Montmorency does not.

When I meet a cat, I say, "Poor Pussy!" and stoop down and tickle the side of its head; and the cat sticks up its tail in a rigid, cast-iron manner, arches its back, and wipes its nose up against my trousers; and all is gentleness and peace. When Montmorency meets a cat, the whole street knows about it; and there is enough bad language wasted in ten seconds to last an ordinarily respectable man all his life, with care.

I do not blame the dog (contenting myself, as a rule, with merely clouting his head or throwing stones at him) because I take it that it is his nature. Fox terriers are born with about four times as much original sin in them as other dogs are, and it will take years and years of patient effort on the part of us Christians to bring about any appreciable reformation in the rowdiness of the fox-terrier nature.

I remember being in the lobby of the Haymarket Stores one day, and all roundabout me were dogs, waiting for the return of their owners, who were shopping inside. There were a mastiff, and one or two collies, and a St. Bernard, a few retrievers and Newfoundlands, a boar hound, a French poodle, with plenty of hair round its head, but mangy about the middle; a bulldog, a few Lowther Arcade sort of animals, about the size of rats, and a couple of Yorkshire tykes.

There they sat, patient, good, and thoughtful. A solemn peacefulness seemed to reign in that lobby. An air of calmness and resignation — of gentle sadness — pervaded the room.

Then a sweet young lady entered, leading a meek-looking little fox terrier, and left him, chained up there, between the bulldog and the poodle. He sat and looked about him for a minute. Then he cast up his eyes to the ceiling, and seemed, judging from his expression, to be thinking of his mother. Then he yawned. Then he looked round at the other dogs, all silent, grave, and dignified.

He looked at the bulldog sleeping dreamlessly on his right. He looked at the poodle, erect and haughty, on his left. Then, without a word of warning, without the shadow of a provocation, he bit that poodle's near foreleg, and a yelp of agony rang through the quiet shades of that lobby.

The result of his first experiment seemed highly satisfactory to him, and he determined to go on and make things lively all round. He sprang over the poodle and vigorously attacked a collie, and the collie woke up, and immediately commenced a fierce and noisy contest with the poodle.

Then Foxey came back to his own place and caught the bulldog by the ear, and tried to throw him away; and the bulldog, a curiously impartial animal, went for everything he

could reach, including the hall porter, which gave that dear little terrier the opportunity to enjoy an uninterrupted fight of his own with an equally willing Yorkshire tyke.

Anyone who knows canine nature need hardly be told that, by this time, all the other dogs in the place were fighting as if their hearths and homes depended on the fray. The big dogs fought each other indiscriminately; and the little dogs fought among themselves, and filled up their spare time by biting the legs of the big dogs.

The whole lobby was a perfect pandemonium, and the din was terrific. A crowd assembled outside in the Haymarket, and asked if it was a vestry meeting; or, if not, who was being murdered, and why? Men came with poles and ropes, and tried to separate the dogs, and the police were sent for.

And in the midst of the riot that sweet young lady returned, and snatched up that sweet little dog of hers (he had laid the tyke up for a month, and had on the expression, now, of a newborn lamb) into her arms, and kissed him, and asked him if he was killed, and what those great nasty brutes of dogs had been doing to him; and he nestled up against her, and gazed up into her face with a look that seemed to say: "Oh, I'm so glad you've come to take me away from this disgraceful scene!"

She said that the people at the stores had no right to allow great savage things like those other dogs to be put with respectable people's dogs, and that she had a great mind to summon somebody.

Such is the nature of fox terriers; and, therefore, I do not blame Montmorency for his tendency to row with cats; but he wished he had not given way to it that morning.

We were, as I have said, returning from a dip, and halfway up the High Street a cat darted out from one of the houses in front of him, and began to trot across the road. Montmorency gave a cry of joy — the cry of a stern warrior who sees his enemy given over to his hands — the sort of cry Cromwell might have uttered when the Scots came down the hill — and flew after his prey.

His victim was a large black Tom. I never saw a larger cat, nor a more disreputable-looking cat. It had lost half its tail, one of its ears, and a fairly appreciable proportion of its nose. It was a long, sinewy-looking animal. It had a calm, contented air about it.

Montmorency went for that poor cat at the rate of twenty miles an hour; but the cat did not hurry up — did not seem to have grasped the idea that its life was in danger. It trotted quietly on until its would-be assassin was within a yard of it, and then it turned round and sat down in the middle of the road, and looked at Montmorency with a gentle, inquiring expression, that said:

"Yes! You want me?"

Montmorency does not lack pluck; but there was something about the look of that cat that might have chilled the heart of the boldest dog. He stopped abruptly, and looked back at Tom.

Neither spoke; but the conversation that one could imagine was clearly as follows:

THE CAT: "Can I do anything for you?"

MONTMORENCY: "No — no, thanks."

THE CAT: "Don't you mind speaking, if you really want anything, you know."

MONTMORENCY (*backing down the High Street*): "Oh, no — not at all — certainly — don't you trouble. I — I am afraid I've made a mistake. I thought I knew you. Sorry I disturbed you."

THE CAT: "Not at all — quite a pleasure. Sure you don't want anything now?"

MONTMORENCY (*still backing*): "Not at all, thanks — not at all — very kind of you. Good morning."

THE CAT: "Good morning."

Then the cat rose and continued his trot; and Montmorency, fitting what he calls his tail carefully into its groove, came back to us, and took up an unimportant position in the rear.

To this day, if you say the word "Cats!" to Montmorency, he will visibly shrink and look up piteously at you, as if to say:

"Please don't!"

THE BULLER-PODINGTON COMPACT[1]

FRANK R. STOCKTON

I. Mr. Buller and Mr. Podington Agree to Visit Each Other

"I tell you, William," said Thomas Buller to his friend Mr. Podington, "I am truly sorry about it, but I cannot arrange for it this year. Now, as to *my* invitation—that is very different."

"Of course it is different," was the reply, "but I am obliged to say, as I said before, that I really cannot accept it."

Remarks similar to these had been made by Thomas Buller and William Podington at least once a year for some five years. They were old friends; they had been schoolboys together and had been associated in business since they were young men. They had now reached a vigorous middle age; they were each married, and each had a house in the country in which he resided for a part of the year. They were warmly attached to each other, and each was the best friend which the other had in this world. But during all these years neither of them had visited the other in his country home.

The reason for this avoidance of each other at their respective rural residences may be briefly stated. Mr. Buller's country house was situated by the sea, and he was very fond of the water. He had a good catboat, which he sailed himself with much judgment and skill, and it was his greatest pleasure to take his friends and visitors upon little excursions on the bay. But Mr. Podington was desperately afraid of the water, and he was particularly afraid of any craft sailed by an amateur. If his friend Buller would have employed a professional mariner, of years and experience, to steer and manage his boat, Podington might have been willing to take an occasional sail; but as Buller always insisted upon sailing his own boat and took it ill if any of his visitors doubted his ability to do so properly, Podington did not wish to wound the self-love of his friend, and

[1] From *Afloat and Ashore*, by Frank R. Stockton. Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

he did not wish to be drowned. Consequently he could not bring himself to consent to go to Buller's house by the sea.

To receive his good friend Buller at his own house in the beautiful upland region in which he lived would have been a great joy to Mr. Podington; but Buller could not be induced to visit him. Podington was very fond of horses and always drove himself, while Buller was more afraid of horses than he was of elephants or lions. To one or more horses driven by a coachman of years and experience he did not always object, but to a horse driven by Podington, who had much experience and knowledge regarding mercantile affairs, but was merely an amateur horseman, he most decidedly and strongly objected. He did not wish to hurt his friend's feelings by refusing to go out to drive with him, but he would not rack his own nervous system by accompanying him. Therefore it was that he had not yet visited the beautiful upland country residence of Mr. Podington.

At last this state of things grew awkward. Mrs. Buller and Mrs. Podington, often with their families, visited each other at their country houses, but the fact that on these occasions they were never accompanied by their husbands caused more and more gossip among their neighbors both in the upland country and by the sea.

One day in spring as the two sat in their city office, where Mr. Podington had just repeated his annual invitation, his friend replied to him thus:

"William, if I come to see you this summer, will you visit me? The thing is beginning to look a little ridiculous, and people are talking about it."

Mr. Podington put his hand to his brow and for a few moments closed his eyes. In his mind he saw a catboat upon its side, the sails spread out over the water, and two men, almost entirely immersed in the waves, making efforts to reach the side of the boat. One of these was getting on very well—that was Buller. The other seemed about to sink, his arms were uselessly waving in the air—that was himself. But he opened his eyes and looked bravely out of the window; it was time to conquer all this; it was indeed growing

ridiculous. Buller had been sailing many years and had never been upset.

"Yes," said he; "I will do it; I am ready any time you name."

Mr. Buller rose and stretched out his hand.

"Good!" said he; "it is a compact!"

II. Mr. Buller Drives with Mr. Podington

Buller was the first to make the promised country visit. He had not mentioned the subject of horses to his friend, but he knew through Mrs. Buller that Podington still continued to be his own driver. She had informed him, however, that at present he was accustomed to drive a big black horse which, in her opinion, was as gentle and reliable as these animals ever became, and she could not imagine how anybody could be afraid of him. So when, the next morning after his arrival, Mr. Buller was asked by his host if he would like to take a drive, he suppressed a certain rising emotion and said that it would please him very much.

When the good black horse had jogged along a pleasant road for half an hour, Mr. Buller began to feel that, perhaps, for all these years he had been laboring under a misconception. It seemed to be possible that there were some horses to which surrounding circumstances in the shape of sights and sounds were so irrelevant that they were to a certain degree entirely safe, even when guided and controlled by an amateur hand. As they passed some meadow land, somebody behind a hedge fired a gun; Mr. Buller was frightened, but the horse was not.

"William," said Buller, looking cheerfully around him, "I had no idea that you lived in such a pretty country. In fact, I might almost call it beautiful. You have not any wide stretch of water, such as I like so much, but here is a pretty river, those rolling hills are very charming, and, beyond, you have the blue of the mountains."

"It is lovely," said his friend; "I never get tired of driving through this country. Of course the seaside is very fine, but here we have such a variety of scenery."

Mr. Buller could not help thinking that sometimes the seaside was a little monotonous, and that he had lost a great deal of pleasure by not varying his summers by going up to spend a week or two with Podington.

"William," said he, "how long have you had this horse?"

"About two years," said Mr. Podington; "before I got him, I used to drive a pair."

"Heavens!" thought Buller, "how lucky I was not to come two years ago!" And his regrets for not sooner visiting his friend greatly decreased.

Now they came to a place where the stream, by which the road ran, had been dammed for a mill and had widened into a beautiful pond.

"There now!" cried Mr. Buller. "That's what I like. William, you seem to have everything! This is really a very pretty sheet of water, and the reflections of the trees over there make a charming picture; you can't get that at the seaside, you know."

Mr. Podington was delighted; his face glowed; he was rejoiced at the pleasure of his friend. "I tell you, Thomas," said he, "that —"

"William!" exclaimed Buller, with a sudden squirm in his seat, "what is that I hear? Is that a train?"

"Yes," said Mr. Podington, "that is the ten-forty, up."

"Does it come near here?" asked Mr. Buller, nervously. "Does it go over that bridge?"

"Yes," said Podington, "but it can't hurt us, for our road goes under the bridge; we are perfectly safe; there is no risk of accident."

"But your horse! Your horse!" exclaimed Buller, as the train came nearer and nearer. "What will he do?"

"Do?" said Podington; "he'll do what he is doing now; he doesn't mind trains."

"But look here, William," exclaimed Buller, "it will get there just as we do; no horse could stand a roaring up in the air like that!"

Podington laughed. "He would not mind it in the least," said he.

"Come, come now," cried Buller. "Really, I can't stand this! Just stop a minute, William, and let me get out. It sets all my nerves quivering."

Mr. Podington smiled with a superior smile. "Oh, you needn't get out," said he; "there's not the least danger in the world. But I don't want to make you nervous, and I will turn around and drive the other way."

"But you can't!" screamed Buller. "This road is not wide enough, and that train is nearly here. Please stop!"

The imputation that the road was not wide enough for him to turn was too much for Mr. Podington to bear. He was very proud of his ability to turn a vehicle in a narrow place.

"Turn!" said he; "that's the easiest thing in the world. See; a little to the right, then a back, then a sweep to the left and we will be going the other way." And instantly he began the maneuver in which he was such an adept.

"Oh, Thomas!" cried Buller, half rising in his seat, "that train is almost here!"

"And we are almost—" Mr. Podington was about to say "turned around," but he stopped. Mr. Buller's exclamations had made him a little nervous, and, in his anxiety to turn quickly, he had pulled upon his horse's bit with more energy than was actually necessary, and his nervousness being communicated to the horse, that animal backed with such extraordinary vigor that the hind wheels of the wagon went over a bit of grass by the road and into the water. The sudden jolt gave a new impetus to Mr. Buller's fears.

"You'll upset!" he cried, and not thinking of what he was about, he laid hold of his friend's arm. The horse, startled by this sudden jerk upon his bit, which, combined with the thundering of the train, which was now on the bridge, made him think that something extraordinary was about to happen, gave a sudden and forcible start backward, so that not only the hind wheels of the light wagon, but the fore wheels and his own hind legs went into the water. As the bank at this spot sloped steeply, the wagon continued to go backward, despite the efforts of the agitated horse to find a footing on the crumbling edge of the bank.

"Whoa!" cried Mr. Buller.

"Get up!" exclaimed Mr. Podington, applying his whip upon the plunging beast.

But exclamations and castigations had no effect upon the horse. The original bed of the stream ran close to the road, and the bank was so steep and the earth so soft that it was impossible for the horse to advance or even maintain his footing. Back, back he went, until the whole equipage was in the water and the wagon was afloat.

This vehicle was a road wagon, without a top, and the joints of its box-body were tight enough to prevent the water from immediately entering it; so, somewhat deeply sunken, it rested upon the water. There was a current in this part of the pond and it turned the wagon downstream. The horse was now entirely immersed in the water, with the exception of his head and the upper part of his neck, and, unable to reach the bottom with his feet, he made vigorous efforts to swim.

Mr. Podington, the reins and whip in his hands, sat horrified and pale; the accident was so sudden, he was so startled and so frightened that, for a moment, he could not speak a word. Mr. Buller, on the other hand, was now lively and alert. The wagon had no sooner floated away from the shore than he felt himself at home. He was upon his favorite element; water had no fears for him. He saw that his friend was nearly frightened out of his wits, and that, figuratively speaking, he must step to the helm and take charge of the vessel. He stood up and gazed about him.

"Put her across stream!" he shouted; "she can't make headway against this current. Head her to that clump of trees on the other side; the bank is lower there, and we can beach her. Move a little the other way, we must trim boat. Now then, pull on your starboard rein."

Podington obeyed, and the horse slightly changed his direction.

"You see," said Buller, "it won't do to sail straight across, because the current would carry us down and land us below that spot."

Mr. Podington said not a word; he expected every moment to see the horse sink into a watery grave.

"It isn't so bad after all, is it, Podington? If we had a rudder and a bit of a sail it would be a great help to the horse. This wagon is not a bad boat."

The despairing Podington looked at his feet. "It's coming in," he said in a husky voice. "Thomas, the water is over my shoes!"

"That is so," said Buller. "I am so used to water I didn't notice it. She leaks. Do you carry anything to bail her out with?"

"Bail!" cried Podington, now finding his voice. "Oh, Thomas, we are sinking!"

"That's so," said Buller; "she leaks like a sieve."

The weight of the running gear and of the two men was entirely too much for the buoyancy of the wagon body. The water rapidly rose toward the top of its sides.

"We are going to drown!" cried Podington, suddenly rising.

"Lick him! Lick him!" exclaimed Buller. "Make him swim faster!"

"There's nothing to lick," cried Podington, vainly lashing at the water, for he could not reach the horse's head. The poor man was dreadfully frightened; he had never even imagined it possible that he should be drowned in his own wagon.

"Whoop!" cried Buller, as the water rose over the sides. "Steady yourself, old boy, or you'll go overboard!" And the next moment the wagon body sunk out of sight.

But it did not go down very far. The deepest part of the channel of the stream had been passed, and with a bump the wheels struck the bottom.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Buller, "we are aground."

"Aground!" exclaimed Podington. "Heaven be praised!"

As the two men stood up in the submerged wagon the water was above their knees, and when Podington looked out over the surface of the pond, now so near his face, it seemed like a sheet of water he had never seen before. It was something horrible, threatening to rise and envelop him. He trembled so that he could scarcely keep his footing.

"William," said his companion, "you must sit down; if you don't, you'll tumble overboard and be drowned. There is nothing for you to hold to."

"Sit down," said Podington, gazing blankly at the water around him. "I can't do that!"

At this moment the horse made a slight movement. Having touched bottom after his efforts in swimming across the main bed of the stream, with a floating wagon in tow, he had stood for a few moments, his head and neck well above water, and his back barely visible beneath the surface. Having recovered his breath, he now thought it was time to move on.

At the first step of the horse Mr. Podington began to totter. Instinctively he clutched Buller.

"Sit down!" cried the latter, "or you'll have us both overboard." There was no help for it; down sat Mr. Podington; and, as with a great splash he came heavily upon the seat, the water rose to his waist.

"Ough!" said he. "Thomas, shout for help."

"No use doing that," replied Buller, still standing on his nautical legs; "I don't see anybody, and I don't see any boat. We'll get out all right. Just you stick tight to the thwart."

"The what?" feebly asked the other.

"Oh, the seat, I mean. We can get to the shore all right if you steer the horse straight. Head him more across the pond."

"I can't head him," cried Podington. "I have dropped the reins!"

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Buller, "that's bad. Can't you steer him by shouting 'Gee' and 'Haw'?"

"No," said Podington, "he isn't an ox; but perhaps I can stop him." And with as much voice as he could summon, he called out: "Whoa!" and the horse stopped.

"If you can't steer him any other way," said Buller, "we must get the reins. Lend me your whip."

"I have dropped that too," said Podington; "there it floats."

"Oh, dear," said Buller, "I guess I'll have to dive for them; if he were to run away, we should be in an awful fix."

"Don't get out! Don't get out!" exclaimed Podington. "You can reach over the dashboard."

"As that's under water," said Buller, "it will be the same thing as diving; but it's got to be done, and I'll try it. Don't you move now; I am more used to water than you are."

Mr. Buller took off his hat and asked his friend to hold it. He thought of his watch and other contents of his pockets, but there was no place to put them, so he gave them no more consideration. Then bravely getting on his knees in the water, he leaned over the dashboard, almost disappearing from sight. With his disengaged hand Mr. Podington grasped the submerged coat tails of his friend.

In a few seconds the upper part of Mr. Buller rose from the water. He was dripping and puffing, and Mr. Podington could not but think what a difference it made in the appearance of his friend to have his hair plastered close to his head.

"I got hold of one of them," said the sputtering Buller, "but it was fast to something and I couldn't get it loose."

"Was it thick and wide?" asked Podington.

"Yes," was the answer, "it did seem so."

"Oh, that was a trace," said Podington; "I don't want that; the reins are thinner and lighter."

"Now I remember they are," said Buller. "I'll go down again."

Again Mr. Buller leaned over the dashboard, and this time he remained down longer, and when he came up he puffed and sputtered more than before.

"Is that it?" said he, holding up a strip of wet leather.

"Yes," said Podington, "you've got the reins."

"Well, take them, and steer. I would have found them sooner if his tail had not got into my eyes. That long tail's floating down there and spreading itself out like a fan; it tangled itself all around my head. It would have been much easier if he had been a bob-tailed horse."

"Now then," said Podington, "take your hat, Thomas, and I'll try to drive."

Mr. Buller put on his hat, which was the only dry thing about him, and the nervous Podington started the horse so

suddenly that even the sea legs of Buller were surprised, and he came very near going backward into the water; but recovering himself, he sat down.

"I don't wonder you did not like to do this, William," said he. "Wet as I am, it's ghastly!"

Encouraged by his master's voice, and by the feeling of the familiar hand upon his bit, the horse moved bravely on.

But the bottom was very rough and uneven. Sometimes the wheels struck a large stone, terrifying Mr. Buller, who thought they were going to upset; and sometimes they sank into soft mud, horrifying Mr. Podington, who thought they were going to drown.

Thus proceeding, they presented a strange sight. At first Mr. Podington held his hands above the water as he drove, but he soon found this awkward, and dropped them to their usual position, so that nothing was visible above the water but the head and neck of a horse and the heads and shoulders of two men.

Now the submarine equipage came to a low place in the bottom, and even Mr. Buller shuddered as the water rose to his chin. Podington gave a howl of horror, and the horse, with high, uplifted head, was obliged to swim. At this moment a boy with a gun came strolling along the road, and hearing Mr. Podington's cry, he cast his eyes over the water. Instinctively he raised his weapon to his shoulder, and then, in an instant, perceiving that the objects he beheld were not aquatic birds, he dropped his gun and ran yelling down the road toward the mill.

But the hollow in the bottom was a narrow one, and when it was passed the depth of the water gradually decreased. The back of the horse came into view, the dashboard became visible, and the bodies and the spirits of the two men rapidly rose. Now there was vigorous splashing and tugging, and then a jet-black horse, shining as if he had been newly varnished, pulled a dripping wagon containing two well-soaked men upon a shelving shore.

"Oh, I am chilled to the bones!" said Podington.

"I should think so," replied his friend; "if you have got to be wet, it is a great deal pleasanter under the water."

There was a field-road on this side of the pond which Podington well knew, and proceeding along this they came to the bridge and got into the main road.

"Now we must get home as fast as we can," cried Podington, "or we shall both take cold. I wish I hadn't lost my whip. Hi now! Get along!"

Podington was now full of life and energy, his wheels were on the hard road, and he was himself again.

When he found his head was turned toward his home, the horse set off at a great rate.

"Hi there!" cried Podington. "I am so sorry I lost my whip."

"Whip!" said Buller, holding fast to the side of the seat; "surely you don't want him to go any faster than this. And look here, William," he added, "it seems to me we are much more likely to take cold in our wet clothes if we rush through the air in this way. Really, it seems to me that horse is running away."

"Not a bit of it," cried Podington. "He wants to get home, and he wants his dinner. Isn't he a fine horse? Look how he steps out!"

"Steps out!" said Buller. "I think I'd like to step out myself. Don't you think it would be wiser for me to walk home, William? That will warm me up."

"It will take you an hour," said his friend. "Stay where you are, and I'll have you in a dry suit of clothes in less than fifteen minutes."

"I tell you, William," said Mr. Buller, as the two sat smoking after dinner, "what you ought to do; you should never go out driving without a life preserver and a pair of oars; I always take them. It would make you feel safer."

III. Mr. Podington Sails with Mr. Buller

Mr. Buller went home the next day, because Mr. Podington's clothes did not fit him, and his own outdoor suit was so shrunken as to be uncomfortable. Besides, there was another reason, connected with the desire of horses to reach their homes, which prompted his return. But he had not forgotten his

compact with his friend, and in the course of a week he wrote to Podington, inviting him to spend some days with him. Mr. Podington was a man of honor, and in spite of his recent unfortunate water experience he would not break his word. He went to Mr. Buller's seaside home at the time appointed.

Early on the morning after his arrival, before the family were up, Mr. Podington went out and strolled down to the edge of the bay. He went to look at Buller's boat. He was well aware that he would be asked to take a sail, and as Buller had driven with him, it would be impossible for him to decline sailing with Buller; but he must see the boat. There was a train for his home at a quarter past seven; if he were not on the premises he could not be asked to sail. If Buller's boat were a little, flimsy thing, he would take that train—but he would wait and see.

There was only one boat anchored near the beach, and a man—apparently a fisherman—informed Mr. Podington that it belonged to Mr. Buller. Podington looked at it eagerly; it was not very small and not flimsy.

"Do you consider that a safe boat?" he asked the fisherman.

"Safe?" replied the man. "You could not upset her if you tried. Look at her breadth of beam! You could go anywhere in that boat! Are you thinking of buying her?"

The idea that he would think of buying a boat made Mr. Podington laugh. The information that it would be impossible to upset the little vessel had greatly cheered him, and he could laugh.

Shortly after breakfast Mr. Buller, like a nurse with a dose of medicine, came to Mr. Podington with the expected invitation to take a sail.

"Now, William," said his host, "I understand perfectly your feeling about boats, and what I wish to prove to you is that it is a feeling without any foundation. I don't want to shock you or make you nervous, so I am not going to take you out today on the bay in my boat. You are as safe on the bay as you would be on land—a little safer, perhaps, under certain circumstances, to which we will not allude—but

still it is sometimes a little rough, and this, at first, might cause you some uneasiness, and so I am going to let you begin your education in the sailing line on perfectly smooth water. About three miles back of us there is a very pretty lake several miles long. It is part of the canal system which connects the town with the railroad. I have sent my boat to the town, and we can walk up there and go by the canal to the lake; it is only about three miles."

If he had to sail at all, this kind of sailing suited Mr. Podington. A canal, a quiet lake, and a boat which could not be upset. When they reached the town the boat was in the canal, ready for them.

"Now," said Mr. Buller, "you get in and make yourself comfortable. My idea is to hitch on to a canal boat and be towed to the lake. The boats generally start about this time in the morning, and I will go and see about it."

Mr. Podington, under the direction of his friend, took a seat in the stern of the sailboat, and then he remarked:

"Thomas, have you a life preserver on board? You know I am not used to any kind of vessel, and I am clumsy. Nothing might happen to the boat, but I might trip and fall overboard, and I can't swim."

"All right," said Buller; "here's a life preserver, and you can put it on. I want you to feel perfectly safe. Now I will go and see about the tow."

But Mr. Buller found that the canal boats would not start at their usual time; the loading of one of them was not finished, and he was informed that he might have to wait for an hour or more. This did not suit Mr. Buller at all, and he did not hesitate to show his annoyance.

"I tell you, sir, what you can do," said one of the men in charge of the boats; "if you don't want to wait till we are ready to start, we'll let you have a boy and a horse to tow you up to the lake. That won't cost you much, and they'll be back before we want 'em."

The bargain was made, and Mr. Buller joyfully returned to his boat with the intelligence that they were not to wait for the canal boats. A long rope, with a horse attached to

the other end of it, was speedily made fast to the boat, and with a boy at the head of the horse, they started up the canal.

"Now this is the kind of sailing I like," said Mr. Podington. "If I lived near a canal I believe I would buy a boat and train my horse to tow. I could have a long pair of rope lines and drive him myself; then when the roads were rough and bad the canal would always be smooth."

"This is all very nice," replied Mr. Buller, who sat by the tiller to keep the boat away from the bank, "and I am glad to see you in a boat under any circumstances. Do you know, William, that although I did not plan it, there could not have been a better way to begin your sailing education. Here we glide along, slowly and gently, with no possible thought of danger, for if the boat should suddenly spring a leak, as if it were the body of a wagon, all we would have to do would be to step on shore, and by the time you get to the end of the canal you will like this gentle motion so much that you will be perfectly ready to begin the second stage of your nautical education."

"Yes," said Mr. Podington. "How long did you say this canal is?"

"About three miles," answered his friend. "Then we will go into the lock and in a few minutes we shall be on the lake."

"So far as I am concerned," said Mr. Podington, "I wish the canal were twelve miles long. I cannot imagine anything pleasanter than this. If I lived anywhere near a canal—a long canal, I mean, this one is too short—I'd—"

"Come, come now," interrupted Buller. "Don't be content to stay in the primary school just because it is easy. When we get on the lake I will show you that in a boat, with a gentle breeze, such as we are likely to have today, you will find the motion quite as pleasing, and ever so much more inspiring. I should not be a bit surprised, William, if after you have been two or three times on the lake you will ask me—yes, positively ask me—to take you out on the bay!"

Mr. Podington smiled, and leaning backward, he looked up at the beautiful blue sky.

"You can't give me anything better than this, Thomas," said he; "but you needn't think I am weakening; you drove with me, and I will sail with you."

The thought came into Buller's mind that he had done both of these things with Podington, but he did not wish to call up unpleasant memories, and said nothing.

About half a mile from the town there stood a small cottage where house cleaning was going on, and on a fence, not far from the canal, there hung a carpet gayly adorned with stripes and spots of red and yellow.

When the drowsy tow horse came abreast of the house, and the carpet caught his eye, he suddenly stopped and gave a start toward the canal. Then, impressed with a horror of the glaring apparition, he gathered himself up, and with a bound dashed along the towpath. The astounded boy gave a shout, but was speedily left behind. The boat of Mr. Buller shot forward as if she had been struck by a squall.

The terrified horse sped on as if a red and yellow demon were after him. The boat bounded, and plunged, and frequently struck the grassy bank of the canal, as if it would break itself to pieces. Mr. Podington clutched the boom to keep himself from being thrown out, while Mr. Buller, both hands upon the tiller, frantically endeavored to keep the boat from the bank.

"William!" he screamed, "he is running away with us; we shall be dashed to pieces! Can't you get forward and cast off that line?"

"What do you mean?" cried Podington, as the boom gave a great jerk as if it would break its fastenings and drag him overboard.

"I mean untie the towline. We'll be smashed if you don't! I can't leave this tiller. Don't try to stand up; hold on to the boom and creep forward. Steady now, or you'll be overboard!"

Mr. Podington stumbled to the bow of the boat, his efforts greatly impeded by the big cork life preserver tied under his arms, and the motion of the boat was so violent and erratic that he was obliged to hold on to the mast with one arm and

to try to loosen the knot with the other; but there was a great strain on the rope, and he could do nothing with one hand.

"Cut it! Cut it!" cried Mr. Buller.

"I haven't a knife," replied Podington.

Mr. Buller was terribly frightened; his boat was cutting through the water as never vessel of her class had sped since sailboats were invented, and bumping against the bank as if she were a billiard ball rebounding from the edge of a table. He forgot he was in a boat; he only knew that for the first time in his life he was in a runaway. He let go the tiller. It was of no use to him.

"William," he cried, "let us jump out the next time we are near enough to shore!"

"Don't do that! Don't do that!" replied Podington. "Don't jump out in a runaway; that is the way to get hurt. Stick to your seat, my boy; he can't keep this up much longer. He'll lose his wind!"

Mr. Podington was greatly excited, but he was not frightened, as Buller was. He had been in a runaway before, and he could not help thinking how much better a wagon was than a boat in such a case.

"If he were hitched up shorter and I had a snaffle-bit and a stout pair of reins," thought he, "I could soon bring him up."

But Mr. Buller was rapidly losing his wits. The horse seemed to be going faster than ever. The boat bumped harder against the bank, and at one time Buller thought they would turn over.

Suddenly a thought struck him.

"William," he shouted, "tip that anchor over the side! Throw it in, any way!"

Mr. Podington looked about him, and, almost under his feet, saw the anchor. He did not instantly comprehend why Buller wanted it thrown overboard, but this was not a time to ask questions. The difficulties imposed by the life preserver, and the necessity of holding on with one hand, interfered very much with his getting at the anchor and throwing it over the side, but at last he succeeded, and just as the boat threw up her bow as if she were about to jump on shore, the anchor

went out and its line shot after it. There was an irregular trembling of the boat as the anchor struggled along the bottom of the canal; then there was a great shock; the boat ran into the bank and stopped; the towline was tightened like a guitar string, and the horse, jerked back with great violence, came tumbling in a heap upon the ground.

Instantly Mr. Podington was on the shore and running at the top of his speed toward the horse. The astounded animal had scarcely begun to struggle to his feet when Podington rushed upon him, pressed his head back to the ground, and sat upon it.

"Hurrah!" he cried, waving his hat above his head. "Get out, Buller; he is all right now!"

Presently Mr. Buller approached, very much shaken up.

"All right?" he said. "I don't call a horse flat in a road with a man on his head all right; but hold him down till we get him loose from my boat. That is the thing to do. William, cast him loose from the boat before you let him up! What will he do when he gets up?"

"Oh, he'll be quiet enough when he gets up," said Podington. "But if you've got a knife you can cut his traces—I mean that rope—but no, you needn't. Here comes the boy. We'll settle this business in very short order now."

When the horse was on his feet, and all connection between the animal and the boat had been severed, Mr. Podington looked at his friend.

"Thomas," said he, "you seem to have had a hard time of it. You have lost your hat and you look as if you had been in a wrestling match."

"I have," replied the other; "I wrestled with that tiller and I wonder it didn't throw me out."

Now approached the boy. "Shall I hitch him on again, sir?" said he. "He's quiet enough now."

"No," cried Mr. Buller; "I want no more sailing after a horse, and, besides, we can't go on the lake with that boat; she has been battered about so much that she must have opened a dozen seams. The best thing we can do is to walk home."

Mr. Podington agreed with his friend that walking home was the best thing they could do. The boat was examined and found to be leaking, but not very badly, and when her mast had been unshipped and everything had been made tight and right on board, she was pulled out of the way of towlines and boats, and made fast until she could be sent for from the town.

IV. Mr. Buller and Mr. Podington Make a New Compact

Mr. Buller and Mr. Podington walked back toward the town. They had not gone very far when they met a party of boys, who, upon seeing them, burst into unseemly laughter.

"Mister," cried one of them, "you needn't be afraid of tumbling into the canal. Why don't you take off your life preserver and let that other man put it on his head?"

The two friends looked at each other and could not help joining in the laughter of the boys.

"By George! I forgot all about this," said Podington, as he unfastened the cork jacket. "It does look a little super-timid to wear a life preserver just because one happens to be walking by the side of a canal."

Mr. Buller tied a handkerchief on his head, and Mr. Podington rolled up his life preserver and carried it under his arm. Thus they reached the town, where Buller bought a hat, Podington dispensed with his bundle, and arrangements were made to bring back the boat.

"Runaway in a sailboat!" exclaimed one of the canal boatmen when he had heard about the accident. "Upon my word! That beats anything that could happen to a man!"

"No, it doesn't," replied Mr. Buller, quietly. "I have gone to the bottom in a foundered road wagon."

The man looked at him fixedly.

"Was you ever stuck in the mud in a balloon?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Mr. Buller.

It required ten days to put Mr. Buller's sailboat into proper condition, and for ten days Mr. Podington stayed with his friend, and enjoyed his visit very much. They strolled on

the beach, they took long walks in the back country, they fished from the end of a pier, they smoked, they talked, and were happy and content.

"Thomas," said Mr. Podington, on the last evening of his stay, "I have enjoyed myself very much since I have been down here, and now, Thomas, if I were to come down again next summer, would you mind — would you mind, not — "

"I would not mind it a bit," replied Buller, promptly. "I'll never so much as mention it; so you can come along without a thought of it. And since you have alluded to the subject, William," he continued, "I'd like very much to come and see you again; you know my visit was a very short one this year. That is a beautiful country you live in. Such a variety of scenery, such an opportunity for walks and rambles! But, William, if you could only make up your mind not to — "

"Oh, that is all right!" exclaimed Podington. "I do not need to make up my mind. You come to my house and you will never so much as hear of it. Here's my hand upon it!"

"And here's mine!" said Mr. Buller.

And they shook hands over a new compact.

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

EDWARD LEAR

The Pobble who has no toes
  Had once as many as we;
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all";
  He replied — "Fish fiddle-de-dee!"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink,
For she said, "The world in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes
  Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
  In a piece of scarlet flannel.

For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
And when boats or ships came near him
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,
So that all the world could hear him.
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the farther side—
"He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore,
The shore of the Bristol Channel,
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet,
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,
From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away—
Nobody knew; and nobody knows,
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back, and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;—
And she said—"It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

CONTENTMENT

"Man wants but little here below"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brownstone will do)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there—
Some good bank stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names:
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin—
Some, *not so large*, in rings—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear)
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four—
I love so much their style and tone,
One Turner and no more
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt—
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?

Give grasping pomp its double share —
I asked but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much* —
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

THE GLOSSARY

Webster's New International Dictionary has been used as authority in spelling and pronunciation except in the case of certain foreign names, when the Century Dictionary was used.

abasement (*ȧ*-bās′mĕnt): humiliation.

abashed (*ȧ*-băsht′): confused; embarrassed.

Abenakis (ăb′ē-nä′kĭs): Indian allies of the French in the ambush of the English forces under General Braddock.

abominably (*ȧ*-bŏm′ĭ-nȧ-b′lĭ): hatefully: detestably.

accoutered (*ă*-kōō′tērd): equipped.

Achilles (*ȧ*-kĭl′ēz): the chief Greek hero in the Trojan War.

adage (ăd′ăj): an old saying or proverb.

adamantine (ăd′*ȧ*-măn′tĭn): incapable of being broken or penetrated; very hard.

adaptation to environment: so constructed as to fit in perfectly with the conditions of existence.

addicted (*ă*-dĭkt′ĕd): devoted or given over to a habit.

addled (ăd″ld): muddled; confused.

adept (*ȧ*-dĕpt′): expert.

adhered (ăd-hērd′): held; remained fixed.

advocating (ăd′vō-kāt′ĭng): favoring; arguing in support of.

adze (ădz): a tool having a thin curved blade set at right angles to the handle.

Aethiopia (ē′thĭ-ō′pĭ-*ȧ*): an ancient country in Africa, probably along the upper Nile.

affronted (*ă*-frŭnt′ĕd): offended.

Agamemnon (ăg′*ȧ*-mĕm′nŏn): the brother of Menelaus and leader of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

Ainsworth (ānz′wŭrth): English divine whose versions of the psalms were generally used by the Puritans.

Ajax of Salamis (ā′jăks, săl′*ȧ*-mĭs): a Greek hero ranking next to Achilles in strength and beauty. Salamis was on the island of Cyprus.

Alhambra (ăl-hăm′brȧ): fortress palace of the Moorish kings at Granada, Spain.

allay (*ă*-lā′): appease; subdue; soothe.

aloof (*ȧ*-lōōf′): apart; away.

amateur (ăm′*ȧ*-tûr): one who follows a calling for interest and amusement rather than for gain; also, a beginner, an unskilled person. Jim Smiley speaks of "a amature" in Mark Twain's story of the jumping frog.

ambuscade (ăm′bŭs-kād′): a lying in wait for a surprise attack from ambush.

amethyst (ăm′ĕ-thĭst): a variety of precious stone, a clear purple or violet kind of quartz.

Amundsen, Roald (rō′ăld ä′mŭn-sĕn): a present-day Norwegian explorer of the polar regions.

Ancon (ăŋ-kŏn′): a town at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal.

anon (*ȧ*-nŏn′): straightway; soon.

antarctic (ănt-ärk′tĭk): relating to the south polar regions.

ante up (ăn′tĕ): put up; bet. (*Colloq.*)

antennae (ăn-tĕn′ē): the feelers of insects.

apocalyptical (*ȧ*-pŏk′*ȧ*-lĭp′tĭ-kăl): having to do with prophetic revelation.

Apollo (*ȧ*-pŏl′ō): the Greek god of poetry and music; also of the sun.

Appamatuck (ăp-*ȧ*-măt′ŭk): Captain John Smith's spelling of the Indian word which we know in the form of *Appomattox*.

apparition (ăp′*à*-rĭsh′*ŭn*): an unexpected or startling appearance; a ghost.
apprehensively (ăp′rē-hĕn′sĭv-lĭ): fearfully.
aquatic (*à*-kwăt′ĭk): pertaining to water; living in or near water.
arcabucero (är′kä-bōō-thā′rō): Spanish term for a musketeer.
Argos (är′gŏs): ancient city on the Gulf of Argos in southern Greece.
arrogant (ăr′ō-gănt): disdainful; overbearing.
Asgard (ăs′gärd): in Norse mythology, the abode of the gods.
askance. *See* look askance.
Aspinet (ăs′pĭ-nĕt): an Indian mentioned in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."
aspiring (ăs-pīr′ĭng): ambitious.
assagai (ăs′*à*-gī): a spear, usually tipped with iron.
Astaroth (ăs′t*à*-rŏth): chief goddess of the ancient Phoenicians. Her worship included wild orgies.
Ate (ā′tē): goddess of mischief.
augury (ô′gū-rĭ): omen; indication of the future.
Aulis (ô′lĭs): a town on the eastern coast of Greece where fleets gathered in the Trojan War.
automatic (ô′tō-măt′ĭk): self-regulating.
avalanche (ăv′*à*-lânch): a landslide.
awry (*à*-rī′): crooked; asquint.
Azores (*à*-zōrz′): a group of islands in the Atlantic west of Spain.
azure (ăzh′ŭr): blue, as of the sky.

Baal (bā′ăl): an ancient heathen god frequently mentioned in the Old Testament.
Bacchus (băk′*ŭs*): the god of wine.
Baffin's Bay (băf′ĭnz): body of water between Greenland and North America.
Bahama Islands (b*à*-hā′m*à*): a group of islands north of Cuba and east of Florida.
balsam (bôl′săm): a tree which yields an oily, healing substance.
banian (băn′y*ă*n): former nautical term for a day when no meat was served out to the sailors.
Bariffe's Artillery Guide (băr′ĭf): an old-time military textbook for gunners.
barricade (băr′ĭ-kād′): to throw up hastily some barrier or defense; to fortify; also, an obstruction.
Barro Colorado (bär′ō kŏ-lō-rä′dŏ): a jungle island in Gatun Lake, Panama.
Bathsheba (băth-shē′b*à*): the wife of Uriah the Hittite, with whom King David fell in love.
Baukis (bô′kĭs): character in Greek mythology.
beatitude (bē-ăt′ĭ-tūd): bliss; ecstasy.
Beaujeu (bō′zhē): a French captain at Fort Duquesne.
bedight (bē-dīt′): arrayed; equipped.
bedizened (bē-dī′z'nd): adorned.
belligerent (bĕ-lĭj-ĕr-ĕnt): warlike; full of fight.
Belvoir (bĕl′vwär): a country seat in Virginia.
Bertha (bûr′th*à*): wife of Rudolph II of Burgundy, represented in monuments as sitting on her throne, spinning.
betokened (bē-tō′k'nd): indicated.
bigot (bĭg′*ŭt*): a person obstinately and blindly devoted to a set of ideas or principles.
bitters (bĭt′ĕrz): an alcoholic drink.
bivouac (bĭv′wăk): a night's encampment without shelter.
blazon (blā′z'n): armorial bearings, or a description of them.
Blefuscu (blē-fŭs′kū): an island near Lilliput in *Gulliver's Travels*.
Blue Ridge: the southeastern range of the Allegheny Mountains in Virginia and the Carolinas.
bole (bōl): the main body or trunk of a tree.
bombastic (bŏm-băs′tĭk): high-sounding; pompous.
boom (bōōm): a long pole used to extend the bottom of a sail.
boon (bōōn): gift; favor.

bound apprentice (*à*-prĕn′tĭs): it was formerly the custom for a boy to learn his trade or profession by entering the service of a master, signing agreements which bound him to remain for a certain number of years.

bowshot: the distance an arrow can be shot from a bow.

Brabant (br*à*-bănt′): an old province of the Netherlands.

brake (brāk): thickets, underbrush.

branchiae (brăŋ′kĭ-ē): gills.

braveries (brāv′ĕr-ĭz): adornments; fine clothes.

brawl (brôl): a noisy quarrel.

Brobdingnag (brŏb′dĭng-năg): in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, a country inhabited by giants sixty feet tall, visited by Gulliver in one of his strange voyages.

brownstone: a kind of building stone formerly used for fine homes.

buccaneers (bŭk′*à*-nērz): sea rovers or pirates who warred mainly on Spanish ships.

buhl (bōōl): furniture inlaid with tortoise shell, or yellow and white metals.

bullies (bo͝ol′ĭz): fine fellows; good chaps. (*Colloq.*)

bullion (bo͝ol′yŭn): gold or silver in bulk, usually in the shape of bars or ingots.

Burgoyne (bûr-goin′): John Burgoyne, a British general in the Revolutionary War.

cairn (kârn): a mound or stones erected as a memorial.

Calaveras (kăl′*à*-vā′r*à*s): a mining county in central California.

calked (kôkt): leaks stopped up.

callow (kăl′ō): inexperienced; crude.

Cambridge (kām′brĭj): an English university in the city of Cambridge.

cameos (kăm′ē-ōz): gems carved in relief.

Canaries (k*à*-nā′rĭz): a group of islands in the Atlantic off the northwestern coast of Africa.

candlenut (kăn′d'l-nŭt): a kind of nut used for candles in the Pacific islands.

caper, cutting a: playing a prank; performing an unexpected movement.

caprification (kăp′rĭ-fĭ-kā′shŭn): a method of having the pollen of wild figs carried to cultivated figs by the use of wasps.

carboy (kär′boi): large glass bottle.

carded (kärd′ĕd): combed and cleansed.

cashmere (kăsh′mēr): fine woolen material from Cashmere, India.

cast off: put off from shore; untie.

castigations (kăs′tĭ-gā′shŭns): punishments; beatings.

Castor and Pollux (kàs′tẽr, pŏl′ŭks): twin brothers worshiped by the Greeks as the patrons of games.

catboat (kăt′bōt′): a small sailboat.

Cathay (kă-tha′): an old name for China.

Caughnawagas (kô′n*à*-wä′g*à*z): Indian allies of the French at Fort Duquesne.

cavorting (k*à*-vôrt′ĭng): prancing; capering.

cellular (sĕl′ū-l*à*r): made up of cells; of open structure.

cephalothorax (sĕf′*à*-lō-thō′răks): in many shellfish, a part of the body just back of the head and fused with it.

Ceres (sē′rēz): goddess of growing vegetation and of the harvest.

chaffer (chăf′ẽr): bargain; haggle about prices.

chilblains (chĭl′blānz): inflamed swellings on the feet or hands caused by cold.

chimpanzee (chĭm-păn′zē): a variety of ape resembling the gorilla, but smaller and less ferocious.

China silk: fine, thin silk; pongee.

choleric (kŏl′ẽr-ĭk): hot-tempered; wrathful.

chores (chōrz): regular daily tasks.

Christendom (krĭs″n-dŭm): all the Christian parts of the world, as distinct from heathen lands.

chrysolite (krĭs′ō-līt): a yellowish-green gem.

churls (chûrlz): rough, ill-bred fellows.

Clinton, Sir Henry: a British general in the Revolutionary War.

clouting (klout′ĭng): thumping, striking roughly.

cloying (kloi′ĭng): over-satisfying; unpleasant; too sweet.

cock argent combed and wattled gules: heraldic terms meaning a silver cock with red comb and wattles.

Commentaries (kŏm′ĕn-tā-rĭz): brief accounts. The title of Julius Caesar's record of his military campaigns in Gaul.

commentary (kŏm′ĕn-tā-rĭ): illustrative remark or comment.

commiserating (kŏ-mĭz′ĕr-āt′ĭng): pitying.

commission firm (kŏ-mĭsh′ŭn): a firm which buys or sells goods on commission, that is, allowing for itself a percentage of the profit as payment for handling the transaction.

complacency (kŏm-plā′sĕn-sĭ): self-satisfaction.

conceits (kŏn-sēts′): fanciful ideas.

congealed (kŏn-jēld′): frozen; stiffened from cold.

conjecture (kŏn-jĕk′tu̲r): guess, surmise.

consigned (kŏn-sīnd′): sent for sale.

contagious (kŏn-tā′jŭs): catching; spreading.

contemptuously (kŏn-tĕmp′tu̲-ŭs-lĭ): scornfully.

Continental army: the colonial or American army in the Revolution.

Contrecoeur (kŏN′trĕ-kûr′): French commander at Fort Duquesne.

contrition (kŏn-trĭsh′ŭn): repentance; self-reproach.

contusions (kŏn-tū′zhŭnz): bruises.

coolly (cōōl′ĭ): narrow steep valley.

Corbitant (kôr′bĭ-tănt): an Indian mentioned in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Cordova (kôr′dō-vä): a city in southern Spain famous for fine leathers; hence *cordovan*, meaning a very fine kind of leather.

Cornwallis, Lord (kôrn-wŏl′ĭs): British commanding general in the Revolutionary War.

corrugate (kŏr′ōō-gāt): to wrinkle; to furrow.

corselet (kô̲rs′lĕt): armor for the body; a breastplate and backpiece together.

crevasse (krĕ-vås′): a deep crevice or crack in a glacier.

Cromwell: Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658), the Puritan leader who overthrew Charles I of England and set up a Commonwealth.

culinary (kū′lĭ-nâ-rĭ): relating to cookery or the kitchen.

culling (kŭl′ĭng): choosing; picking over.

Cumberland, Fort (kŭm′bĕr-lănd): now the town of Cumberland in western Maryland.

Cupid (kū′pĭd): the god of love.

Daedalus (dĕd′*à*-lŭs): in Greek mythology, a clever craftsman who succeeded in making artificial wings of wax and feathers by which he could fly.

Damascus (dà-măs′kŭs): chief city of Syria; famous in medieval times for the manufacture of fine swords and armor.

dare-gool: a children's game.

Darwin (där′wĭn): Charles Darwin, a great English naturalist, died 1882.

David's transgression: allusion to the Biblical story of how King David fell in love with Bathsheba and, in order to marry her, sent her husband Uriah to the wars, where he was killed.

deigning (dān′ĭng): granting; condescending.

De Kalb (dē kălb′): Baron Johann De Kalb, a German volunteer and general in the Revolutionary army; fatally wounded at Camden, S. C., in 1780.

Delawares (dĕl′*a*-wârz): members of an Indian tribe, allies of the French at Fort Duquesne.

delicate Saxon complexion: a fair, pink-and-white coloring.

delusions (dē-lū′zhŭnz): mockeries; deceitful images.

depraved (dē-prāvd′): corrupt; degenerated.

depredations (dĕp′rē-dā′shŭnz): plundering raids.

derision (dē-rĭzh′ŭn): scorn; mockery.

destined (dĕs′tĭnd): fated.

destiny (dĕs′tĭ-nĭ): fortune; future fate.

devious (dē′vĭ-ŭs): winding; wandering; erratic.

devoid (dē-void′): empty; lacking.

dexterous (dĕks′tĕr-ŭs): skillful; expert.

Diana (dī-ăn′*a*): goddess of the hunt and of the moon.

Diego (dē-ā′gō): son of Columbus.

dilapidated (dĭ-lăp′ĭ-dāt′ĕd): in bad repair; falling apart.

dilated (dī-lāt′ĕd): enlarged.

diminutive (dĭ-mĭn′ū-tĭv): very small.

Diomed of Aetolia (dī′ō-mĕd, ē-tō′lĭ-*a*): one of the bravest of the Greek princes who took part in the Trojan War. Aetolia was a state in northwestern Greece.

diplomatic (dĭp′lō-măt′ĭk): tactful; skillful in negotiations.

discreet (dĭs-krēt′): prudent; guarded in behavior.

dissemble (dĭ-sĕm′b'l): to conceal one's real thoughts or feelings under pretense of thinking or feeling otherwise.

dissuade (dĭ-swād′): prevent by persuasion; persuade against.

divest (dĭ-vĕst′): unclothe; dispossess.

divined (dĭ-vīnd′): conjectured; guessed.

doegr, two (dū′gr): two periods of twelve hours each. (*Icelandic.*)

doling (dōl′ĭng): dealing out in small portions.

dominion (dō-mĭn′yŭn): subject territory.

doublet and hose: the doublet was a close-fitting outer garment for the upper part of the body; the hose, rather close-fitting breeches. Doublet and hose formed the close body-garment for men from about the 14th to the 18th century.

draftsman (drȧfts′măn): one who devises or draws up a document.

droll (drōl): queer; amusing.

dubbed (dŭbd): named; entitled.

dubiously (dū′bĭ-ŭs-lĭ): doubtfully.

dulse (dŭls): a red seaweed.

Duquesne, Fort (dōō-kān′): situated on the present site of Pittsburgh, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers.

Dutch oven: a shallow iron kettle for baking, with a cover to hold burning coals.

Eau Claire (ō′klâr′): a town on the Chippewa River, in western Wisconsin.

economics (ē′kō-nŏm′ĭks): the science that treats of wealth or the method of living well; satisfactory management of affairs.

elated (ē-lāt′ĕd): in high spirits; triumphant.

Eldorado (ĕl-dō-rä′dō): an imaginary city or country abounding in gold.

element (ĕl′ē-mĕnt): one of the four substances (earth, air, fire, water), formerly regarded as the basis of all matter.

ensconced (ĕn-skŏnst′): hidden; concealed.

ensigns (ĕn′sīnz): flags; standards.

entailed (ĕn-tāld′): imposed; brought upon; restricted.

enterprise (ĕn′tĕr-prīz): energy; boldness; also, an undertaking.

Epimetheus (ĕp′ĭ-mē′thūs): Pandora's companion in "The Paradise of Children." The Greek name means "afterthought."

Eric the Red: a Norse sea rover who established the first Norse colony in Greenland; the father of Leif the Lucky.

Escanaba (ĕs-kȧ-nô′bȧ): town on Green Bay in northern Michigan.
Eshcol (ĕsh′kŏl): a fertile valley in Palestine.
espousal (ĕs-pouz′ăl): wedding; the marriage ceremony.
ether (ē′thĕr): a rarefied element supposed to fill the upper regions of space.
ethereal (ĕ-thē′rē-ăl): celestial; extremely light and airy.
Ethiopia: same as *Aethiopia*.
Euphrates (ū-frā′tēz): a river in Mesopotamia, formerly supposed to have its source in Eden.
excise men (ĕk-sīz′): men who collected the duties or taxes levied on various articles.

facilitate (fȧ-sĭl′ĭ-tāt): make easier.
fain (fān): eager; desirous.
Fairfax, Lord: a friend of the Washington family, whose estates George Washington was commissioned to survey.
family arms: the heraldic device or coat of arms belonging to a family.
farthing (făr′thĭng): small coin worth about one-fourth of an English penny or one-half of one of our cents. Used metaphorically to suggest a small value.
fathom (făth′ŭm): a measure of length, about six feet.
Favosites (făv′ō-sī′tēz): scientific name for a kind of coral.
fay (fā): fairy.
Field of the First Encounter: where the Pilgrims first met the Indians, near Plymouth, Dec. 8, 1620.
figuratively speaking (fĭg′ûr-ȧ-tĭv-lĭ): an imaginary or comparative meaning, rather than the one actually stated.
finesse (fĭ-nĕs′): stratagem; cleverness.
flamboyant (flăm-boi′ănt): showy; flashy.
Flanders (flăn′dĕrz): a former section of Western Europe including approximately what is now Belgium and Holland.
flout (flout): mock; insult.
fluctuations (flŭk′tū-ā′shŭnz): alternating movements; changes.
fluently (flōō′ĕnt-lĭ): readily; volubly.
flume (flōōm): an inclined channel, usually of wood, for conveying water from a distance.
flunkies (flŭŋk′ĭz): contemptuous term for servants or assistants.
fo'castle (fōk′s'l): forecastle; a compartment raised above the deck in the forward part of the ship; the sleeping quarters of the sailors.
foraged (fŏr′ăjd): hunted for provisions and other supplies.
forays (fŏr′ăz): raids.
formulae (fôr′mū-lē) (plural of *formula*): prescriptions; set forms or rules.
foundered (foun′dĕrd): sunken by being filled with water.
Frederick Barbarossa (bär′bȧ-rŏs′ȧ): Frederick Redbeard, an emperor of Germany in the 12th century. According to legend, he did not die, but was to remain asleep in a cave until his country should need him again.
Friar Tuck: an outlaw friar who acted as chaplain for Robin Hood's band.
fricassee (frĭk′ȧ-sē′): a dish made of fowl or game meat cut up and stewed.
Frijoles (frē-hō′lĕs): a village in the Panama Canal Zone.
fronds (frŏndz): leaves, especially those of palm trees.
fusillade (fū′zĭ-lād′): a series of shots in rapid succession.

Gage: Thomas Gage, a British general in the Revolutionary War.
galleon (găl′ē-ŭn): a large sailing vessel of the 15th and 16th centuries, much used for commerce and war.
gambrel roof (găm′brĕl): a roof having a double slope.
garnished (gär′nĭsht): furnished; adorned.
garrulous (găr′ŏŏ-lŭs): talkative.

Gates: Horatio Gates, a major general in the Continental army.

Gatun Lake (gä-tōōn′): a lake which forms a link in the Panama Canal.

Genoa (jĕn′ō-*à*): a seaport in northern Italy.

Georgetown (jôrj′toun): a seaport town in South Carolina.

germination (jûr′mĭ-nā′shŭn): beginning of growth.

gingerly (jĭn′jĕr-lĭ): very cautiously.

glebe (glēb): soil; sod.

glens (glĕnz): narrow valleys.

glowered (glou′ĕrd): scowled; stared angrily.

Golden Gate: the strait connecting San Francisco Bay with the Pacific Ocean. It was so named by Sir Francis Drake.

golden reed. *See* the last chapter of the book of Revelation.

Goldinge, Arthur (gōl′dĭng): an English writer noted for his translations of Latin authors. Died about 1605.

Goliath (gō-lī′ăth): the Philistine giant killed by David.

good offices: good deeds or services.

Granada (grà-nä′dà): city in southern Spain, once the stronghold of the Moors.

granaries (grăn′*à*-rĭz): storehouses for grain.

grandee (grăn-dē′): Spanish nobleman of high rank.

gravity (grăv′ĭ-tĭ): attraction between masses of matter; the force which causes objects to fall toward the center of the earth; hence, weight; seriousness.

gray goose feather: poetic term for arrows, so called because they were usually feathered with goose quills.

Gregory, Saint: one of the early popes, who sent missionaries to Christianize the Anglo-Saxons of Britain.

grenadiers (grĕn′*à*-dērz′): foot soldiers in the British army.

grimace (grĭ-mās′): a distortion or twisting of the countenance.

grotesque (grō-tĕsk′): very fantastic; oddly shaped.

guayacan (gwä-yä-kän′): a yellow-flowering hardwood tree of Central America.

gubernator (gū′bĕr-nā′tŏr): a governor. (Used facetiously.)

guinea (gĭn′ĭ): an English gold coin worth about $5.11.

gunwale (gŭn′ĕl): the rim or upper edge of the side of a boat.

Gurnet (gûr′nĕt): a headland near Plymouth Harbor, Mass.

gusto (gŭs′tō): spirit; energy; zest.

gutta-percha (gŭt′*à*-pûr′chà): a rubber-like substance made from the juice of an evergreen tree of the Malay peninsula and archipelago.

Hades (hā′dēz): the underworld in ancient mythology; abode of the dead.

hadji (hăj′ē): title given to a Mohammedan who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Hainault (ĕ′nō′): a province of the Netherlands.

halcyon (hăl′sĭ-*ŭn*): a mythical bird supposed to build a floating nest upon the sea; also, the kingfisher.

haranguing (hà-răng′ĭng): delivering a speech in a noisy, ranting manner.

harnessed (här′nĕst): supplied with armor or other equipment; hence, colloquially, tackled.

Havilah (hăv′ĭ-lä): a land of gold and precious stones mentioned in Genesis as near Eden.

heave to: come to a stop. (*Naut.*)

Hecuba (hĕk′ū-bà): queen of Troy.

hedgerows of England: rows of shrubs and trees for separating inclosures, forming one of the most picturesque features of the English landscape.

Helluland (hĕl′ŭ-lănd): land visited by Leif the Lucky, apparently a bare, rocky island.

Henry of Portugal, Prince: known as "The Navigator" because of his encouragement of navigation. He

sent explorers to find a route around Africa to the Indies (1354–1360).

Hercules (hûr'kû-lēz): a mythical Greek hero celebrated for his remarkable strength, by means of which he accomplished twelve great feats.

Heriulfsson, Biarni (byär'nē hĕr'yŭlf-sŏn): a Norse sailor who gave Leif the Lucky reports of strange lands to the west.

Hesperides, gardens of the (hĕs-pĕr'ĭ-dēz): in Greek mythology, a place where golden apples grew.

high relief: carved so that the figures stand out above the surface of the ornamented object.

Hobomok (hō'bō-mŏk): an Indian mentioned in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Holger Danske (hōl'gĕr dăn'skĕ): national hero of Denmark, fabled to be sleeping until danger shall waken him. Same as *Ogier the Dane*.

horse block: a stepping block used for mounting or dismounting from a horse.

horticulture (hôr'tĭ-kŭl'tûr): the science of growing fruit, flowers, and vegetables.

hosier (hō'zhĕr): one who deals in hose, or clothes generally.

hovel (hŏv'ĕl): a hut; a poor dwelling.

howitzer (hou'ĭt-sĕr): a small cannon.

Huge (hū'gē): the racer who outran Thor's servant in Utgard.

Hurons (hū'rŏnz): members of an Indian tribe, allies of the French at Fort Duquesne.

Iberian (ī-bē'rĭ-ăn): Spanish Iberia was the ancient name for Spain.

Icaria (ī-kā'rĭ-ȧ): an island in the Aegean Sea.

Icarus (ĭk'ȧ-rŭs): son of Daedalus, killed when he flew too near the sun and the heat melted the wax of his artificial wings.

ignominy (ĭg'nō-mĭn-ĭ): disgrace, dishonor.

illusion (ĭ-lū'zhŭn): something unreal or misleading.

impact (ĭm'păkt): forcible contact of one object with another.

implacable (ĭm-plā'kȧ-b'l): not to be appeased; unforgiving.

importunate (ĭm-pôr'tû-nāt): troublesomely urgent.

impracticable (ĭm-prăk'tĭ-kȧ-b'l): not possible; difficult.

imputation (ĭm-pū-tā'shŭn): suggestion.

incursions (ĭn-kûr'shŭnz): invasions; raids.

indent (ĭn-dĕnt'): bind out to service by a written agreement; to apprentice oneself.

indiscriminately (ĭn-dĭs-krĭm'ĭ-nāt-lĭ): without regard to selection or choice; confusedly.

inevitably (ĭn-ĕv'ĭ-tȧ-blĭ): unavoidably.

infamous (ĭn'fȧ-mŭs): detestable; disgraceful.

infinite (ĭn'fĭ-nĭt): boundless; eternal.

ingenious (ĭn-jēn'yŭs): clever; inventive.

iniquity (ĭn-ĭk'wĭ-tĭ): wickedness; sin.

initiation (ĭn-ĭsh'ĭ-ā'shŭn): admission; introduction.

inkhorn (ĭŋk'hôrn): a small bottle of horn for holding ink.

instinctive (ĭn-stĭŋk'tĭv): derived from, or prompted by, natural impulse.

intercept (ĭn'tĕr-sĕpt'): interrupt; cut off.

interminable (ĭn-tûr'mĭ-nȧ-b'l): endless.

interred (ĭn-tûrd'): buried.

intimations (ĭn'tĭ-mā'shŭnz): suggestions.

intolerable (ĭn-tŏl'ĕr-ȧ-b'l): unbearable.

intrepidity (ĭn'trĕ-pĭd'ĭ-tĭ): fearless bravery; valor.

intricacies (ĭn'trĭ-kȧ-sĭz): complications; difficulties.

intricate (ĭn'trĭ-kāt): complicated; perplexing; difficult.

irksome (ûrk'sŭm): tedious; tiresome.

irrelevant (ĭ-rĕl′ĕ-vănt): without connection; meaningless.

James: the Court of Saint James is the usual designation of the British Court, so called from the old palace of St. James which was used for royal receptions.

Jason and the Golden Fleece (jā′sŭn): a Greek legendary hero who was sent on the quest of the Golden Fleece by his uncle the king, to keep him from the throne. After many adventures, he succeeded in his search.

jasper (jăs′pēr): a variety of quartz, dull yellow or red in color.

Jim Smiley's frog: the famous jumping frog of Mark Twain's story.

jocund (jŏk′ŭnd): merry, cheerful.

Jotunheim (yō′tōon-hām): in Norse mythology, the abode of the frost giants or Jotuns, situated in the outermost parts of the earth.

journeyman (jûr′nĭ-măn): a man who has passed his apprenticeship and works for wages.

Juno (jōō′nō): queen of the gods.

Jupiter (jōō′pĭ-tēr): in Greek and Roman mythology, the king and father of the gods.

Kakotok (kä′kŏ-tŏk): an Eskimo name.

knees (nēz): knee-shaped wooden joints used in the framework of a ship.

koie (koi′ĕ): native name for the coconut in an early stage of development.

labyrinth (lăb′ĭ-rĭnth): an intricate maze of passages, difficult to find one's way through.

lamentable (lăm′ĕn-tȧ-b'l): sorrowful; doleful.

laver (lā′vēr): a large brazen vessel kept in the courtyard of ancient Jewish tabernacles and used by the priests for washing their hands and feet.

laverock (lâv′ĕr-ŭk): lark. (*Obs.*)

lay (lā): wager; bet.

leaf curl: a destructive disease attacking fruit trees.

league (lēg): a rather indefinite measure of distance. The English league is about three miles.

leeward (lē′wērd): the side opposite to that from which the wind blows; to the sheltered side.

Leif the Lucky (lēf): a Norseman who, supposedly, made a voyage to the American coast about the year 1000.

lent dinners: meager, plain meals such as would be appropriate in the fasting season of Lent.

lianas (lē-ä′năz): general name for climbing and twining plants in tropical forests.

Lilliput (lĭl′ĭ-pŭt): an imaginary country, peopled by a race of tiny men, visited by Gulliver in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels.*

linkum vity: colloquial form for *elixir vitae*, elixir of life. Something that produces or supports life.

"Lochiel's Warning" (lŏK′ēlz): a poem by Thomas Campbell, an English poet.

lodestar (lōd′stär′): a guiding star.

Loge (lō′gĕ): the winner over Loke in the eating contest in Utgard. The name means "wild fire."

Loke (lō′kē): in Norse mythology, a cunning and evil giant god.

long primer caps: capital letters in a size of type now called "10-point." The selections in the body of this book are set in "10-point" type.

look askance (ȧ-skăns′): look sideways; that is, with suspicion or distrust.

loon (lōon): a kind of diving bird whose wild actions in escaping from danger and whose weird, dismal cry suggest the idea of insanity; whence is supposed to come our simile, "as crazy as a loon."

Lowther Arcade: a business building in London; the word "arcade"

usually means a covered walk lined with shops.

Luther (lōō'thẽr): Martin Luther, the leader of the Protestant movement in Germany (1483–1546).

lyre (līr): a kind of harp used to accompany songs. Especially associated with Apollo as the god of music.

McGuffy Readers: a series of popular school readers very widely used fifty years ago. They were prepared by Professor William H. McGuffy (1800–1870) of Miami University, Ohio. On account of their extensive use of standard literary selections, they undoubtedly had much to do in introducing pupils to higher standards of reading.

machete (mä-chā'tā): a long heavy knife.

Mackenzie Eskimos: Eskimos living around Mackenzie Bay or along the Mackenzie River in northwestern Canada.

majestic (*mȧ*-jĕs'tĭk): splendid; sublime; stately.

Malemutes (mä'lē-mūts): a breed of Eskimo dogs.

malt (môlt): fermented grain for use in making liquors; *colloq.* for beer.

Marian: Maid Marian, Robin Hood's sweetheart.

Marquette Harbor (mär-kĕt'): port on Lake Superior, northern Michigan.

marrowy (măr'ō-ĭ): of strong texture, as silk.

Mars (märz): the god of war.

matchlock (măch'lŏk): a musket fired by means of a lighted match, usually in the form of a bit of cord.

maxim (măk'sĭm): a rule of conduct; proverb.

Mecca (mĕk'*ȧ*): holy city of the Mohammedans, located in southwestern Arabia.

Medina (mē-dī'n*ȧ*): city in Arabia north of Mecca; the burial place of Mohammed.

Medusa (mē-dū's*ȧ*): in Greek mythology, a woman with snakes on her head instead of hair.

meerschaums (mēr'shômz): tobacco pipes made of a fine white mineral.

melancholia (mĕl'*ă*n-kō'lĭ-*ȧ*): depression of the spirits; the "blues."

Memnon (mĕm'nŏn): a legendary prince and ally of the Trojans.

menacingly (mĕn'ā-sĭng-lĭ): threateningly.

Menelaus (mĕn'ē-lā'*ŭ*s): king of Sparta and husband of Helen of Troy.

Menominee (mē-nŏm'ĭ-nē): river in northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

Mercury (mûr'kū-rĭ): in Greek and Roman mythology, the messenger of the gods.

merestead (mēr'stĕd): a farm; the land within a definite boundary.

metropolis (mē-trŏp'ō-lĭs): chief city.

Midas (mī'd*ȧ*s): in Greek mythology, a king of Phrygia in Asia Minor whose touch turned everything to gold.

Midgard serpent (mĭd'gärd): in Norse mythology, a great sea monster, engirdling and holding together the world.

Midianites and Philistines (mĭd'ĭ-*ă*n-īts, fĭ-lĭs'tĭnz): peoples often at war with the Hebrews in Biblical times.

mien (mēn): bearing; manner.

milksop (mĭlk'sŏp): weakling.

mimic (mĭm'ĭk): one who imitates.

Minerva (mĭ-nûr'v*ȧ*): goddess of wisdom.

Minos of Crete (mī'nŏs, krēt): a legendary king of the island of Crete in the Aegean.

mint master: a person in charge of a mint, where money is coined.

misconception (mĭs'kŏn-sĕp'sh*ŭ*n): a mistaken idea or opinion.

Mjolner (myōl'nẽr): Thor's magic hammer; the thunderbolt.

Mohammed (mō-hăm'ĕd): an Arabian prophet of the 7th century

A.D.; founder of the Mohammedan religion.

Monongahela (mŏ-nŏŋ′gȧ-hē′lȧ): a river in southwestern Pennsylvania.

monotonous (mŏ-nŏt′ŏ-nŭs): unvarying; all in the same tone.

Moorish (mo͝or′ĭsh): the Moors are a Mohammedan people of north Africa.

morocco (mŏ-rŏk′ō): a fine leather used to bind choice books.

mortification (môr′tĭ-fĭ-kā′shŭn): humiliation; vexation.

mortified (môr′tĭ-fīd): shamed; humiliated.

mosque (mŏsk): a Mohammedan church or place of public worship.

Mount Vernon: the Washington estate on the Potomac, 15 miles below Washington, D. C.

mukluks (mŭk′lŭks): sealskin boots.

mullah (mo͝ol′ȧ): in Mohammedan countries, a learned teacher and expounder of religion; a priest.

Munchausen (mŭn-chô′zĕn): the pretended author of exaggerated tales.

mushing (mŭsh′ĭng): driving a dog sled.

mutiny (mū′tĭ-nĭ): rebellion.

Mycenae (mī-sē′nē): an ancient city in southern Greece.

myriad (mĭr′ĭ-ȧd): a very great but indefinite number.

mystical (mĭs′tĭ-kȧl): mysterious; having a secret meaning.

Nahant Beach (nȧ-hănt′): a summer resort on Massachusetts Bay.

nardal (när′dĕl): fictitious title given to Gulliver by the Lilliputian emperor.

nautical (nô′tĭ-kȧl): pertaining to the sea and to ships.

nectar (nĕk′tȧr): the special drink of the gods.

Neptune (nĕp′tūn): god of the sea.

Newfoundland (nū′fŭnd-lănd): a large island off the eastern coast of Canada.

Nome (nōm): mining town on Seward Peninsula, western Alaska.

noncombatant (nŏn-kŏm′bȧt-ȧnt): one who is not required to fight.

Norse (nôrs): pertaining to the people, language, or country of ancient Scandinavia.

note of hand: a written promise to pay a debt.

noxious (nŏk′shŭs): harmful.

nummies (nŭm′ēz): numbskulls; dumbbells.

nymph (nĭmf): poetic name for a beautiful young woman.

obdurate (ŏb′dū-rȧt): hard, unyielding.

Oberon (ō′bĕr-ŏn): the king of the fairies.

obliterated (ŏb-lĭt′ĕr-āt′ĕd): blotted out; worn away; destroyed.

Oconto (ō-kŏn′tō): a town in northeastern Wisconsin.

Oenone (ē-nō′nē): a nymph, the wife of Paris.

Og (ŏg): a giant king conquered by Moses.

Ojibwas (ō-jĭb′wāz): members of an Indian tribe, allies of the French at Fort Duquesne.

Old Colony: a name given to the region settled by the Plymouth colonists.

Olympus (ō-lĭm′pŭs): a mountain in Greece, believed to be the abode of the gods.

ominous (ŏm′ĭ-nŭs): threatening; foreboding evil; inauspicious.

option (ŏp′shŭn): privilege; choice.

oreads (ō′rē-ădz): mountain nymphs.

Orestes (ō-rĕs′tēz): in Greek mythology, the son of Agamemnon. He avenged the wrongs done his father by killing his own mother, Clytemnestra.

original sin: the natural desire to do forbidden things; the sin, or tendency to sin, believed by some people to be in one from birth.

ornery (ôr′nĕr-ĭ): dialect form of *ordinary;* mean; of no account.

orthodox (ôr′thō-dŏks): holding correct or approved opinions.

Ottawas (ŏt′*à*-*wáz*): members of an Indian tribe, allies of the French at Fort Duquesne.

Outagamie County (o͞o′*tà*-găm′ĭ): county in eastern Wisconsin.

Ovayuak (ō′vă-yū′ăk): the chief of the Eskimo village of Tuktuyaktok.

Ozarks (ō′zärks): a highland region in Arkansas and Missouri.

Pactolus (păk-tō′lŭs): a river in ancient Lydia famous for the gold found in its bed.

paddock (păd′ŭk): a small pasture or inclosure adjoining a stable.

pageant (păj′ĕnt): an elaborate spectacle; a stately parade.

painters: dialect for *panthers*.

palatable (păl′ăt-*à*-b'l): agreeable to the taste; pleasing.

palfrey (pôl′frĭ): a saddle horse for ladies.

Palladium (pă-lā′dĭ-ŭm): a statue of Athena at Troy supposed to protect the city from harm.

Pan (păn): god of the flocks and pastures; also of woods and wild life.

pandemonium (păn′dē-mō′nĭ-ŭm): a wild uproar; tumult.

Pandora (păn-dō′*rà*): the "all-gifted," a beautiful woman whom Zeus created as a punishment for the human race because Prometheus had stolen fire from heaven.

Paris (păr′ĭs): son of King Priam of Troy.

parka (pär′kà): an outer coat of skins, often with attached hood.

Parnassian (pär-năs′ĭ-ăn): pertaining to Mount Parnassus in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

Paumotas (pou-mō′täs): a group of small islands in the South Pacific.

pea sticks: sticks set up in the ground for pea vines to climb on.

Pecksuot (pĕk′sŭ-ŏt): an Indian mentioned in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

peculiar (pē-kūl′*yàr*): especial.

Peleus (pē′lūs): mythical king, father of Achilles.

peltries (pĕl′trĭz): skins; especially skins with fur.

pensive (pĕn′sĭv): dreamy; thoughtful.

perceptibly (pĕr-sĕp′tĭ-blĭ): noticeably.

Perez, Juan (hwän pā′rāth): friend of Columbus.

periwig (pĕr′ĭ-wĭg): a headdress of false hair; a wig.

perseveringly (pûr′sē-vēr′ĭng-lĭ): persistently; steadily.

personable (pûr′sŭn-*à*-b'l): comely; well-formed.

perused (pē-rōōzd′): read carefully.

perverse (pĕr-vûrs′): wayward; stubborn; contrary.

pestered (pĕs′tĕrd): worried; annoyed.

petrified (pĕt′rĭ-fīd): turned to stone.

petroleum (pē-trō′lē-ŭm): rock oil, from which kerosene, gasoline, and other products are made.

phantoms (făn′tŭmz): specters; phantasms.

Philemon (fĭ-lē′mŏn): a character in Greek mythology.

Philistines. *See* Midianites and Philistines.

Phillips, Wendell: American orator and reformer (1811–1884).

Philoctetes (fĭl′ŏk-tē′tēz): a Greek warrior in the Trojan War, the hero who possessed the bow and arrows of Hercules.

philosopher (fĭ-lŏs′ō-fĕr): wise man; one devoted to the study of natural laws and the reasons and causes of things.

Pictured Rocks: sandstone cliffs on the south shore of Lake Superior in Michigan.

pig-headed: stubborn; unreasonable.

pigment (pĭg′mĕnt): coloring matter.

Pikes Peak: a high mountain in Colorado.

pillage (pĭl′ăj): plunder.

pillion (pĭl′*yŭn*): a light saddle or pad placed behind the main saddle on a horse, usually for a woman to ride on.

pinion (pĭn'yŭn):wing.
Pinzon, Martin Alonso (pēn-thōn'): Spanish navigator and companion of Columbus.
placable (plā'kȧ-b'l): agreeable; willing to be pacified.
platoons (plȧ-tōōnz'): small groups of soldiers drawn up in close order.
pleasantry (plĕz'ănt-rĭ): a mild joke.
Plenipo (plĕn'ĭ-pō): short form of *plenipotentiary*, meaning an ambassador with full powers.
plinth (plĭnth): the base of a pillar or pedestal.
Plymouth Rock: the rock on which the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass.
poignant (poin'ănt): sharp; piercing.
pomegranate (pŏm-grăn'ăt): a tropical fruit of reddish color, resembling the orange in size and structure.
pom-pom pullaway: a children's game.
ponderous (pŏn'dĕr-ŭs): weighty; heavy.
porpoise (pôr'pŭs): a fish which blows out jets of water like a whale.
portion (pōr'shŭn): dowry; the bride's fortune which she brings her husband.
Porto de la Plata (pōr'tō dĕ lä plä'tä): seaport on the northern coast of San Domingo.
posterity (pŏs-tĕr'ĭ-tĭ): future generations.
postilion (pōs-tĭl'yŭn): rider of one of the horses hitched to a coach; a postrider or dispatch carrier. (*Obs.*)
Powhatan (pou'hȧ-tăn'): the Indian chief who captured Captain John Smith.
pow-wow (pou'wou): medicine man; also, a meeting for discussion.
precipitation (prē-sĭp'ĭ-tā'shŭn): headlong haste; great hurry.
Priam (prī'ăm): king of Troy.
prize (prīz): to pry out, to force out.
prodigious (prŏ-dĭj'ŭs): huge; enormous.
profligate (prŏf'lĭ-gȧt): corrupt; dissolute.
prosaic (prō-zā'ĭk): matter-of-fact; unexciting.
Proserpine (prŏs'ĕr-pĭn): the bride of Pluto, king of the underworld. The months she spends in Hades represent the winter; her return to earth marks the coming of spring.
provocation (prŏv'ō-kā'shŭn): stimulus; incitement; a provoking act.
Psalmist (säm'ĭst): King David, the traditional author of many of the Psalms.
puddle (pŭd''l): mixture of clay, sand, and gravel worked up to form a sort of cement.
puissant (pū'ĭ-sănt): mighty; powerful.
put to: united; harnessed up.
Pythagoras (pĭ-thăg'ō-rȧs): a Greek philosopher of ancient times.

quagmires (kwăg'mīrz): marshes; swamps.
Quakers (kwāk'ĕrz): popular name for the Friends, a religious sect founded by George Fox in England about 1650, who colonized Pennsylvania under William Penn.
quarry (kwŏr'ĭ): prey; a hunted animal; game.
quarterstaff (kwôr'tĕr-stȧf): a long, stout staff formerly used as a weapon.
quartz (kwôrts): a crystalline mineral, more or less transparent and of various colors.
Quicksilver (kwĭk'sĭl'vĕr): another name for Mercury, the messenger of the gods.
quintals (kwĭn'tȧls): hundredweights.
Quintanilla (kĕn-tä-nēl'yä): friend of Columbus at the Spanish court.
quirk (kwûrk): twist; sudden turn.

Rabida (rȧ-bē'dä): a convent near Palos, Spain.
Rachel and Jacob: this famous story may be read in Genesis, beginning with the twenty-ninth chapter.
rack (răk): torment.

rancid (răn'sĭd): having a rank, decayed smell.

Rappahannock (răp'*à*-hăn'*ŭ*k): a river in Virginia emptying into Chesapeake Bay.

ravenously (răv"n-*ŭ*s-lĭ): as if famished; very greedily.

Rebecca and Isaac (rĕ-bĕk'ä, ĭ'zăk): the Old Testament tells how Isaac loved Rebecca so much he worked fourteen years for the privilege of marrying her.

red: short for "a red cent."

redolent (rĕd'ō-lĕnt): fragrant; giving off an odor.

redoubtable (rē-dout'*à*-b'l): formidable.

refractory (rē-frăk'tō-rĭ): stubborn; unyielding; unruly.

regales (rē-gālz'): feasts; delights.

regimentals (rĕj'ĭ-mĕn'tălz): military dress; uniform.

resinous (rĕz'ĭ-n*ŭ*s): like resin, a yellowish, sticky, pungent-smelling secretion of pine trees.

retainers (rē-tān'ẽrz): followers.

retinue (rĕt'ĭ-nū): a train of attendants.

retribution (rĕt'rĭ-bū'sh*ŭ*n): a return, as a punishment or reward.

retrievers (rē-trēv'ẽrz): a breed of hunting dog trained to bring back game killed by the hunter.

Rhesus (rē's*ŭ*s): an ally of the Trojans in their war with the Greeks.

rosaries (rō'z*à*-rĭz): strings of beads used in counting off prayers.

Roskva (rŏsk'vä): peasant girl in "Thor's Wonderful Journey."

ruminate (rōō'mĭ-nāt): meditate; reflect; with reference to cattle, to chew the cud.

Ruth and Boaz (rōōth, bō'ăz): the Old Testament tells how Ruth, a Moabitess, went with her dead husband's mother, Naomi, to Bethlehem, where she met and married Boaz.

sachem (sā'chĕm): an Indian chief of first rank.

sacramental (săk'r*à*-mĕn'tăl): used in the sacred rites of the church.

sagamore (săg'*à*-mōr): an Indian chief of second rank.

sage (sāj): wise.

Salamanca (săl'*à*-măn'k*à*): a university city in northern Spain.

Samoset (săm'ō-sĕt): first Indian visitor to the Pilgrims; mentioned in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

sampler (săm'plẽr): a piece of needlework made as an example of skill in sewing.

Santa Fé (săn't*à* fā; *Sp.*, sän'tä fā): "holy faith"; the camp of Ferdinand and Isabella outside Granada.

Santangel (sän-tän'hĕl): friend of Columbus at the Spanish court.

Sarpedon (sär-pē'dŏn): an Asiatic prince and ally of the Trojans.

savory (sā'vẽr-ĭ): appetizing; pleasing.

scarp (skärp): a steep slope.

scudding (sk*ŭ*d'ĭng): hurrying; rushing.

self-approbation (sĕlf'ăp'rō-bā'sh*ŭ*n): self-approval.

self-vaunting (sĕlf'vänt'ĭng): self-praising; boastful.

send (*noun*) (sĕnd): the impulse of a wave by which a vessel is carried bodily.

serried (sĕr'ĭd): compact; closely crowded together.

serum (sē'r*ŭ*m): any antitoxin fluid prepared to fight disease germs. Serums are now used in warding off many contagious diseases.

setting by the ears: causing a quarrel or strife.

Seville (sĕ-vĭl'): city in southern Spain.

shag (shăg): wild, untrimmed growth.

Shasta, Mount (shăs't*à*): a volcanic mountain in northern California.

Shenandoah Valley (shĕn'*ă*n-dō'*à*): a river valley in Virginia.

Sherwood (shûr'wo͝od): a forest in Nottinghamshire, England, the scene of Robin Hood's adventures.

shucked out (sh*ŭ*kt out): mauled; beaten. (*Colloq.*)

Sidney and Hampden: Algernon Sidney and John Hampden, noted for their resistance to the tyrannous actions of Charles I.

Sierras (sĭ-ĕr′*ăz*): mountain ranges, particularly the Sierra Nevada range of California.

Silenus (sī-lē′nŭs): in Greek mythology a woodland god, the teacher of Bacchus.

sinew (sĭn′ū): a tendon, the tough stringy fibers which hold muscles and bones in place; also, the muscles themselves. Hence, the word is often used to mean strength.

sinister (sĭn′ĭs-tĕr): ominous; threatening harm.

sinuous (sĭn′ū-*ŭs*): winding; serpentine.

skein (skān): yarn or thread arranged in a sort of loose knot after it has been taken from the reel.

skis (skēz): long, narrow runners of wood, turned up at one end, to be fastened to the feet and used in traveling over snow.

Skrymer (skrüm′ĕr): a name assumed by Utgard-Loke when Thor visited Jotunheim.

slough (slōō): a wet or marshy place, as the inlet of a river. (*Local.*)

smallclothes (smôl′klōthz): tight-fitting knee breeches.

snaffle bit (snăf″l): a bit that is jointed or linked.

snake fence: a zigzag fence of rails crossing at their ends. In pioneer days most fences in timbered sections of the country were of this kind.

solicited (sŏ-lĭs′ĭt-ĕd): begged; requested.

soughing (sŭf′ĭng): murmuring; sighing.

South Sea: the southern parts of the Pacific Ocean.

span (spăn): a limited space or portion of time; the distance from the end of the thumb to the end of the little finger when the hand is extended; about 9 inches.

specie (spē′shĭ): coin; money.

sped (spĕd): ended.

spiritualizes (spĭr′ĭt-ū-*ăl*-īz-ĕz): purifies; animates.

spray pump: a hand pump used to spray trees or plants to protect them from disease or to destroy insects.

sprig (sprĭg): a boy; often used in a humorous way.

Squanto (skwän′tō): an Indian mentioned in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

squelch (skwĕlch): put down; quell.

stanched (stăncht): stopped.

starboard (stär′bōrd): the right-hand side.

Stefansson, Vilhjalmur (vēl-yäl′mŭr stĕf′än-sŏn): a Norwegian explorer of the arctic regions.

stimulus (stĭm′ū-*lŭs*): something that stirs to activity.

stint (stĭnt): a task; a small, definite assignment.

Stockton and Darlington Railroad: the first railway in England over which passengers and freight were carried by steam power.

stone a well: to line the sides of a well with stones.

Stradivarius (străd′ĭ-vā′rĭ-*ŭs*): a violin made by Antonio Stradivari (1644–1737), whose instruments are famed for their beauty of tone and design.

subjoined (sŭb-joind′): added below.

subtile (sŭb′tĭl): older form of *subtle* (sŭt″l); delicate; hard to analyze.

Suez Canal (sōō-ĕz′): a canal in Egypt connecting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

sugar trees: maple trees, from whose sap maple sugar is made.

sullen (sŭl′ĕn): ill-humored; sulky; dull.

supersede (sū′pĕr-sēd′): displace; take the place of.

super-timid: very much lacking in courage.

symmetrical (sĭ-mĕt′rĭ-*kăl*): well-proportioned; regularly shaped.

symmetry (sĭm'ĕ-trĭ): the right proportioning of parts of a thing to each other; also, the beauty resulting from such harmonious arrangement.

taciturn (tăs'ĭ-tûrn): habitually silent; reserved.
Tahiti (tä'hē-tē): one of the Society Islands in the Pacific.
Talavera (tä-lä-vā'rä): name of a priest at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella.
tamarack (tăm'ȧ-răk): a tree of the American larch family.
tangible (tăn'jĭ-b'l): real; substantial; evident.
tankards (tăŋk'ȧrdz): drinking vessels, usually with covers.
tarpaulin (tär-pô'lĭn): a large sheet of canvas, particularly waterproofed canvas.
taut (tôt): drawn tight.
tautologous (tô-tŏl'ŏ-gŭs): a needless repetition of the same meaning in other words.
temerity (tĕ-mĕr'ĭ-tĭ): rashness.
testy (tĕs'tĭ): fretful; peevish; irritable.
Teucer (tū'sẽr): brother of Ajax.
Thetis (thē'tĭs): a sea nymph; the mother of Achilles.
Thjalfe (tē-älf'ĕ): servant to Thor.
Thor (thôr): in Norse mythology, the god of thunder and war.
Thrace (thrās): in ancient times, a region along the western side of the Black Sea.
throwed off: gave up; quit; failed. (*Colloq.*)
thwart (thwôrt): the rower's seat in a rowboat.
tinned: put up in tins or cans.
Titians and Raphaels (tĭsh'ănz, răf'-ȧ-ĕlz): Titian and Raphael were two of the greatest of Italian artists, and their works are regarded as masterpieces.
Tmolus (mō'lŭs): a mountain god.
to wit: namely; that is to say.
Tokamahamon (tō'kä-mä-hä'mŏn): an Indian mentioned in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."
tolerable (tŏl'ẽr-ȧ-b'l): bearable.
tom-tom (tŏm'tŏm'): a kind of drum.
torpor (tôr'pŏr): state of inactivity; heavy sleep.
Toscanelli (tŏs'kä-nĕl'ē): an Italian astronomer and the author of the map used by Columbus on his first voyage.
transcendent (trăn-sĕn'dĕnt): surpassing; supreme.
transverse indents (trănz-vûrs' ĭn-dĕnts'): cross lines.
traveled post: traveled with horses secured from the series of stations, or posts, arranged to furnish horses for that purpose.
trenchant (trĕn'chănt): keen; sharp.
tries out: melts.
trim boat: adjust a boat's position or balance in the water.
trophies (trō'fĭz): memorials of victory.
Troy (troi): ancient city in northwestern Asia Minor, destroyed at the close of the Trojan War.
trysting place (trĭst'ĭng): an agreed meeting place.
turbid (tûr'bĭd): muddy; roiled.
Turkish bath: a room filled with hot steam to cause perspiration; a steam bath.
Turner: J. W. M. Turner, an English artist famous for his landscapes (1775–1851).
tykes (tīks): curs.
Tyler, Wat (tī'lẽr): leader of a revolt of the peasants in England in 1381.
Tyndarus (tĭn'dȧ-rŭs): a legendary king of Sparta.
Tyrian purple (tĭr'ĭ-ăn): a shade of purple very popular in ancient times and named for the city of Tyre. It was made from a kind of small shellfish.

Ulysses of Ithaca (ū-lĭs'ēz, ĭth'ȧ-kȧ): a legendary king famed for his wisdom; a leader of the Greeks against Troy. Ithaca is an island off the western coast of Greece.

unanimous (ū-năn'ĭ-mŭs): with one accord; having the agreement and consent of all.
uncanny (ŭn-kăn'ĭ): mysterious; weird.
ungainly (ŭn-gān'lĭ): clumsy; awkward.
unimpeachable (ŭn'ĭm-pēch'*à*-b'l): blameless; irreproachable.
unprecedented (ŭn-prĕs'ĕ-dĕn-tĕd): never done before; entirely new.
untractable (ŭn-trăk'*tà*-b'l): unmanageable; unteachable.
Utgard (ŭt'gärd): a city of the giants in "Thor's Wonderful Journey."
Utgard-Loke (ŭt'gärd lō'kē): king of the frost giants in "Thor's Wonderful Journey."

vagrants (vā'grănts): wanderers; vagabonds.
van (văn): the leading unit; the front.
Van Diemen's Land (văn dē'mĕnz): former name for the island of Tasmania, south of Australia.
vaunteth (vänt'ĕth): boasts.
veered (vērd): shifted.
vellum (vĕl'ŭm): a fine white parchment made of calfskin.
velocity (vĕ-lŏs'ĭ-tĭ): speed; rapidity.
Venice (vĕn'ĭs): city in northern Italy on the Adriatic coast.
venomous (vĕn'ŭm-ŭs): poisonous.
Venus (vē'nŭs): goddess of beauty and love.
Vesta (vĕs'*tà*): goddess of the hearth.
vestry (vĕs'trĭ): the committee which manages the affairs of a parish.
victuals (vĭt''lz): food; viands.
vikings (vī'kĭngz): the Norse sea rovers or pirates.
voraciously (vō-rā'shŭs-lĭ): greedily; ravenously.
vum (vŭm): vow, swear. (*Dialect.*)

Washington, Mount: a mountain in New Hampshire.
Wattawamat (wŏ'tä-wä'măt): an Indian mentioned in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."
wattled gules (wŏt'ld gūlz): red fleshy flaps which hang from the throat of a rooster. (*Heraldic.*)
Webster's Reply to Hayne: a famous oration by Daniel Webster upholding the Constitution and the Union.
wench (wĕnch): girl.
Werowocomoco (wē'r*ŏ*-wô-cŏm'*ŏ*-cō): Indian village of Powhatan.
westering (wĕs'tēr-ĭng): following a westerly course.
Winchester (wĭn'chĕs-tēr): an allusion to the ride of General Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek, Va., a distance of twenty miles, in order to rally his troops and prevent a defeat.
windbreak: a clump of trees or any other protection to break the force of the wind.
winnow (wĭn'ō): beat as with wings; separate by fanning.
wistful (wĭst'fo͝ol): longing.
Woden (wō'dĕn): in Norse mythology, the chief of the gods. Same as *Odin*.

yards (yärdz): the long spars which support the sails.

zephyr (zĕf'ēr): gentle breeze.